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THE CHANCELLOR'S GOLD MEDAL

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21

Cambridge:

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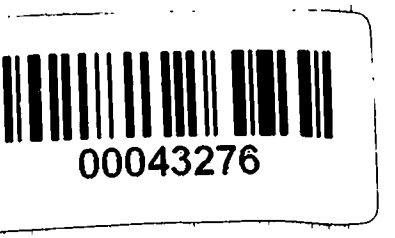

To

His Royal Highness

The Prince Consort,

Chancellor of the University of Cambridge,

These Poems

are,

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most respectfully

Dedicated.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting to the public a complete and thoroughly revised Edition of the Cambridge Prize Poems from 1813 to 1858 inclusive, the publisher has much pleasure in acknowledging the valuable assistance which he has received from many of the Authors, who have corrected and revised their productions.

As these Poems comprise the early efforts of many whose names are now the chief ornaments of the University, and who have since distinguished themselves in various branches of Literature and Science, they will be read with great interest by those now placed in the position which these illustrious men *once* occupied, and it is hoped the general excellence of the work as a whole will make it an acceptable *souvenir* of their *alma mater*.

Cambridge,
1*st October*, 1858.

CHANCELLOR'S ENGLISH MEDALLISTS.

His Royal Highness WILLIAM FREDERICK, Duke of Gloucester, formerly Chancellor of this University, gave annually a Gold Medal; to be conferred upon a resident Undergraduate, who should compose in English the best Ode or best Poem in Heroic Verse.

This prize was given yearly by the late Chancellor, the MARQUESS CAMDEN, and is continued by His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT.

The subject is given out by the Vice-Chancellor at the end of the Michaelmas Term. The Exercises must be sent in to him on or before the 31st of March following, and must not exceed two hundred lines. Each candidate is to send his exercise privately, with some motto prefixed; to be accompanied by a paper sealed up, with the same motto on the outside, which paper is to enclose another, folded up, having the candidate's name and college written within. The papers containing the names of those persons who do not succeed are destroyed unopened. No prize given to any exercise which is written, wholly, or in part (or of which the title, motto, superscription, address, &c., are written), in the hand-writing of the candidate; nor to any one who has not, at the time for sending in the exercises, resided one term at least. Candidates are at liberty to send in their exercise *printed* or *lithographed*. On Commencement-day the successful candidate recites his Poem in the Senate-House. The Examiners are the same as for the Classical Medals.

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COLUMBUS,

BY

GEORGE WADDINGTON,
SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1813.

ARGUMENT.

GRENADA being taken from the Moors, a Voyage of Discovery is proposed to Isabella by the patrons of Columbus, and acceded to. Her feelings and wishes. The great object the propagation of Christianity, —Columbus described. His projects of Discovery first formed, perhaps, in Childhood, encouraged by Hope, and ultimately confirmed by Reason.—He sets sail. Address to the Gales and Sea-gods. His dangers and disappointments. Variation of the needle. Mutiny of his men. Certain signs at length appear, and land is discovered.—The discovery of most importance, as it tends to promote Christianity and Civilization. Natural wonders of America. Andes and its Volcanoes. Rivers that rise from it. Forests. Inferiority of the human race. Superiority of Civilization to a state of Nature. American women often murder their female infants to save them from Slavery. Civilization will probably be the consequence of intercourse with the Old World.—Progress of Discovery. Peyrouse, Cooke, Drake, Raleigh, Gama. Return to Columbus. He is sent home in chains; but soon proceeds in his search after a passage to India, and discovers the Continent near the mouth of the Oronoco.—Is shipwrecked on Jamaica, and saves his men from the fury of the Indians by predicting an eclipse. Isabella dies, and Columbus passes the remainder of his life a petitioner at the Court of Ferdinand.—Conclusion.

YE frowning towers, where erst the bright array
Of Moorish warriors glanced a fearful day;
Ye mosques majestic, where fanatic War
Yoked his red steeds to pale Religion's car—
Are ye then fall'n, and has your pride confess'd
The soul that slumbers in a woman's breast?
But yet, methinks, if glory and if power
Must fade and vanish, like a summer flower,

If Heaven command, and Fate direct the blow,
'Tis sweet to fall beneath a gen'rous foe.
For hark! I hear the victor Queen proclaim,
"Ambition hence, and all the pomp of fame!
"Let warlike toils, let furious Discord cease,
"And yield her sceptre to the seraph Peace.
"Hail, lovely daughter of a rugged sire!
"Chase the dark glooms of War with vestal-fire;
"Fair as when Spring first shows her trembling form,
"Or morn comes shiv'ring from the midnight storm.
"And say, shall Lusian barks alone explore
"Each unknown wave, and number ev'ry shore?
"Hail wealthier climes, and breathe a purer air,
"The first to triumph, as the first to dare?
"Ye souls, that taught the faithless Moor to yield,
"Blaze forth more glorious in an ampler field;
"While to the Indian's wond'ring eyes unfurl'd,
"Castilian banners bless the unknown World;
"Exalt his views, Religion's charms display,
"And point the passage to eternal day."
But who that Hero, from whose manly brow
Conspiring virtues dart a heav'nly glow?
Each mild, each nobler grace is pictured there,
The heart to feel, and yet the soul to dare:
Onward he darts his rapture-speaking gaze,
Eyes the blue waves that drink the evening rays,
Salutes the blushing skies, and from afar
Hails the bright omen of the western star.
Him haply slumb'ring by the waves, that roar
In hollow murmurs round his native shore,
When every nerve was strung to Hope and Joy,
And Fancy flutter'd round her fav'rite Boy,
Oft fairy visions bless'd, and round his head
On lightest wing their sweet delusion spread.
Then would he seem to plough the western main,
While rocks opposed, and tempests raged in vain;

See other skies, and stars unnamed survey,
A milder climate, and a brighter day:
Then would he start and gaze the concave blue,
And half believe the fair deception true;
Bless the pale Moon, that pour'd a purer light,
Bless ev'ry orb that gemm'd the vest of night:
Then how his heart would boil, his bosom swell,
Till at stern Reason's touch the baseless fabric fell.
Yet, when the billowy solitude he view'd,
Thoughts dimly grand and hopes sublimely rude
Full oft would dart across his troubled mind,
Would dart, and leave a dubious track behind:
"Ye western gales, that float on silken wing,
"Whence stole ye, say, the fragrance that ye bring?
"Is there no green-hair'd daughter of the deep,
"Around whose shores the wild waves learn to sleep,
"Where thro' the livelong year the dancing hours
"Fling from their golden urn unfading flowers?
"Yes, not for us alone th' imperial Sun,
"Since time began, his giant course has run:
"The starry hosts their silvery ranks display,
"The Moon's bright crescent sheds a midnight day
"On other shores, and Nature's viewless hand
"Rolls smoother billows round a happier land."
Thus would he hold sweet converse with the gale,
That flutter'd idly round his little sail;
Nor ceased the young enthusiast's breast to glow,
Where Zembla* slumbers in her waste of snow;
E'en there could hope his fearless bosom warm,
And soothe the horrors of a polar storm.
And e'en when manhood's calmer power refined
The thoughts that wanton'd in his youthful mind,
The fairy landscape at pure Reason's ray
Beam'd but more bright, and kindled into day:

* Columbus in his youth made some discoveries near Greenland.

For he would wander by the ocean's side
From blushing morn to ling'ring eventide,
Till the mind promised what the hopes conceived,
And sceptic Wisdom wonder'd and believed.
Ye Lusitanian shores, ye rocks, that brave
The idle threat'nings of th' Atlantic wave,
Oft have ye seen him westward dart his eye,
While, list'ning to the surge that murmur'd by,
With straining look he drank the parting light,
Till India burst upon his ravish'd sight.

Ye Gales, if e'er, when Time was young, ye bore
Phœnician* barks around fair Afric's shore,
Breathe softly sweet your mildest murmurs now,
As when of yore young Ammon's daring prow
Rode proudly floating down the stream, that laves
Its native gold, and stemm'd the Indian waves.
Be still, thou billowy bosom of the deep;
Ye Tempests, fold your dusky wings and sleep:
Secure, ye Nymphs, the gallant vessels urge
'Mid rocks that lurk beneath the glassy surge.
In mute suspense see gazing thousands stand,
Crown every steep, and press the lab'ring strand.
But who can trace the feelings, that impart
A fearful joy, and swell the throbbing heart?
Where dwells despair, or ardour's generous fire,
What fears discourage, or what hopes inspire?
Yes! when the vessels lessen on the view,
Perchance some parent weeps a last adieu;
Then burns with shame, and clears his glist'ning eye,
His pride enforcing what his hopes deny.
E'en now, methinks, the daring barks explore,
Where Fancy's eye had never pierced before:
Why start ye, Nereids, from your coral caves,
Fly with unsandal'd foot, and skim the waves?

* See Herodotus, book IV. 42.

Why flit ye, Spirits, on the dusky air,
While sighs the gale, and distant meteors glare?
Hide, sullen Genius, hide that giant form,
That yokes the winds, and riots on the storm;
Avenge not now thy violated reign,
Thy shatter'd sceptre and thy broken chain;
For if thou lov'st to drink the parting breath,
And glut thee with the bursting sighs of death,
Enough of victims shall thy arms enfold,
While breezes waft, while oceans lead to gold.
Where never eagle wooed meridian light,
Where never sea-bird wing'd its wildest flight,
The gallant vessels steer'd their lonely way;
A world of waters glimmer'd to the day;
A world of waters fading on the view
Caught the last tints that purple Evening threw.
But ah! how oft did Hope's deluded eye
Hail ev'ry distant cloud that fringed the sky
Beneath the pale Moon's visionary gleam,
Till morn invidious chased the joyous dream.
But fearless still they stem th' unfathom'd plains,
One guide still aids them, and one friend remains,
True as the wondrous sign, whose cloudy blaze
Darken'd or glow'd on Israel's thankless gaze.
Mysterious Magnet! e'er thy use was known,
Fear clad the deep in horrors not its own;
But when thy trembling point vouchsafed to guide,
Astonish'd nations rush'd into the tide,
While o'er the rocky wave and billowy wild
Young Commerce plumed his eagle-wing and smiled.
Mysterious Magnet! while the tempests lower,
Dost thou too leave them at the fearful hour?
Does Heaven's protecting hand desert the brave,
No hope to cheer them, and no power to save?
Well may Sedition, daughter of Despair,
Point to the boundless waste, the starless air,

The fancied shapes that float upon the wind,
And claim the vales that blossom far behind.
But when the Spectre rear'd her baleful form,
More hideous than the fiend that rides the storm,
Say, did the Hero from her clamours fly,
Or shrink beneath the terror of her eye?
Ah no! I see the quick indignant glow
Flush his dark cheek and glisten on his brow:
One glance from him can light a kindred flame,
And awe the rebel spirit into shame.

But now no tempests rage—a gentle gale
Sighs thro' the shrouds and lingers round the sail.
The evening clouds, that hover o'er the west,
Glow with a softer tinge, a lovelier vest;
The bird in silence wings his way to greet
The shady vallies of his native seat.
Hesper leans list'ning from his throne on high
To floating strains of heav'nly harmony;
Then all is dark, and all is still again,
And Night sits brooding o'er the silent main,
"Is it a fire* that glimmers from afar?"
'Tis but some lonely, melancholy star;
Or meteor, that descends to drink the wave;
Or gem, that lights the Sea-fiends to their cave.
"It moves—again it moves—and on the sand
"Sheds its glad beam:—it must—it must be Land!"
How sweet to sad misfortune's way-worn child
Wanders the streamlet thro' the trackless wild!
How sweet, escaped the horrors of the storm,
The trembling Moon unveils her virgin form!
But oh! how far more sweet that sacred light
Beam'd life and glory on Columbus' sight.

Emblem of Faith, and all the joys that glow
From chaste Religion's lamp on men below,

* Columbus himself discovered a light on shore, which he immediately saluted as an emblem of the religious light he was going to spread.

I hail thee too! and may the holy blaze,
That hides from half mankind its clouded rays,
Pour its full flood (as Truth proclaims it must,
Ere the wide world be crumbled into dust)
On every clime, and beaming from above
Unveil the glory of eternal love.
Ye lonely shades, where famish'd Indians stray,
Ye too shall blush beneath the lamp of day!
Ye mountains, haply on your snow-clad brow
Wild flowers shall wake to life, and fruitage blow;
The streams that roll their nameless waves along,
Unknown to fame, and unadorn'd by song,
Shall start, to view triumphant navies ride,
And spires reflected from their glassy tide.
Whither does Fancy wing her rapt'rous flight?
"Visions of wonder, spare my aching sight!"
See where proud Andes rears his giant form,
And smiles serenely towering o'er the storm;
While round his breast innocuous lightnings play,
And thunders roll in distant peals away.
But when he bids his native tempests rave,
He shrouds his brow, he bursts each secret cave,
And, wrapt in clouds from his volcano throne,
Pours floods of flame and lightnings all his own;
Till when he sees his craggy summits hurl'd
Afar, and feels the rocking of the world,
He veils his nodding crest in deeper shade,
And trembles at the storm himself has made.
Yet, tho' he crown his starry head with fire,
A thousand rivers hail him for their sire,
And rolling onward wake the sweets that sleep
'Mid fragrant wilds, and bear them to the deep;
Or haply wand'ring thro' some trackless grove,
Where the lone Indian ne'er had dared to rove,
The green banana's od'rous leaf they lave,
That leans and listens to the babbling wave;

Till lost in lovelier shade they fear the day,
And in melodious murmurs die away.
But tell me, Nature, when thy mighty hand
Form'd in a nobler mould this new-born land,
With bold design a prouder work began,
Why in such giant regions dwindles Man?
For mark the feeble limb, the vacant look,
The listless form, that slumbers by the brook,
And, when the summer's careless hour is past,
Shrinks faint and houseless from the wintry blast;
While the proud mind's degraded treasures sleep,
Like a gem twinkling to the reckless deep.
O ye, who ven'rate Nature's artless child,
And love man best when rugged and when wild,
If such primeval freedom's barb'rous train,
Hail we the friendly hand that forged our chain!
Stoop, Briton, stoop to bless thy Roman lord,
And reverence Cardoc's* less than Cæsar's sword.
Oft has the mother by some foaming tide
Clasp'd her pale daughter's infant form and sigh'd—
"Shalt thou too linger thro' the joyless day
"A wretch—a slave—and weep the night away?
"Endure a tyrant's scorn—a tyrant's blow—
"With but one gloomy hope to soothe thy woe?
"Come, let us snatch that hope and dare to die!"
She spoke and smiled in speechless agony;
Then headlong rush'd into the pitying wave—
"Roll on, ye streams, and waft us to the grave!"
What art thou, Man, without the ties that bind
Congenial souls, and harmonize the mind?
Without the hopes that thrill, the fears that move,
The strings that vibrate to the voice of love?
Without the tear that gems Compassion's eye?
—A dark cloud driv'n across the midnight sky.

* Cardoc was the Caractacus of the Romans, as we learn from Welch tradition.

Yet thou, degraded Savage, thou shalt bless
The tender bond of social happiness;
Shalt rise to prouder thoughts, shalt learn to scan
Thy native worth, and feel thyself a man;
Then to Religion's self shall smile, and fling
Æthereal love, like dew-drops, from her wing.
Why sing ye, Muses, round Bellona's car,
Responsive only to the shouts of war?
Shall harps like your's discordant rage inspire,
Shall death be echoed from a virgin lyre?
Tell me, ye surges, on what desert shore
Peyrouse lies whitening as the tempests roar;
Unless, perchance, each toil and danger braved,
Some Nereid loved him, or some Triton saved,
While now his influence wand'ring unconfined
Or soothes the troubled deep, or lulls the wind.
Or shall we sing lamented Cook, and tell
How sigh the wild waves where a Briton fell?
O'er paths untried the gen'rous sailor roved,
And died a martyr to the cause he loved.
But see, another son of Albion* rise!
Fame speeds his course, and sparkles in his eyes:
Start into light from ocean's breast, ye isles,
Breathe all your sweets, and lavish all your smiles!
Hail him, ye stars, that see his flag unfurl'd;
Roll on thou Sun, and guide him round the world;
'Tis done—I see the laurell'd hero stand
A new Columbus on a worthier land.
Here wond'ring nations tell of Raleigh's fame,
And oceans wake their echoes to his name;
And there, while Gama ploughs the awe-struck main,
The Spirit† waves his misty arms in vain.
But while the Muse's eye with eager gaze
Of brilliant forms the length'ning train surveys,

* Sir F. Drake.

† See Camoens' Description of the Spirit of the Cape.

Wearied on him it rests, who first began
Proud Glory's march and triumph'd in the van.
But see, pale Av'rice pours her blasting breath—
The march of glory* is the march of death!
But not at him, ye fiends of vengeance, aim
Your poison'd weapons and your shafts of flame,
For he was dress'd in Mercy's sweetest smiles,
Soft as the breeze that flutters round your isles.
Is his that form, is his that steady eye
Raised to the heav'ns in conscious dignity?
See now he burns with pride, and clasps his chain,
Now chides his rebel heart that swells again:
"Are these the gifts that crown life's parting day,
"These the rewards that grateful princes pay?
"Then hail, ye chains, since such my glorious doom,
"Adorn my life, and slumber in my tomb! †
"Roll on, ye waves,—ye gales, go murmuring by,
"Ye must not—shall not—hear Columbus sigh!"
Ev'n then could Honour's magic voice control
The mighty storm that struggled in his soul,
Could chase each thought of private wrongs away,
Like clouds that fly before the car of day.
Again, great Chief, I see thy sails unfurl'd,
Where Oronoco heaves his wat'ry world,
Mocks the degen'rate streams round us that flow,
Our swelling Danube, and our fabled Po;
Wrapt in sublimer thoughts I see thee stand,
And hail thee offspring of a mightier land.‡
Snatch while thou may'st, a momentary joy!
Far other dreams thy shipwreck'd hours employ.

---

* I here allude only to the cruelties committed by the contemporaries and companions of Columbus, which served, however, as a prelude to the systematic massacres which succeeded them.

† See Robertson's History of America. Book II.

‡ I mean the Continent; he had as yet only discovered Islands.

Where proud Jamaica rising o'er the main
Views from her rocky throne the azure plain,
Thy hapless crew each barb'rous outrage dare,
And vent on friends the fury of despair;
Through peaceful vales ungrateful flames arise,
And the wild death-shrieks pierce the angry skies;
Till rage can fire the Indian's languid heart,
Nerve his weak arm, and point th' avenging dart.
'Twas night, and on æthereal coursers driv'n,
The pale Moon wander'd through the vault of heav'n;
Queen of the stars, that shrunk beneath her eye,
She rode sublime in cloudless majesty.
Sudden o'ercast her pure resplendent ray,
Veil'd in portentous gloom she fades away.
The chief, whose piercing eye alike could scan
The laws of nature and the mind of man,
Had told how Night's offended power would frown,
And shroud the heav'ns in horrors not their own,
And feign'd, perchance, that viewless lightnings play'd,
And vengeance slumber'd in the mystic shade!
The Indian dropp'd his spear, and own'd his lord,
And while he hated, trembled and adored.

Yet see! again he ploughs his wat'ry way,
Escaped the wilds and man more wild than they;
But still no joys shall crown thy weary head,
Woes press on woes, and Hope herself has fled.
Fame's short career and life's ambition o'er,
Thy Queen, thy Friend, thy Guardian is no more.
Set is that orb, whose radiance pour'd relief
On ev'ry toil, and soften'd ev'ry grief.
Yes, and thy waning star must shortly fade,
Shorn of its beams, and sink into the shade;
As, following still the Sun's departed light,
Pale Hesper trembles on the verge of night.
And must that ardent soul, that manly form,
Child of the rocks and nursling of the storm,

Bow to a toy, and cringe before a crown,
And kneel and tremble at a tyrant's frown?
Shrinks that proud heart before a purple vest,
While courtiers scoff, and tinsell'd nobles jest?
Far be the thought; the weak, th' ignoble crew
May wound thy gen'rous soul, but not subdue:
And when thou sink'st, thy latest light is shed
To gild the clouds that blacken round thy head;*
As when some meteor-flash, or lonely star
Beams thro' the tempest's opening breast afar,
It does but mock surrounding gloom, and shew
Dread Night the horrors brooding on her brow.

But not like meteor-flash, or shot star's ray,
Thy praise, illustrious Chief, shall pass away;
Still shall it mount on bolder wing sublime,
And draw new vigour from the shafts of Time.
What, tho' Columbia bear another's name,
Snatch'd as he has the shadow of thy fame—
Still let him dress'd in borrow'd splendour shine,
Since glory's bright reality is thine.
And when in happier days one chain shall bind,
One pliant fetter shall unite mankind;
When war, when slavery's iron days are o'er,
When discords cease, and av'rice is no more,
And with one voice remotest lands conspire
To hail our pure Religion's seraph fire;
Then Fame, attendant on the march of Time,
Fed by the incense of each favour'd clime,
Shall bless the Man, whose heav'n-directed soul
Form'd the vast chain which binds the mighty whole.

---

* Columbus continued till death eager to extend his discoveries, and by so doing to promote the glory of his persecutors.

BOADICEA,

BY

WILLIAM WHEWELL,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1814.

TYRANT of earth! whose banner wide unfurl'd
Waved o'er the ruins of a conquer'd world;
O Rome, beneath yon heav'n what region lies,
But calls on thee the vengeance of the skies?
What favour'd shore where ne'er thy legions dread
Have crush'd the flowers of Peace with iron tread?
But now—an outcast band, a robber horde,
And now—of half the globe the scourge and lord.
Ausonia's plains beneath thy bondage groan,
And Carthage sinks, and leaves her place unknown;
E'en fair Athena sees her sacred fane
Shrink at thy touch, and mourns her ægis vain:
For thee the East her sparkling treasures spreads,
For thee her mountains lift their spicy heads;
Ungorged with all the teeming Orient yields
Thou ask'st the North her bleak and barren fields;
Indignant Ister rolls his subject flood,
And feels his eddies warm with native blood;
Albion looks forth from all her cliffs—thy oars
Bear war and bloodshed to her peaceful shores,
Impatient still while Peace and Freedom own
One single spot beneath the starry zone.
And thinks thy soul, elate with conquest's glow,
Thy widening reign no bounds on earth shall know?

Think'st thou the Deluge of thy power shall spread
Till not one islet shows its verdant head;
Till, like the dove the olive-branch that bore,
Fair Peace shall seek in vain a friendly shore,
And banish'd Liberty on soaring wing
Back to her native skies indignant spring—?
Vain thought! beyond thy empire's sweeping bound
Shall Freedom find some hallow'd spot of ground;
Driven from the climes where fervid summer glows,
She seeks the northern wastes and polar snows;
There, though the bleak blasts rend th' inclement sky,
Shall Nature smile beneath her cheering eye,
Unfading there her blooms and flow'rs remain
Till thy vast empire shrinks to nought again.

What though thou deem that thine is Albion's shore,
Her day of freedom gone, her battles o'er;
Deem thou may'st smiling hear around thee rise
Her groans of anguish, her accusing cries,
And see her Queen in widow'd sorrow stand
Red from thy scourge, and bleeding from thy hand,
Destined in vain her country's wrongs to mourn,
Slave to thy slave, insulted and forlorn;
Perhaps e'en yet her patriot arm may stay
Thy mad Ambition on his crimson'd way.
E'en now—while 'mid the calm that slumbers wide,
Thou view'st the prospect round in swelling pride,
Inhal'st each breeze, and think'st for thee they bear
Their ripening fragrance through the balmy air;—
E'en now the coming tempest loads the gales,
Waves through the woods, and breathes along the vales;
It comes—it comes—I hear the boding sound
That calls the spirits of the storm around,
O'er all the sky their sable wings they spread,
And point the bolts of Vengeance at thy head.

Ye Powers that guard your Albion's rude domains,
Her trackless wilds and grey-extending plains,

Untrod since Nature's hand in ruin hurl'd
The bands of rock that chain'd her to the world;
Whom the rapt Druid sees in terrors rove
'Mid the deep silence of his gloomy grove,
Or where your temples vaulted by the skies,
A frowning band of giant columns rise;
And ye who haunt the shores where Mona rides
Securely moor'd amid the rocking tides,
Bend from your cloudy car. If e'er your force
Check'd Julius' steps, and stay'd his victor course;
If urged by you Caractacus's car
Swept down Salurian steeps the torrent war;
If fired by you his captive eye could roll
Its freeborn glance and awe a despot's soul;
Now bid each arm in injured freedom strong,
Avenge a Country's woes, a Monarch's wrong.
Lo! through the surge the Roman chargers bound
That girds your sacred Mona's woods around;
In vain your hoary Druids on the shore,
Their torches toss and imprecations pour;
In vain your fearless tribes, a faithful band,
Before your shrines unyielding fall or stand:
The victors stride above the ranks of dead,
Your hallow'd vistas shrink before their tread;
Fall'n are your sacred groves where silence reign'd,
Your altars ruin'd and your shrines profaned,
Your priests, their silver hair with gore defiled,
Lie on the strand in ghastly carnage piled;
And lie they unrevenged? with impious hand,
Shall Rome deal woes around the groaning land,
And shall no power that guards the injured good
Look from yon azure skies, and mark her deeds of blood?
Yes, they have mark'd; and speak in* portents dread
The wrath that trembles o'er th' oppressor's head.

* Tacitus, An. XIV. 32. Dio. Cass. LXII. 1.

Push'd from its base his idol Victory falls,
Unbodied furies howl along the walls,
Empurpled Ocean glows with slaughter dyed,
And hoary Thames beneath his glassy tide,
Unseen before, his shadowy towers displays,
And wrecks of palaces of former days;
As if some nation once that rose sublime,
Once proud like Rome, and deep like her in crime,
Would lift its head and break its long repose
To warn the tyrant of impending woes.
O sinking Albion, yet again arise,
Rear thy fair front, and lift thy gladden'd eyes;
Feel all a mother's joy thy sons to see
Grasp the red blade for freedom and for thee.
Pour'd from the pathless glen, the forest's gloom,
Fierce as their native bands of wolves they come;
Dark-frowning chiefs, and shaggy forms appear,
Burning for blood, and shake the thirsty spear
While 'mid the throng, like whiten'd foam that laves
The restless ocean's darkly-rolling waves,
The hoary Bards and white-robed Druids fling
The song of battle from the trembling string.
But why above the throng observant strains
Each eager gaze o'er all the crowded plains?
'Tis she!—above the countless thousands seen
Lifts her exalted form, the Warrior-Queen:
Her lofty forehead mark'd with high command,
And stamp'd with majesty by Nature's hand;
Indignant Freedom glows upon her cheeks,
But on her front no milder passion speaks,
Severe and stern;—not her's the gentler grace,
The melting eye, the fascinating face,
The charms that o'er each speaking feature rove,
And fix the gaze, and steal the soul to love;
No—would'st thou view fair Woman's softer mould?
Then by her side those sister forms behold;

Bright o'er the wavy crowd as western beams
That gild with trembling light pleased Ocean's streams.
Oh! though each bosom there, each untaught mind,
By social arts untutor'd, unrefined,
Knew but the feelings Nature gives her child,
Rude as her savage scenes, and harsh, and wild,
Yet think not there might Beauty shed her rays
Unmark'd, unfelt, by every careless gaze.
No—as each Briton's eye was thither turn'd,
Each swelling breast with keener vengeance burn'd,
Each firmer grasp'd his spear, and inly swore
To write their injuries in Roman gore.
O Beauty! heaven-born Queen! thy snowy hands
Hold the round earth in viewless magic bands;
From burning climes where riper graces flame
To shores where cliffs of ice resound thy name,
From savage times ere social life began
To fairer days of polish'd, soften'd man,
To thee, from age to age, from pole to pole,
All pay the unclaim'd homage of the soul.
Though not, Bonduca, thine the dove-like eye
That asks, Omnipotent, for sympathy,
Yet to that stately form, that regal brow
Might free-born Pride, and fearless Valour bow.
All hail, thy Albion's much-loved Queen, to thee,
Daughter of Monarchs! Monarch of the free!
Heiress of Kings whose patriarchal sway
Th' untamed Icenian triumphs to obey!
Oft have thy Britons seen a female hand
Pour life and gladness round a grateful land,
Oft have they seen a woman's prowess guide
The storm of war and stem the battle's tide;
E'en now they feel thy words, thy looks impart
Indignant courage to each freeborn heart,
And bid thee lead them on where Freedom cries,
And Vengeance beckons from the angry skies.

Heard'st thou, O Rome, that shout, whose deepen'd shock
Shook to its base the isle's eternal rock?
Thy steel-clad watchman from his turret high,
Has heard it burst the lurid eastern sky,
As when the tempest which th' horizon shrouds
Rolls in the centre of his gather'd clouds,
And up the concave from the south afar
The distant Thunder drives his rapid car;
And as his fiery steeds impetuous come,
And glance with ruddy track across the gloom,
So, red with blood and Desolation's stains,
The path of Ruin sweeps across thy plains.
Haste, Roman, haste! lo, bending to its fall,
Destruction trembles o'er Augusta's wall,
Thy rising cities wildly shriek dismay'd,
And ask thy guardian hand, thy parent aid;
Go—bid the surge of insurrection bide
In midway course, and backwards roll its tide;
No—bid thy angry Adria's waves obey
Thy chiding voice, and call their storms away;
Push backwards up thy red Vesuvius' steep
The lava torrent pouring to the deep;
Alike thy might is vain; 'tis thine to fear,
Imperious despot! thine to tremble here.
Woe to thy towns! amid their shrieking walls
Quick in the work of death the falchion falls;
Exulting there Destruction's demons rise,
And on the steaming carnage mount the skies;
And nodding ruins in a lake of blood
Mark the sad place where peopled cities stood.
Speak not of mercy;—of the kindly glow
That warms the heart to spare a fallen foe.
Would'st thou to pity soothe with suasive tongue
The raging lioness who seeks her young,
And bid her, if her course the spoiler meet,
Fawn at his knees, and harmless kiss his feet?

Frenzied with wrongs they seek revenge alone,
Mercy to beg or give alike unknown.
But ah! not yet 'tis theirs to view the foe
Crush'd at their feet, and laid for ever low;
Though droops his eagle crest and ruffled plumes,
Still stern revenge his fiery eye illumes;
Driven from his quarry, watchful yet he sails,
And wheels in distant circles on the gales,
And nearer sweeping still in balanced flight,
Prepares to stoop with renovated might.
Heard ye the clang of mingling armies there,
Mix'd with the groans of Anguish and Despair,
And all the piercing sounds of battle roar
Loud as the deep that yawns on Norway's shore
When o'er the Ocean's voice of thunder rise
The shrieking vessel's agonizing cries.
Lo! chiefs sublime amid the storm of death
Buffet the raging surge that roars beneath,
And through the mangled files the scythe-arm'd car
Tears its red path across the opening war,
And naked bosoms bared to danger feel
The mailëd legion's points of gleaming steel:
Ah, mourn not, warriors, for the life ye leave,
Grieve for your Albion, for your country grieve;
For lo! the whirlwind blast of battle veers,
And backwards bends that grove of patriot spears,
And louder swell above the mingled cry
The Roman's pealing shouts of Victory.
In vain above the shatter'd throng is seen,
With terror-darting eye the Warrior-Queen,
While wet with blood her long bright tresses toss'd
Float like a standard o'er the rallying host;
In vain the conquering legions pause and stand
In mid career, check'd by a woman's hand:
Borne down the cataract that sweeps the ground
O'er falling ranks her fiery coursers *bound*,

Fling from their rapid wheels the crimson spray
As Death and Fate in vain might stop their way,
And like some meteor red that shoots afar,
Across the gloom of elemental war,
Deep purpled o'er from head to heel with blood
They dart and vanish in yon blacken'd wood.
Unheard thy seraph notes, O Pity, rise
Where War's stern clamour raves along the skies;
In vain would sex, would youth demand thy aid
To stay the Victor's slaughter-blunted blade.
With tiger port along the carnaged ground,
Glad triumph stalks, and rolls his eyes around;
And Freedom lingering ere she onward sweeps
To Caledonia's wilds and rugged steeps
Sheds o'er her sons and daughters there who fell
A mournful tear, and breathes a sad farewell.
But deep within that wood, where branches throw
A vaulted, monumental gloom below,
So still that all the battle's distant scream
The tumult of another world might seem,
Lo! where its leafless arms yon blasted tree
Waves o'er the form of fallen Majesty.
Grasp'd in her hand that empty chalice tells,
Why on her forehead death's damp chillness dwells,
Why at her feet her children pale are seen,
Lovely in death with marble looks serene.
It seems as on her brow the changeful strife
Would soon for ever close of Death and Life;
It seems as Life but linger'd there to cast
One mother's look before she look'd her last.
And near a Druid's sacred brow is rear'd,
White on his harp is toss'd his silver beard,
While sad and wild amid the waving trees
The death-song floats upon the sighing breeze,
And seems in tones of sadden'd praise to shed
A grateful influence round her dying head.

Though o'er the strings his hands have ceased to stray,
And left the plaintive notes to die away,
They melt as if some spirit of the air
With notes of triumph loved to linger there.
Well may the Druid mark that vivid glow,
That lightning glance which fires her pallid brow;
As if those sounds that breathed around had cast
On life's warm embers one reviving blast;
As if those floating notes on wings sublime
Had borne her soul across th' abyss of time:
While her fix'd gaze in air appears to spy
Unearthly forms conceal'd from mortal eye,
And her pale lip triumphant smiles at death,
In accents wild she pours her parting breath:
"—Yes, Roman! proudly shake thy crested brow,
'Tis thine to conquer, thine to triumph now;
For thee, lo, Victory lifts her gory hand,
And calls the Fiends of Terror on the land,
And flaps, as tiptoe on thy helm she springs,
Dripping with British blood her eagle wings.
"Yet think not, think not long to thee 'tis giv'n
To laugh at Justice, and to mock at Heav'n;
Soon shall thy head with blood-stain'd laurels crown'd
Stoop at the feet of Vengeance to the ground.
I see amid the gloom of future days
Thy turrets totter, and thy temples blaze;
I see upon thy shrinking Latium hurl'd
The countless millions of the northern world;
I see, like vultures gathering to their prey,
The shades of states that fell beneath thy sway;
They leave their fallen palaces and fanes,
Their grass-grown streets, and ruin-scatter'd plains,
Where lonely long they viewless loved to dwell,
And mourn the scenes that once they loved so well.
Triumphant, lo! on all the winds they come,
And clap th' exulting hand o'er fallen Rome,

And hovering o'er thy domes that blazing glow,
Their waving pinions fan the flames below;
They view rejoiced the conflagration's gleams,
Shoot their long glare o'er Tiber's redden'd streams;
And snuff the carnage-tainted smokes that rise,
An incense sweet, a grateful sacrifice.
—"Sad Tiber's banks with broken columns spread!
Fall'n every fane that rear'd to heav'n its head!
Poor heaps of ashes! Grandeur's mould'ring tomb!
Art thou the place was once Eternal Rome?
"Yes, Roman; snatch thy triumph whilst thou may,
Weak is thy rage, and brief thy little day:
Vanish'd and past the momentary storm,
Albion, my Albion, brighter shews her form.
Far o'er the rolling years of gloom I spy
Her oak-crown'd forehead lifted to the sky,
Above the low-hung mists unclouded seen,
Amid the wreck of nations still serene;
She bursts the chains, when hands like thine would bind
The groaning world, and lord it o'er mankind.
Amid yon glitt'ring flood of liquid light,
Float regal forms before my dazzled sight;
Like stars along the milky zone that blaze,
Their sceptred hands and gold-bound fronts they raise:
My Sons!—my Daughters! faint, alas, and dim
Before these failing eyes your glories swim,
Mix'd with the mists of death. 'Tis yours to throw
Your radiance round, while happier ages flow;
I smile at storms of earthly woe, and rise,
Shades of my sires! to your serener skies."

WALLACE,

BY

EDWARD SMIRKE,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1815.

"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam."

On Gambia's banks, no sweetly-breathing gale
Cheers the lone wild or fans the thirsty vale,
In weary silence rolls each livelong day,
And nature pants beneath the sultry ray:
Yet will the negro, from his deserts torn
And far away to western climates borne,
O'er the wide ocean cast a wistful eye,
And think upon his native sands, and sigh.
Turn we to where the Northern tempest roars,
To Lapland's drear, inhospitable shores;
The breast of Lapland owns no genial glow,
Pale is her aspect and her mantle snow;
By Winter withered, shrouded by the storm,
Amid yon arctic rocks she lifts her form,
While ocean-blasts a deadly chillness shed,
And meteor phantoms hover round her head:—
And would you lure the peasant from his home,
Beneath a milder, kinder heaven to roam?
Vain were the task—his ev'ry thought and care
Still loves to linger in his native air;
The child of woe, by cold and want opprest,
He boasts a patriot passion in her breast,
And, happy tenant of a humble shed,
Smiles at the storm that howls above his head.

Spirit of generous Pride, whose high command
Binds all affection to one spot of land;
Thou that canst wake a breeze on Afric's shore,
And bid the Polar blast forget to roar;
When, wrapt in History's page, the eye surveys
Deeds of the mighty dead in ancient days,
Is there a tongue that honours not thy name?
A heart that burns not with thy kindling flame?
Whether in classic record it retrace
Th' expiring efforts of a sinking race,
And mark the morn—morn dear to Rome and thee,
When Brutus struck and saw his country free;
Or whether later times the tale disclose,
How Grisler triumph'd in a nation's woes,
Till vengeance bade insulted worth rebel,
And Freedom smiled upon the sword of Tell;
Or how, unawed amid a cheerless land,
Brave WALLACE rear'd on high the patriot brand.

Wallace, undaunted foe to lawless power,
Friend to thy Scotland in her darkest hour,
In action daring, and in danger proved,
Famed for thy valour, for thy virtues loved;
These were the crimes that claim'd a tyrant's hate,
And gave thy manhood to an early fate.
Thee, Wallace, thee thy native woodlands mourn'd,
The grots and echoing caves that moan return'd;
The frowning cliff, the torrent, vale, and glade,
Poured a sad tribute to thy pensive shade,
And ev'ry gale that blew from rock and sea,
And every zephyr bore a sigh for thee.
The shout of war, that waked a Southern host,
Was heard no more upon the sullen coast;
In murmurs floating on the banks of Clyde,*
The last, sweet music of thy bugle died;

* Wallace was betrayed into the hands of Edward in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

That beacon blaze, which patriot hands had fired,
Glimmer'd a parting radiance and expired;
Hush'd was each hope, the dream of gladness fled,
And Scotland languished, when her offspring bled.
Heard ye that war-note burst the deep repose?—
It was the knell of Caledonia's woes;
O saw ye not the banner streaming red?
That banner waves above a tyrant's head.
Proud with the spoils of Cambria's fallen state,
And reeking from the brave Llewellyn's fate,
Edward has summon'd all his warrior band
To pour the tide of battle on the land.
Insatiate king, when erst on Holy shore
Thy battle-blade was drenched in Paynim gore,
Full oft the laurel bloom'd upon thy brow—
And seek'st thou yet another garland now?
Lord of a mighty race, a wide domain,
Yet canst thou envy Scotland's rugged reign?
O sheathe thy sword and fling thy buckler by,
Nor smite the mountain haunts of Liberty!—
But vain is reason's voice, and weak her sway,
When thirst of endless empire leads the way,
And wild Ambition beckons and invites
To trample on mankind's insulted rights;
To stand with gory lance and flag unfurl'd,
High o'er the ruins of a prostrate world;
Then fair Religion seeks her inmost cell,
Indignant Justice bids a long farewell,
And Science breathes a last, a dying moan,
And sorrowing Virtue pines unpitied and unknown.
Cursed be the fatal day, when Edward came
In crested pride to urge a lawless claim;
Cursed be the day.—Let weeping History tell
How fought the brave and how the noble fell,
When, slowly swelling, roll'd the battle tide
On Falkirk's field of death and Carron's side—

The beam of morn, that rose on eastern height,
Danced on the plume of many a gallant knight;
The ray, that lingered on the ocean-wave,
Kiss'd the red turf of many a soldier's grave:
Dark as the torrent's desolating flow,
And drear as winter was that time of woe.
Yet droop'd not Hope; she turn'd her azure eyes
Where heavenward Caledonia's mountains rise,
And deep embosom'd in the gloom of night,
A star was seen to shed a lonely light;
It burn'd afar with lustre pale and sweet,
To mark the spot of Freedom's last retreat.
There on a rock, unmoved and undismay'd,
The sable plumage waving o'er his head,
Stern Wallace stood. With high uplifted hand
He shook the gleamy terrors of his brand,
Glanced proudly on th' embattled host below,
And mock'd the menace of a conquering foe—
And long had mock'd—but Heaven untimely frown'd,
And pluck'd the fairest flow'r on Scottish ground.
It was no falchion raised in mortal strife
That snatch'd thee, Wallace, from the light of life;
No arrow glided on the wings of death
To drink thy blood and steal away thy breath;
Thine were no honours of a glorious grave,
The patriot's boast, the birthright of the brave;
For other fate thy generous zeal repaid,
Torn from thy country, by thy friend betray'd.—
Methinks I see thee led in sullen state,
High in thy fall, and e'en in fetters great,
And view thee dragg'd in all the pomp of woe,
A sport of impotence, a public show.
Still conscious virtue cheers thy latest hour,
Nor sinks thy spirit in the grasp of power;
Still, in the pangs of death, thy closing eyes
Speak the proud thoughts that in thy bosom rise;

And the last sigh, that gave the soul release,
Breath'd to thy Scotland—liberty and peace.
O Wallace! if my voice can pierce the gloom,
And rouse the silent slumbers of the tomb,—
O'er thy cold dust the Muse shall pour her strain
To tell thee, that thou didst not fall in vain;—
Yes, honour'd Shade! though brief was thy career,
And not a stone records thy lowly bier;
E'en yet, thy native woods and wilds among,
Thy wreaths are verdant and thy deeds are sung:
There haply, as some minstrel tells thy tale
To many a mountain chief and listening Gael,
Their kindling bosoms catch the patriot flame,
And learn the path to Freedom and to Fame.

MAHOMET,

BY

HAMILTON SYDNEY BERESFORD,
OF CLARE HALL,

1816.

WON from a jarring world, full oft the Muse
Th' eventful tale of other days reviews;
With patriot deeds her glowing breast she fires,
Thinks with the sage, or with the bard aspires,
Till all so lovely bright her dream appears,
So fraught with glorious forms of other years,
That half she deems, this fair abode of fame
Had once of earth no vestige, but the name.
Alas! the sweet illusion charms not long,
Chased by the sons of rapine and of wrong!
The victor-sword on her reluctant sight
Beams the wild flash of war's ensanguined light;
Her gaze pursues a meteor's path of fire,
And all her peaceful dreams at once expire.
She hates that meteor-flame, on which she dwells,
While one dark impulse in her bosom swells,
That wayward mood, that melancholy strain,
In which the heart perversely clings to pain.
She mourns the simple rustic's fruitless toil,
When Heroes tramp the harvest from his soil!
She mourns the limpid streamlet, bright no more,
When Heroes stain its startled wave with gore;
But when Ambition's heartless sons divide
The sacred bands, by love and nature tied,

When all the generous breast revered, adored,
Unhonoured falls beneath the victor-sword,—
Oh! then, half impious, she pre-dooms the blow,
Which heaven reserves for man's relentless foe.
As Ocean's breast, beneath the changeful sky,
Assumes a robe of ever varying dye,
While, all unchanged, impetuous, vast, and deep,
The tides below their awful secret keep,
Thus o'er her boundless aims though conquest throw
Ten thousand hues, Ambition works below.
She wants not fancied wrong, or fair pretence,
Justice, reform, reprisal, self-defence;
These are the specious terms her flags display,
Her undissembling falchion strikes for sway.
E'en meek Religion, at her stern command,
In arms exulting, fiercely waves the brand,
And through destruction's van to conflict driven,
Proclaim the blood-stained sword the key of Heaven!
"The key of Heaven and Hell,"* Mohammed cries,
"On each believer's holy sabre lies.
"One night in camps, one gore-drop trickling there,
"Outweighs whole months of penance and of prayer.
"The battle-slain, from earthly blemish pure,
"Awaits the last tremendous day secure;
"Then shall his wounds with vermeil lustre glow,
"Then from their lips shall breath of fragrance flow,
"And in the place of each divided limb
"Shall angel-plumes be fixed, and wings of cherubim!"
Such were the words of promise, wild and vain,
By which the Warrior-prophet smoothed his reign.
He spoke to savage tribes of lawless life,
Whose trade was rapine, and whose joy was strife.
Like birds that scent the battle-field afar,
To Yathreb's† walls they flocked and watched for war.

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ix. p. 297.
† Medina.

For them had Nature's niggard hand arrayed
Few soft retreats with verdure and with shade;
O'er the dry sandy waste 'twas their's to roam,
Denied the dearest boon, a social home,
Denied the common stream's unpurchased wave,
Though raging thirst the cool refreshment crave.
Thus more than poor, from Nature's stern decree
They gained one only blessing—Liberty.
But who was he, that chieftain bold and proud,
To whom the harsh Bedoween humbly bowed?
Mecca's enthusiast outcast, Yathreb's lord,
The self-raised Prophet, Preacher of the sword.
From infant years an orphan, on his head
Misfortune's withering blight was early shed.
He saw the wealth, the power, his birth should claim,
Assumed by stronger friends of kindred name,
Whose niggard hands on him bestowed alone
One meanest share of all he deemed his own.
Nay more, a home they gave—'twas meet in sooth
Who wronged his infancy should guard his youth.
Thus lonely left, no soft maternal breast
His murmurs soothed, or cradled him to rest;
Moist with delight, no fond maternal eye
Watched his weak limbs their earliest efforts try,
No mother's balmy voice, with precept bland,
Bade his young bud of opening mind expand.
The heart, whose social ties are rent away,
In the wild loneliness of thought will stray;
The heart, by Fortune's blind resentment torn,
Will seek in dreams a refuge less forlorn.
Oft to his mother's grave would he repair,
At eve's soft hour, to weep and linger there.
'Twas said, the pious tears that mourner shed
Bewailed her hapless doom, in error dead.
Perhaps some filial drops bedewed his cheek,—
Yet that firm spirit scorned a mood so weak.

Hope dimly seen, aspirings strange and high,
Forced the full tear from each unconscious eye.
Well might that tomb of all his joys recall
His birth-right proud, his youth's unpitied fall,
And well might fancy deem his parent shade
To all his vows a pleased attention paid.
For wealth he toiled, that best approach to power,
And wealth he found in love's propitious hour.
When Man or coldly fosters, or betrays,
Warm, generous woman oft the slight repays;
His worth was pictured on Cadijah's breast,—
She gave that fancied worth the means of rest.
But ease he valued not, who sighed for fame,
And wealth inglorious seemed without a name.
His joyless home was but an eagle's nest,
Reared amid clouds, upon the mountain's crest,
Where, in the bosom of mysterious gloom,
He poised for one bold flight each strength'ning plume.
Remote from humankind, he loved to brood
O'er high designs, whose nurse is solitude.
He shunned the feast, and if he deigned to smile,
'Twas plain his dark heart wandered far the while;
But when some pilgrim band, with fervour vain,
Grovelled beneath the Caaba's idol-fame,
He watched the pious dupes with scornful eye,
Or fled the scene's corruption with a sigh;—
For on his soul truth shed a transient gleam,
E'er power disdained, or passion quenched the beam.
Genius of fraud—or fancy! thou whose hand
Of Hera's cave the wild delusion planned!
Whate'er thou wert, how darkly wide have rolled
The waves of error from thy secret hold!
An Arab's name remoter realms obey,
Than Rome's imperial sceptre e'er could sway.
Her earthly fetters scarce the form might bind;
His strange mysterious chain controls the mind.

Mean causes work high ends: 'mid Alpine hills
The black and sullen moisture long distils
Within some rocky cleft, till winter's wind
Swells it to ice, that will not lie confined,
But rives the rock away—with thundering sound
It rolls, and rolls, dealing destruction round.
Yes, in the depth of Hera's cave he wrought
The secret web of visionary thought;
An angel-hand, he said, prepared the loom,
And dyed the woof in heaven's serenest bloom.
Few, very few, through many a tedious year,
Would lend that boastful tale a patient ear;
But Mecca's sons upon the enthusiast's head
Their bitter taunts and free revilings shed.
"Of old,"* they cried, "the Prophet's gifted arm
"Could melt the rock, the severed waters charm.
"Do thou, since heaven to thee is all revealed,
"Call down thy sacred volume, heavenly sealed;
"Bid Hera's darkling angel face the light;
"In the dry waste create a garden bright,
"And then, if Mecca yet reject thy claim,
"Command from yon blue vault avenging flame."
The wounds of pride, that rankle deep and dark,
Writhe not the lip beneath a foe's remark.
On his calm tutor'd brow, the glance of scorn
With pity blends for mortals so forlorn;
But through his secret heart their mockery dealt
A pang, dissembled well, yet keenly felt.
But not for these declined his aim away
From its high mark of lost paternal sway;
And those who deemed his heavenly claims a jest,
Feared the dark schemes of his aspiring breast.
With firm undaunted voice he preached aloud
Their rulers' crimes and vices to the crowd,

* Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 270.

Till at the zealot's head, in evil hour,
Was hurl'd th' avenging bolt of outraged power.
Deep in the breast of Thor's protecting cave
He heard, with silent awe, the tempest rave.
Dark Hera's angel-inmate came not here,
Chased by the scowl of wan, unresting fear.
But when the storm along th' horizon's verge
Moaned, as in some low vale the distant surge,
In time mature, he left the womb of earth,
Than all her giant-brood a more portentous birth!
Stern Persecution! all thy racks are vain:
Zeal baffles force, and patience conquers pain.
Medina's sons a welcome refuge gave,
And hailed him ruler, whom they joyed to save.
Then to the priest's he joined the warrior's part,
For black revenge was busy in his heart,
And he had sworn his bitter foes should rue
Their headlong rage, in tears of sanguine hue.
Resounds the din of war through Yathreb's walls—
To arms! the prophet-warrior fiercely calls;
With eager haste those lawless tribes obey,
Drawn by the lure of Paradise—or prey.
It boots not here, with borrowed rage, to dwell
On the wild rush of foes, the battle-swell;
Of Beder's earliest field to mark the boast,
Where Mecca fled before the Angelic host!
Nor the pale rout of Ohud's fearful day,
When wounds and death beset the Prophet's way.
Too oft the peaceful Muse hath shed a charm
O'er scenes abhorr'd of conflict and alarm;
Too oft has taught the youthful heart to glow,
And crown'd with Glory's wreath the brows of Woe.
Religion, heavenly maid! in whose pure breast
Calm, dove-like peace, and joy for ever rest!
How, through thy chosen land, thy native East,
Were all thy laws perverted and defaced!

E'en where thy tearful smile was taught to glow
For boundless bliss, the meed of boundless woe,
There, in the midst of thy polluted fanes,
Were senseless forms adored, and vile remains;
There incense fumed, while many a taper's glare
Perplexed the meek simplicity of prayer.
There, for the sloth and darkness of a cell,
Thy pamper'd votary bade the world farewell,
By his own hand a living death he died,
And claimed eternal bliss for suicide!

While thus thy genuine rites in pomp were lost,
On error's wave Arabia's sons were tossed.
The warm Bedoween blessed the friendly ray
Of each bright star that shaped his trackless way;
Till Heaven's high lamps usurped the worship due
To their great Maker, whom he faintly knew.
O pitying maid! thy tearful eye would melt
For those sharp pangs the patient camel felt,
When on his master's grave he pined away,
To serve the dead beyond the realms of day.
If scorn on thy meek brow could ever dwell,
The Caaber's motley scene deserved it well;
Where, with his blunted darts, red Hobal stood,
A wondrous form, controller of the flood!*
While blind devotion inly murmured there
To many a shape uncouth the fruitless prayer.

And he, beneath whose arm were doomed to fall
Those idols dark, would he thy smile recall?
No—the stern zealot marred thy peaceful name
With murderous steel, and all-devouring flame;
He taught the soul predestined fate to brave,
And spread enjoyment's lure beyond the grave.

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* To this idol (of red agate) was attributed the power of commanding rain.—Sale's *Preliminary Discourse.*

Oh! 'twas a note that charmed the savage ear,
To meet in heaven the joys he valued here;
To drain the luscious coolness of the bowl,
In the rich banquet's sweets unharmed to roll,
Through flowery shades to woo luxurious rest,
Or bask in warm delight, for ever blest.
And yet, perchance, his hours of earthly joy,
E'en at their wildest height, had felt annoy,
A secret damp, his tongue could not impart—
The cloud that wraps the lightnings of the heart.
Why wrought that feeling, vague and undefined,
In blissful moments on his wayward mind?
'Twas that the soul, too fine for gross delight,
Despised the sensual chain that clogg'd her flight,
And waved her drooping wing, and longed to soar
Where earthly joys delude frail man no more.
There is a bud in life's dark wilderness,
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress;
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry.
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove
Shed the full sweets, and heavenly light of love.
Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.
Yet, lovely woman! yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile,
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone;
But oh! how most deceived, whose creed hath given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven!
Yet thou hast charms, that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where Angels dwell;
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray;

Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek,
The balm that virtue mingles here below,
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

To stern Mohammed Mecca bends the knee,
The doubtful prize of craft or victory.
His proudest foes are at the conqueror's feet;
The fickle crowd their injured Prophet greet—
But where is she, from whom the enthusiast drew
The first bright glance of hope's inspiring view?
Cadijah sleeps where silence darkly reigns,
Nor shares his triumph now, who shared his pains.
Oh! blame her not, that fondly she believed,
For oft the purest heart is most deceived.
His ardent breast, the den of loose desire,
For many a fair had nursed unhallowed fire;
Yet, on the lap of youthful love reclined,
Cadijah's matron-shade would soothe his mind;
And once,* when beauty's pride presumed to claim
A praise superior to her treasured name;—
"No—by yon heavens," he cried, "Cadijah gave
"Her generous love, when only love could save;
"Unfriended, poor, despised, she sought me then—
"A heart so true shall never beat again!"

By fraud or force advanced, Mohammed's name
Outstripped each hope his earlier years could frame:
The convert's humble soul that name adored,
Hung on his lips, and drank each holy word.
Who scorned his doctrine, feared the teacher's arm:
—Himself alone his wiles could never charm,
Nor sway, nor wealth, nor pleasure, hush to rest
The fiend, for ever wakeful in his breast.

* Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 328.

Oh! when he traced the mazes of his plan,
How would his soul contemn deluded man,
Light as the desert sand, on every blast
Of passion's burning gale at random cast;
But on himself he wreaked his deepest scorn,
Who stooped to cheat a creature so forlorn.
Ambition's dreary shore a refuge gave
From the dark swell of thought's devouring wave.
Yet he had felt the impotence of power
To buy one smile of joy, one peaceful hour:
But action's stormy din might drown the voice,
Whose still small whisper said, "No more rejoice."
Wide o'er Arabia's waste his flaming sword
Stamped the dark brand of Islam's fraudful word;
On Jordan's holy banks that sabre shone;
His name was feared on high Byzantium's throne,
Where now the sullied bays of haughty Rome,
Torn from their native soil, disdained to bloom.
—What awful hand arrests his proud career,
And thrills his inmost heart with mortal fear?
The power, whose noiseless shafts in darkness fly,
Burns in his blood, and glares in either eye.
In this dread hour, when worldly hopes subside,
When throbs the latest pulse of worldly pride,
When the rapt soul on viewless scenes is bent,—
Say, will that stubborn, conscious mind relent?
No—his last fitful gleam of reason's ray,
Like some foul vapour, shone but to betray.
That light had sunk in death's unfathomed shade:
Low on the common ground his limbs were laid;
Yet the stern gaze of his unconscious eye
Appalled the sad enthusiasts weeping by,
And on his parted lip was faintly seen
Some trace of high command, that once had been.
In the first doubtful pause of wild despair
Hope, short-lived, anxious hope, will vainly share.

"He is not dead,"* they cried, "he cannot die,
"Our Prophet here, our Advocate on high!
"Rapt in a holy trance,† her airy flight
"His soul hath wing'd to Allah's throne of light,
"Whose secret laws, that scorn the bounds of time,
"Form the dread theme of her discourse sublime.
"On him shall Azrael's dart descend in vain—
"Mohammed must revive, for Jesus rose again!"
Fount of Eternal Life! they durst compare
With Thee that breathless form extended there,
Dark fraud's deserted cell, pride's mouldering dust,
Ambition's refuse vile, the dregs of lust.
—But THOU wert holy, guileless, poor, betrayed,
Meek as a lamb, that mutely waits the blade,
Pure as the dewy pearl of infant day,
Soft as the tear, that pity wipes away.
Thy hand, o'er Nature's baffled laws supreme,
Out-wrought the wildest wonders of a dream;
From dark and rayless orbs dispersed the night,
Oped the dull ear to sounds of new delight,
Stretched the shrunk sinew, loosed the speechless tongue,
And waked the vital spark where death's cold damps were hung!
'Twas the sole bliss of thy benignant sway
To heal all wounds, and wipe all tears away;
Nor could thy bitter foes' relentless ire
One angry thought of just revenge inspire.
The pomp of princely power, Ambition's aim,
Thy soul despised, and shunned obstreperous fame.
Thy throne was not of this tumultuous world
Reared on the wreck of kings, to ruin hurled,
But where Ambition's tearful triumphs cease,
In Heaven's high dome it stands—a Throne of Peace.

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* Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 319.
† Alluding to Mahomet's pretended night journey to heaven.

Ye loftier strains, adieu! But ill ye suit
The faint low murmur of a trifler's lute,
Whose pausing tones, upon the hillock side
The thrush, with untaught song, hath oft outvied,
When from his vesper-shade he viewed the west,
And sweetly sung day's closing eye to rest.
Enough for me, that Nature's mute command
From all her vallies bids my heart expand,—
Enough for me, that where her mountains rise,
Her torrents charm, her awful heights surprise.
To wake one pensive note in Nature's bower,
When thought would moralize her simplest flower,
To breathe a voice through Nature's varying hue,—
Be such thy care, my lute—ye loftier strains, adieu!

JERUSALEM,

BY

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, ESQ.
FELLOW-COMMONER OF TRINITY HALL.

1817.

My Spirit some transporting Cherub feels
To bear me where the tower of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk.—
MILTON'S ODE ON THE PASSION.

FLUSH'D with her crimes, and swoln with impious pride,
Rebellious Judah still her God defied:
Then on Isaiah's eye prophetic rose
The lengthen'd vision of her future woes;
Then, with his country's gathering fate imprest,
The sacred fervour labouring in his breast,
Against the guilty race his kindling lyre
Breathed the deep vengeance of the Almighty's ire.
"Hear,* O ye Heavens, and thou, O Earth, give ear,
"And trembling shrink the awful sounds to hear!
"The Lord—the Lord hath spoken from on high,
"Whose voice is fate, whose will is destiny.
"I see!† I see! the dread avengers come,
"Fierce as despair, insatiate as the tomb.
"Heard ye their wheels, like whirlwinds, sweep around?
"Heard ye their thundering coursers beat the ground?
"Mark'd ye their spears move on in long array,
"And shield on shield flash back the beam of day!

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* Isa. i. 2.

† Isa. v. 26, &c., and xxix. 6.

" O'er Salem's* walls Destruction sternly low'rs,
" And eyes impatient her devoted towers.
" Bow'd to the dust,† she mourns her slaughter'd bands,
" And strives in vain to lift her fetter'd hands."

O greatly-fallen, how humbled is thy state!
Thy fields how bare, thy courts how desolate!
Where Joy was wont the nightly dance to lead,
Shrieks the lone bat, and hungry vultures feed;
There the fierce dragon finds a place of rest,
And boding screech-owls build their secret nest.
No more, Bethesda, o'er thy desert springs
Descending Seraphs wave their healing wings;
No more sweet sounds, at morn, or eve, declare
That hosts angelic hover on the air:
All—all is fled; and Desolation reigns,
Without a rival, o'er thy ravaged plains.

O days divine! of you may mortal sing,
When God himself was Israel's Guard and King?
Will not the eloquence of earthly speech
Fail from a height, which fancy scarce can reach?
To know Creation's Monarch ever nigh,
A staff in sorrow, and a friend in joy;
To see Heaven's glories visibly display'd,
And all its Seraphim in light array'd;
These were thy rights, O Israel, this thy boast,
These the high joys thy disobedience lost.
Bear witness, Hermon, thou whose dewy sod
Has felt the footstep of a present God;
And, Carmel, thou whose gales, with incense fraught,
The murmurs of a voice divine have caught;
What dreams extatic o'er the vot'ry stole,
How swell'd the pious transport in his soul!
E'en now, when o'er your long-forsaken sweets
The pilgrim lingers, in your loved retreats,

* Isa. xxix. 3. † Idem 4th verse.

Steal visionary forms along the vale,
And more than music whispers on the gale.
O had I pinions,* fleet as those that bear
The dove exulting thro' the realms of air,
Then would I visit every holy shade,
Where saints have knelt, or prophets musing stray'd;
Bend with a sigh o'er every relic near,
And pay each shrine the tribute of a tear.
Where o'er the waste, in rude disorder thrown,
Neglected lie yon crumbling heaps of stone,
O who (sad change!) the blest abode could tell,
Where God's own glory once vouchsafed to dwell?
Yet fancy still the ruined fane can raise
Bright with the glories of departed days.
Swift to the view its scatter'd wealth restore,
And bid its vanished splendours beam once more.
E'en as I gaze,† the sudden spires ascend
With graceful sweep the long-row'd arches bend;
Aspiring shafts the heaving dome sustain,
And lift the growing fabric from the plain.
See, as it rises, all the world combine
Its various gifts to deck the work divine:
Nature no more her secret treasures hides,
The mine uncloses, and the deep divides.
Mild o'er the wave the fav'ring breezes play,
And waft the Tyrian purple on its way.
Her purest marble rocky Paros lends,
Her sweetest odours soft Idumè blends:
On Carmel's heights the stately cedar falls,
And Ophir glistens on the polish'd walls.
See, while the slow-expanding gates unclose,
How rich within the boundless lustre glows!
Here the tall palm for ever lives in gold,
There sculptured flowers their fretted leaves unfold;

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* Psalm lv. 6. † 1 *Kings, ch. vi. passim.*

Through the long aisles bright lamps incessant beam,
And burnish'd censers roll the spicy stream.
But far within retires the dread abode,
Jehovah's throne—the Oracle of God:
Two cherubs there, with mimic glories bright,
High o'er the ark their guardian wings unite.
Beneath that shade no earthly treasures lie,
No emblems frail of human majesty.
But there enshrined the Holy Tablets rest,
By God ordain'd, by God himself imprest.
Thine were these mighty works, by thee design'd,
Beloved of God, and wisest of mankind.
What* to thy Sire the will of Heav'n denied
To thee it gave, propitious, to provide.
Yet, while thy temple in the dust decays,
Lives the full splendour of his sacred lays,
O skill'd to wake the ever-varying lyre,
With all a Prophet's—all a Poet's fire,
What breast, that does not kindle at thy strain?
What heart, that melts not, when thy strings complain?
Hark, how the notes in mournful cadence sigh,
Soft as the breeze, that only wakes to die.
Changed is their tone; th' impetuous measures sweep,
Like the fierce storm conflicting with the deep.
Now all th' angelic host at once combine
Their golden harps in unison with thine.
Extatic fervours seize the trembling soul,
And Hallelujahs ring from pole to pole.
What† fearful omens heralded the hour,
That gave Judæa to a tyrant's power?
As sank the sun, amid the western blaze
Terrific visions burst upon the gaze.
Unearthly spears reflect the setting beam,
Swords wave, helms glitter, hostile standards stream;

* 2 Sam. vii. 4. † Josephi Hist. et Tacit. lib. v. c. 13.

And thronging chariots, hurrying swiftly by,
Sweep the wide air, 'till darkness veils the sky,
Nor ceased the portents then: a lurid light
Shot a fierce splendour from the clouds of night;
Its own sad hue o'er all the temple spread,
And on each fear-struck face a ghastly paleness shed.
See! see! untouch'd by any human hand,
The temple's gates—her massy gates—expand!
No earthly sound is that within I hear,
As waters bursting on the deafen'd ear,
Proclaiming, as its awful thunders swell,
"The Lord no more in Israel deigns to dwell:"
No mortal foot th' affrighted threshold trod—
'Tis God's own voice, the parting step of God!
Yes, thou art now abandon'd to thy fate;
Vain is regret, repentance comes too late.
Already onward rush thy angry foes,
Already thy devoted walls enclose:
Death with pleased eye pursues their destined way,
And cheers them on, exulting, to their prey.
Darker, and darker still thy doom appears,
And Sorrow's face a blacker aspect wears.
In vain with equal hand does Justice deal
To each the stinted, and unjoyous meal;
With looks despairing, as they ask for food,
Breaks one shrill shriek from all the multitude:
No more remains to fan life's feeble fires,
And Hope's last throb just flutters, and expires.
E'en the fond mother, seized with madness wild,
While in her arms th' unconscious infant smiled,
Drove to its heart the unrelenting steel,
And quench'd her fury on th' accursed meal.
Amid the tumult of th' embattled field,
Death! thy stern terrors are but half reveal'd.
For, e'en if Victory smile not, Glory's beam
Casts a clear light on life's last ebbing stream.

But, worn by wasting famine to decay,
Hour after hour, by slow degrees away;
No cheering hope, no glowing pulse to feel,
No kindling fervour of exalted zeal;
Sunk in despair, to wish, yet fear to die,
This—this is death, in all its agony!
Yet, worn by hunger, and opprest with ill,
Thy hardy sons remain unconquer'd still.
Weakness and strength alike their weapons wield,
And they who cannot conquer, scorn to yield.
Hark, how without the deaf'ning tumult grows,
How swell the shouts of thy victorious foes!
Behold, ten thousand torches, hurl'd on high,
Gleam o'er the walls, and seem to fire the sky.
Now, Salem, now, the spreading flame devours
Thy homes, thy temple, and thy headlong towers:
Now Vengeance smiling scours th' ensanguined plain,
And waves her pinions o'er thy countless slain.
'Tis done; proud Salem smokes along the ground,
Her pow'r a dream, her name an empty sound.
To other realms, from Sion far away,
In mute despair, her last sad remnants stray;
While all the malice of relentless hate,
Beneath their foes, her captive sons await;
With no kind care their inward wounds to heal,
While insult sharpens ev'ry pang they feel.
Yet say, base outcasts of offended Heaven,
Rebelling still as often as forgiven,
Say are the woes, that now your race pursue,
More than your crimes, or heavier than your due?
How oft your God has turn'd his wrath away,
How oft in mercy has forborne to slay!
How long* by gentle chastisement he strove
To win once more his people to his love!

* Psalm cv. and cvi. passim.

Ah, call to mind, when in a distant land
Forlorn ye bow'd beneath a stranger's hand,
His hot displeasure on your haughty foes
Pour'd the full tempest of unsparing woes.
Then, as his flock the tender shepherd leads
To softer herbage, and more fertile meads,
He lead his chosen people far away,
Their guide in darkness, their defence by day.
Lo, at his word, th' obedient depths divide,
And 'whelm th' Egyptian in their refluent tide;
While rescued Israel, free from every care,
Gains the wish'd bank, and pours the vocal prayer.
From the cleft rock see sudden rills rebound,
And spread fresh verdure o'er the thirsty ground!
Yet still anew your disobedience sprung,
And discontent still murmur'd on your tongue;
To graven idols still the knee ye bow'd,
And join'd in Baal's courts th' incestuous crowd.
Still in your pride ye mock'd the threat'ning Seer,
As the deaf adder shuts her reckless ear;
Plunged in the Prophet's breast th' unhallow'd sword,
And dared to slay the chosen of the Lord.

Swift into light th' expected years roll on,
Th' Almighty Father sends his promised Son.
Not as when Sinai view'd the law reveal'd
In fearful lightning, and in thunder seal'd;
Now peaceful omens cheer the drooping earth,
And hail the tidings of the Heav'nly birth.
Hush'd was the world in darkness and in sleep,
The wakeful shepherds watch'd their folded sheep.
Clad in the radiant glory of the skies,
A form angelic burst upon their eyes;
And, slowly stealing on their wond'ring ear,
Rose the glad sounds, 'twas heav'n itself to hear.
"Joy to the world! ye nations, cease to mourn,
"Now is the Christ, the promised Saviour born!"

And lo, descending, the celestial train
Swell the full chorus of the rapt'rous strain;
Till on the gale the notes departing die,
And the bright vision melts into the sky.
Did ye not then with bursts of transport raise
The loud hosanna of exulting praise?
With trembling homage round his cradle bend,
Watch every look, and every smile attend;
And all Creation's noblest gifts combine
To form an offering for the Babe divine?
Or, when his mortal part matured to man,
His earthly ministry at length began,
Did ye not crowd his heav'nly words to hear,
And drink instruction with delighted ear?
No—harden'd still your stubborn souls remain,
As sterile rocks resist the soft'ning rain.
Tho' to the blind unwonted day returns,
And pale Disease with health's new ardour burns;
Tho' deaf to other voice, th' obedient tomb
For him reversed her universal doom;
More fell than sickness, colder than the grave,
Ye shared his gifts, yet spurn'd at him who gave.
Driv'n* thro' the world, unknowing where to lie,
Despised, rejected, and condemn'd to die,
Before his foes behold Messiah stand,
Meek† as a lamb beneath the shearer's hand.
O turn on yonder faded form your eyes,
Oppress'd with sorrow, and consumed in sighs!
Mark that pale brow, with streaming blood embrued,
Where Resignation blends with Fortitude;
Those lips in inward prayer that gently move,
Those eyes, yet beaming with unconquer'd love;
The meek composure which those looks declare,
That holy calm; and say if guilt be there?

* Isa. liii. 3. † Idem, 7th verse.

O love unbounded, more than words can tell,
Tho' hymning angels on the theme should dwell:
Not to one people, not one age confined,
But flowing ever on to all mankind!
See, on the cross those limbs in torture hang,
Convulsed, and quiv'ring with the deathful pang!
A deeper sorrow dwells upon that face,
Than Pain's severest agony could trace;
Ev'n now his spirit mourns Creation's woes,
And breathes compassion for his cruel foes.
See, by a world's united crimes opprest,
He bows his head submissive on his breast;
Now fades the light from those expiring eyes,
And Judah's King—her Lord— her Saviour dies!
Can this be He before whose awful nod
Ev'n seraphs shrink? Is this the Son of God?
Heir of the world, and Monarch of the sky?
The voice of Nature shall itself reply.
Else why, O Sun, conceal thy face in dread,
Why tremble, Earth,* and why give up thy dead?
Why rends the temple's mystic veil in twain,
And fearful thunders shake th' affrighted plain?
Yet blind to truth, say, wretched outcasts, say,
Wait ye the Saviour of a future day?
Lo, he has lived to bless, has died to save,
And burst the brazen fetters of the grave!
Awake, redeem'd Jerusalem,† awake,
And from the dust thy sullied garments shake!
From thy gall'd neck unloose the servile bands,
And cast the fetters from thy captive hands.
Break forth, ye mountains, into joyful song!
Ye barren wilds, the rapt'rous strain prolong!
Barren no more; unwonted verdure grows,
And the dry desert blossoms as the rose.

* Matt. xxvii. 51, 52. † Isa. lii. 1, 2, 9.

Behold, all Nature proves a second birth,
New skies embrace a new-created earth:
From the glad scene for ever Woe retires,
Pain is no more, and Death himself expires.
Ye angels, strike the full-resounding lyre,
Swell the glad chorus, all ye heav'nly choir!
She comes!* she comes! descending from on high,
The Holy City meets the ravish'd eye!
Bride of the Lamb, without a spot, or stain,
Cleansed of her crimes, and ransom'd of her chain.
Look at the gates, her glorious towers behold,
More clear than crystal, and more fair than gold.
There dwell the Lord's Redeem'd in glory bright,
Gaze on his face, and live amidst his light:
Haste the delights, that time can ne'er destroy,
Eternal fulness of unfading joy!

* Rev. xxi. 1, 2, &c.

IMPERIAL AND PAPAL

ROME.

BY

CHARLES EDWARD LONG,

FELLOW-COMMONER OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1818.

> Et penitus totis inolevit Roma medullis
> Dilectæque urbis, tenero conceptus ab ungue,
> Mecum crevit amor.——
>
> CLAUD. VI. *Cons. Hon.*

DREARY the scene, where all that now remains
Of Roman greatness crowns the Latian plains;
No culture marks the precincts of her state,
But all is barren—wild—and desolate.
In those lone Courts, where Senates, once the dread
Of nations, ruled, the peasant rears his shed;
And the coil'd viper woos the noontide ray,
Basking in halls, where Cæsars once bore sway;
Or thou may'st see pale Superstition there
Bending to mutter o'er her midnight prayer.

A thousand wint'ry storms have swept around
Those aged roofs; now o'er th' encumber'd ground
Waves the rank thistle, and the verdant vine
Wreathes its wild tendrils round each prostrate shrine.
There Tiber rolls in sullen pomp along,
Whose banks once glitter'd with the warlike throng
Of countless legions, when each Consul's car
Shone in the pride and circumstance of war,

Amidst triumphant shouts, that rent the sky,
And glittering helms, and plume, and panoply—
Now seen no more; while o'er those mouldering piles,
Destruction sounds her dragon wing, and smiles.
Still sadly pleasing is the desert gloom
That hangs around, and shrouds an empire's tomb;
And dearer far to philosophic eye
Yon aged mound where Rome's gray ruins lie,
Than all the splendour of her pageantry.

But moons have wasted, years have roll'd away,
Since her proud legions frown'd in dread array,
And many a foe has scaled yon ivied wall,
And many a pillar totter'd to its fall;
And oft those courts have echoed to the tread
Of hurrying squadrons, and the mighty dead
Heard, from within their sepulchres, the cry
Of jarring hosts, shouting to victory—
Since Triumph proudly yoked her milk-white steeds,
And Freedom roused her sons to val'rous deeds:
But she long since has drooped her eagle plume,
And wept in silence o'er each warrior's tomb;
And she has fled those plains, to find repose
'Midst wilder regions robed in Arctic snows.

Yet still Rome's guardian Genius seems to wave
Its gladd'ning wing o'er every patriot's grave;
E'en yet can Fancy's fairy visions raise
The bright illusion of her happier days;
In childhood taught to venerate her fame,
We lisp her language, we adore her name;
And once imprinted on the youthful heart,
Her glories brighten, and her crimes depart.

'Twas Rome that foster'd Science in her birth,
"The Light of Nations"—"Mistress of the Earth."
Bold Independence mark'd her dauntless band,
Inured to hardship, born for high command:

Free in their pristine majesty of mind,
Rude as the rocks, unshackled as the wind:
When Vict'ry flew on eagle wings display'd,
Where'er her warriors bared the battle-blade;
While he, the guardian of his country's fate,
Alternate ruled the cottage and the state.
Vainly Numidia's daring chieftain plann'd
To burst the mountain barriers of her land;
Doom'd to behold his boasted vet'rans yield,
And Cannæ's victors shrink from Zama's field,
When Scipio's sword retrieved his Country's name,
And wrote her vengeance on the scroll of fame.
Such the renown, O Rome, thy valour won,
When the full splendour of thy mid-day sun
Shone o'er the land, and pour'd its brightest beams
From Alpine heights to Jordan's sacred streams.
The swarthy Syrian bowed the subject neck,
And Susa's tyrants trembled at thy beck;
And those bright sunny realms that ever smile
In circling prospect round fair Delos' isle—
Mountains and vales that court the Ægean main—
Immortal Athens—own'd a Conqueror's reign:
Land of the Bard, where Science first outspread
Her infant arms, and raised her youthful head;
Succeeding ages caught the rapturous fire,
And Homer's accents breathed from Virgil's lyre.
Pride of his race! what envied sweetness hung
In soft mellifluence on thy Tully's tongue,
The tyrant's dread, the friend to freedom's cause,
His Idol, Rome—his Sovereign, her Laws;
To names like his the patriot joys to turn,
And owns "the thoughts that breathe the words that burn."
Brief hour of glory—license unrestrain'd
Raged in the Senate, and its laws profaned;
When Faction hundred-tongued with rebel hate
Tore from its base the fabric of the state.

Hence fierce dissensions fann'd the latent fire,
Kindred met kindred—sons opposed their sire;
Blood-stain'd Ambition summon'd forth her band,
Raised the red scourge, and shook the threat'ning brand.
Thus Freedom saw, amidst the dark'ning fray,
Opposing chieftains boast alternate sway,
And vainly strove to soften and assuage
A Marius' hatred, and a Sylla's rage,
Till on 'Pharsalia's sadly fatal plains
She wept her sons contending for their chains.

Oh! turn we where proud Actium's trophied height
Mark'd Cæsar's triumph, and his rival's flight;
Bright o'er the west the sun of genius shone,
And Memphian trophies graced the conqu'ror's throne:
Then pour'd the Mantuan bard the flood of song,
And told Æneas' toils, and Dido's wrong:
Venusium sent her minstrel to the light,
Lord of the Satire art, and Lyric flight.

'Twas then that Beth'lem's hallowed star arose,
To warn Judea of her future woes;
When the lone desert heard the welcome voice,
That bade the wretched rise, the poor rejoice;
When Tabor's hill by heav'nly feet was trod,
And Salem knew the presence of her God.
He came—he came to gladden Israel's eyes,
At once the Saviour, and the sacrifice;
Celestial mildness o'er his features glow'd,
While from his lips sublimest precepts flow'd:
"Peace to the troubled soul—to nations joy—
"Ages of bliss—and life without alloy."

Then stood the mighty mistress of mankind—
Her pow'r supreme, her empire unconfined;
The trembling savage, whose untutor'd soul
Own'd no superior, and brook'd no control,
Confess'd her pow'r, and sheath'd his thirsty sword;
Gazed on her ranks, and while he fear'd—adored.

From Gallia's coast, and Albion's sea-girt isle,
To farthest fountains of the fruitful Nile,
From Scythian wilds, and endless tracks of snow,
To where the fairest flow'rs of Indus blow,
All bowed submissive to her dread decrees,
Like reeds that wave beneath the summer breeze.
But all within betrayed Corruption's spell,
And brighter lustre marked her ere she fell.
Her's was that fiery glow that gilds the west,
Ere Neptune leaves the chambers of his rest;
That shews the tempest brooding o'er the deep,
To wake the green-hair'd Nereids from their sleep:
The outward heat that spoke an inward flame,
The hectic flush that marked the sinking frame.
Won 'midst the trophies of the conquer'd east,
Came the rich viand, and the sumptuous feast;
Soon ev'ry vice to luxury allied
Debased her sons, and quenched that patriot pride,
Which oft had stemm'd war's desolating tide:
And Asia's soft attire, and gorgeous vest,
Worn by the hardy warrior of the west,
As erst the Centaur's poison'd robe of old,
Infused the venom lurking in its fold,
Fatal reverse—the fall'n enervate race
Crouched to the blow, and coveted disgrace.
Oh! could oblivion shroud the lasting shame
That mark'd the dotage of her fading fame;
When every crime th' imperial smile could win,
And Nero's purple sanctified a sin;
When venal slavery barter'd for her price,
And honour's passport bore the stamp of vice.
Yet was there one bright beam, one hallowed form,
That shot athwart the darkness of the storm,
One parting ray that pour'd its heav'nly light,
One dying ember mock'd the approaching night:

But oh! it glimmer'd only to disclose
The lengthen'd prospect of unceasing woes;
And Trajan's spirit, borne on Mercy's breast,
Wing'd its swift journey to the realms of rest.
In vain did Freedom mourn her ravaged shrine,
Her altar prostrate, and her reign's decline;
No vestal guardian watch'd the sacred fire,
That kindled—brighten'd—only to expire;
Fair Science saw her sister-train disgraced,
Her haunts deserted, and her works defaced;
Wealth—Glory—Honour—sank amidst the gloom,
And Freedom—Learning—found one common tomb.

Soon came the hour when, issuing from his snows,
The northern savage roused him from repose,
Houseless and fierce, to whom the battle's strife
Was wealth, was honour, liberty, and life.
Sarmatia saw the gathering clouds of war,
And called her fur-clad myriads from afar,
While pregnant Scythia o'er the groaning earth
Pour'd from her icy womb a monstrous birth.

As when the genius of the storm unbinds,
Yoked in their gloomy caves, the struggling winds,
And rising sternly o'er the pathless deep,
Bids the loud tempest rave, the whirlwind sweep;
Gigantic—striding through the dusky air,
While round his brow bright-streaming meteors glare,
And clothed in clouds, and canopied by fire,
Plies the vindictive engines of his ire.
Scared at his form the screaming sea-fowl soars
In airy circles round her native shores;
Each Naiad sporting o'er the glassy wave
Starts at his voice, and seeks her crystal cave;
And the wild shrieking heron borne on high
Forebodes the brooding horrors of the sky.
He 'midst the thunder's peal, the lightning's gleam,
Frowns o'er the subject main, and stalks supreme,

So stood the Gothic chief by Heav'n design'd
"The scourge of vice"—"Destroyer of mankind."
Then Havoc bared her arm, and Atè smiled
With ghastly visage and with transport wild:
War march'd triumphant o'er the field of death,
While Famine spread contagion from her breath:
Nor ceased, 'till Slaughter, weary with the fray,
Sheathed the red blade, and slumber'd o'er her prey.
Last, stern Oppression clench'd his iron hand,
And stretch'd his sceptre o'er the afflicted land:
And all was still—unheard the battle's shout,
The yell of triumph, and the echoing rout;
And all was silent as the grave, save where,
Wrapt in the gloomy sadness of despair,
The free-born native of ill-fated Rome
Breathed his last stifled sigh o'er Freedom's tomb.

At length the rude barbarian learnt to feel
The holy influence of religious zeal,
And sought, where ne'er before his steps had trod,
The hallowed altar of Judæa's God.

And lo! the queen of nations once again
Rear'd high her reverend head, and burst her chain.
By pious hands the fretted roof was raised,
And incense smoked, and thousand tapers blazed;
Unnumber'd vot'ries crowded to behold
Salem's bright cross, and shrine of radiant gold:
Rich were her temples, and her altars graced
With all the pride of the luxuriant East:
Yet in her streets dwelt Indigence, and Fear
That trembled as she prayed—for it was there
That holy Fury, and misguided Zeal,
First waved the brand, and raised the tort'ring wheel.
Built on the blind credulity of man
The dark dominion of her Church began;
Then pompous falsehoods awed a yielding race,
And Papal thunders shook each kingdom's base!

The triple mitre on a dotard's brow
Made nations shrink, and sternest tyrant's bow.
No vulgar eye profaned the hallowed chair
Wrapt in mysterious awe: no tongue could dare
Dispute the sacred mandates which were given
As the dread words, the Oracles of Heaven.
And undefined dominion's thick'ning cloud
Cast o'er the mind its melancholy shroud,
While, robed in floating, vague, and shadowy might,
Rome's towering genius breathed a deeper night,
And, clothed like Andes in his misty vest,
Threw chilling shades of darkness o'er the West.
Woe to the impious tongue that dared deride
The haughty arrogance of Papal pride!
Woe to the man whom Reason's voice had told
That crimes could ne'er be sanctified by gold!
All milder doctrines were at once denied,
The hand was palsied, and the tongue was tied:
The trembling sceptic kissed the sacred rod,
And owned her chiefs the delegates of God.
'Twas not by penitence and inward grief
The sinner sought to find a blest relief;
Not his the heartfelt consciousness, that leads
To true repentance, and to holier deeds.
Religion no mild joy could e'er impart,
She claim'd no empire o'er the human heart.
Oh! had the voice of Charity represt
The flame that slumber'd in each bigot's breast,
Still unpolluted would that fount have glow'd
With all the heav'nly light whence first it flow'd.
Soon banish'd Mercy fled the bleeding land,
And Persecution raised her tyrant hand:
Long, loud hosannas mocked the cries of death,
As martyr'd thousands yielded up their breath.
And was it thus, great GOD, thy people strove
To stamp their faith, and ratify their love?

Was it 'midst scenes like these, that dove-like form
Descending, sought a refuge from the storm?
Emblem of peace—no hallowed spot was there,
No stone to rest on, and no branch to bear.
Turn from such scenes, my muse, ah! turn to view
Visions of milder aspect, livelier hue;
When banish'd Genius plumed his ruffled wing,
Sought the lost wreath, and swept the trembling string
What time the Muse attuned her vocal lyre
To the wild raptures of a Dantè's fire,
And smiling wove around her fav'rite's brow
The verdant honours of the Delphic bough,
Or in that cave, where Sorgia's waters rise,
The lone Petrarcha breath'd immortal sighs.
He who beheld, amidst an age of shame,
One last protector of his country's fame:
Brave injured chief, Rienzi—patriot name.
No longer blasted in untimely hour
Perish'd the germ of ev'ry opening flow'r;
From the dim cloister's melancholy shade
Fair blooming Science raised her drooping head,
And bright-eyed Fancy soar'd with wavering flight
Thro' fields of ether, realms of beamy light;
While, as her Tasso quaffed the heav'nly ray,
Attending seraphs tuned the hallowed lay,
And Sion's muse, on eagle pinions borne,
Caught the first fragrance of the orient morn.
A Michael's hand could mimic life impart
To the rude breathless stone; while Raffaelle's art
Bade the rough canvas, melting into light,
Beam in its blending colouring to the sight.
Next Music left her starry sphere on high,
And swept the chords in wildest harmony.
Rome shone again confest in all her charms,
Unrivall'd then in arts, as once in arms.

Tho' lost to glory, still to her belong
The palm of Science, and the meed of song.
Oh! who will guide me to that kinder shore,
Where never sea-bird hears the tempest's roar,
Where Zephyrs borne on rosy pinions fling
Unfading odours redolent of Spring;
Where Nature blooms with ever verdant flow'rs,
And Pleasure leads in dance the circling hours;
Where mantling vineyards deck the mountain's side,
And blossoms smile, to other realms denied:
Groves, whose rich trees disown a planter's care,
Rise there luxuriant; fountains ever fair
Leap from their crystal urns in sparkling rills,
And wind irriguous down the verdant hills.
Oh! might I visit every grove, and gaze
On ev'ry spot that to the mind conveys
The pleasing retrospect of earlier days!
For not a *streamlet* greets the list'ning ear,
But boasts some sweet remembrance to endear;
And Fancy's visions on each branch are hung,
Where Fabius triumph'd, or where Virgil sung.
Ye mould'ring fanes, beheld on ev'ry side!
Majestic ruins! wrecks of ancient pride!
Ye bowers whose sweets the rapid Anio laves!
Ye plains where Tiber pours his classic waves!
Oh! there was once a time when Freedom's ray
Bless'd every grove, and cheer'd each opening day—
When wealth—when commerce spread their richest stores
And valour hurl'd invasion from those shores.
Ill-fated land! where all was once so fair
Broods sorrowing silence now, and dark despair.
All—*all is* fled, and glory's evening sun
Throws its last tints—its splendid course is run.
Fall'n is Ausonia's pride, her virtue fled;
Lost are those rights for which her patriots bled;

Nerveless that arm—no manly toils impart
A kindred ardour to the human heart,
While every sensual vice pollutes the mind,
And e'en Religion teaches but to blind.
Why do proud Albion's colder regions smile?
Why does Content reign round her stormy isle?
'Tis Liberty which cheers the rugged coast,
That first—best blessing, still her brightest boast.
O Freedom! pure instructress of the mind,
Blest bond of union—birth-right of mankind,
Thine is the star that from yon mountain's height
Beams life and glory to the nation's sight:
Thine is the voice—the talismanic charm,
That warms the patriot's breast, and nerves his arm:
Upborne by thee, he hails his humbler lot,
His scanty fare, and lowly-rafter'd cot.
Thou bid'st him find endearment in the roar
Of the wild waves that beat around his shore,
And as yon eagle, whose imperial form
Soars on the blast, and rests upon the storm,
So does thy guardian spirit ride the breeze,
Where Britain's bulwarks sweep the subject seas.
There Honour—Virtue—Dignity combine
To guard the hallowed precincts of thy shrine;
Blest by thy presence shall her empire stand
Firm as the oaks that crown her sea-encircled land.

POMPEII.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1819.

Oh! land to Mem'ry and to Freedom dear,
Land of the melting lyre and conqu'ring spear,
Land of the vine-clad hill, the fragrant grove,
Of arts and arms, of Genius and of Love,
Hear, fairest Italy. Tho' now no more
Thy glitt'ring eagles awe th' Atlantic shore,
Nor at thy feet the gorgeous Orient flings
The blood-bought treasures of her tawny Kings,
Tho' vanish'd all that form'd thine old renown,
The laurel garland, and the jewell'd crown,
Th' avenging poinard, the victorious sword,
Which rear'd thine empire, or thy rights restored,
Yet still the constant Muses haunt thy shore,
And love to linger where they dwelt of yore.
If e'er of old they deign'd, with favouring smile,
To tread the sea-girt shores of Albion's isle,
To smooth with classic arts our rugged tongue,
And warm with classic glow the British song;
Oh! bid them snatch their silent harps which wave
On the lone oak that shades thy Maro's grave,*
And sweep with magic hand the slumb'ring strings,
To fire the poet.—For thy clime he sings,

* See Eustace's description of the Tomb of Virgil, on the Neapolitan coast.

Thy scenes of gay delight and wild despair,
Thy varied forms of awful and of fair.
How rich that climate's sweets, how wild its storms,
What charms array it, and what rage deforms,
Well have thy mould'ring walls, Pompeii, known,
Deck'd in those charms, and by that rage o'erthrown.
Sad City, gaily dawn'd thy latest day,
And pour'd its radiance on a scene as gay.
The leaves scarce rustled in the sighing breeze;
In azure dimples curl'd the sparkling seas,
And, as the golden tide of light they quaff'd,
Campania's sunny meads and vineyards laugh'd,
While gleam'd each lichen'd oak and giant pine,
On the far sides of swarthy Apennine.
Then mirth and music thro' Pompeii rung;
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;
Her sons with solemn rite and jocund lay
Hail'd the glad splendours of that festal day.
With fillets bound the hoary priests advance,
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance.
The rugged warrior here unbends awhile
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile:
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy
Scarce treads on earth, and bounds and laughs with joy.
From ev'ry crowded altar perfumes rise
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies.
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
And while the victim crops the 'broider'd plain,
And frisks and gambols tow'rds the destined fane,
They little deem that like himself they stray
To death, unconscious, o'er a flow'ry way,
Heedless, like him, th' impending stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.
What 'vails it that where yonder heights aspire,
With ashes piled, and scathed with rills of fire,

Gigantic phantoms dimly seem'd to glide,*
In misty files, along the mountain's side,
To view with threat'ning scowl your fated lands,
And tow'rd your city point their shadowy hands?
In vain celestial omens prompted fear,
And Nature's signal spoke the ruin near.
In vain thro' many a night ye view'd from far
The meteor flag of elemental war
Unroll its blazing folds from yonder height,
In fearful sign of earth's intestine fight.
In vain Vesuvius groan'd with wrath supprest,
And mutter'd thunder in his burning breast.
Long since the Eagle from that flaming peak
Hath soar'd with screams a safer nest to seek.
Awed by th' infernal beacon's fitful glare,
The howling fox hath left his wonted lair;
Nor dares the browzing goat in vent'rous leap
To spring, as erst, from dizzy steep to steep.—
Man only mocks the peril. Man alone
Defies the sulph'rous flame, the warning groan.
While instinct, humbler guardian, wakes and saves,
Proud reason sleeps, nor knows the doom it braves.
But see, the opening theatre invites
The fated myriads to its gay delights.
In, in, they swarm, tumultuous as the roar
Of foaming breakers on a rocky shore.
Th' enraptured throng in breathless transport views
The gorgeous temple of the Tragic Muse.
There, while her wand in shadowy pomp arrays
Ideal scenes, and forms of other days,
Fair as the hopes of youth, a radiant band,
The sister arts around her footstool stand,

* Dio Cassius relates that figures of gigantic size appeared, for some time previous to the destruction of Pompeii, on the summits of Vesuvius. This appearance was probably occasioned by the fantastic forms which the smoke from the crater of the volcano assumed.

To deck their Queen, and lend a milder grace
To the stern beauty of that awful face.
Far, far around the ravish'd eye surveys
The sculptured forms of gods and heroes blaze.
Above, the echoing roofs the peal prolong
Of lofty converse, or melodious song,
While, as the tones of passion sink or swell,
Admiring thousands own the moral spell,
Melt with the melting strains of fancied woe,
With terror sicken, or with transport glow.
Oh! for a voice like that which peal'd of old
Thro' Salem's cedar courts and shrines of gold,
And in wild accents round the trembling dome
Proclaim'd the havoc of avenging Rome;
While ev'ry palmy arch and sculptured tow'r
Shook with the footsteps of the parting pow'r.
Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream
For the vain phantoms of the poet's dream,
Might bid those terrors rise, those sorrows flow,
For other perils, and for nearer woe.
The hour is come. E'en now the sulph'rous cloud
Involves the City in its fun'ral shroud,
And far along Campania's azure sky
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The Sun, tho' throng'd on heaven's meridian height,
Burns red and rayless thro' that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill—
At once the music stopp'd—the song was still.
None in that cloud's portentous shade might trace
The fearful changes of another's face:
But thro' that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear.
A moment's pause succeeds. Then wildly rise
Grief's sobbing plaints and terror's frantic cries.
The gates recoil; and tow'rds the narrow pass
In wild confusion rolls the living mass.

Death,—when thy shadowy sceptre waves away
From his sad couch the pris'ner of decay,
Tho' friendship view the close with glist'ning eye,
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh,
By torture rack'd, by kindness soothed in vain,
The soul still clings to being and to pain:
But when have wilder terrors clothed thy brow,
Or keener torments edged thy dart, than now,
When with thy regal horrors vainly strove
The laws of Nature, and the power of Love?
On mothers, babes in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise
Tow'rds yonder well-known face the accusing gaze:
See, trampled to the earth, the expiring maid
Clings round her lover's feet, and shrieks for aid.
Vain is th' imploring glance, the frenzied cry;
All, all is fear;—To succour is to die.—
Say ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,
As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale
His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,
Shook hell's wan light'nings from his blazing cone,
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own?
The morn all blushing rose; but sought in vain
The snowy villas and the flow'ry plain,
The purple hills with marshall'd vineyards gay,
The domes that sparkled in the sunny ray.
Where art or nature late had deck'd the scene
With blazing marble or with spangled green,
There, streak'd by many a fiery torrent's bed,
A boundless waste of hoary ashes spread.
Along that dreary waste where lately rung
The festal lay which smiling virgins sung,
Where rapture echoed from the warbling lute,
And the gay dance resounded, all is mute.—

Mute!—Is it Fancy shapes that wailing sound
Which faintly murmurs from the blasted ground?
Or live there still, who, breathing in the tomb,
Curse the dark refuge which delays their doom,
In massive vaults, on which th' incumbent plain
And ruin'd City heap their weight in vain?

Oh! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,
When Nature calls on Death, yet clings to life?
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,
A living pris'ner in the house of Death?
Pale as the corpse which loads the fun'ral pile,
With face convulsed that writhes a ghastly smile,
Behold him speechless move with hurried pace,
Incessant, round his dungeon's cavern'd space,
Now shriek in terror, and now groan in pain,
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain,
Till Fear o'erstrain'd in stupor dies away,
And Madness wrests her victim from dismay.
His arms sink down; his wild and stony eye
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy.
He feels not, sees not; wrapp'd in senseless trance
His soul is still and listless as his glance.
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there,
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair.

Haste, Famine, haste, to urge the destined close,
And lull the horrid scene to stern repose.
Yet ere, dire Fiend, thy ling'ring tortures cease,
And all be hush'd in still sepulchral peace,
Those caves shall wilder, darker deeds behold
Than e'er the voice of song or fable told,
Whate'er dismay may prompt, or madness dare,
Feasts of the grave, and banquets of despair.—
Hide, hide the scene! and o'er the blasting sight
Fling the dark veil of ages and of night.

Go, seek Pompeii now:—with pensive tread
Roam thro' the silent city of the dead.

Explore each spot, where still, in ruin grand,
Her shapeless piles and tott'ring columns stand;
Where the pale ivy's clasping wreaths o'ershade
The ruin'd temple's moss-clad colonnade,
Or violets on the hearth's cold marble wave,
And muse in silence on a people's grave.
Fear not.—No sign of death thine eyes shall scare,
No, all is beauty, verdure, fragrance there.
A gentle slope includes the fatal ground,
With od'rous shrubs and tufted myrtles crown'd;
Beneath, o'ergrown with grass, or wreath'd with flow'rs,
Lie tombs and temples, columns, baths, and towers.
As if in mock'ry, Nature seems to dress
In all her charms the beauteous wilderness,
And bids her gayest flow'rets twine and bloom
In sweet profusion o'er a city's tomb.
With roses here she decks th' untrodden path,
With lilies fringes there the stately bath;
Th' Acanthus'* spreading foliage here she weaves
Round the gay capital which mocks its leaves;
There hangs the sides of ev'ry mould'ring room
With tap'stry from her own fantastic loom,
Wall-flow'rs and weeds, whose glowing hues supply
With simple grace the purple's Tyrian dye.
The ruin'd city sleeps in fragrant shade,
Like the pale corpse of some Athenian maid,†
Whose marble arms, cold brows, and snowy neck
The fairest flow'rs of fairest climates deck,
Meet types of her whose form their wreaths array,
Of radiant beauty, and of swift decay.

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* The capital of the Corinthian pillar is carved, as is well known, in imitation of the Acanthus. Mons. de Chateaubriand, as I have found since this Poem was written, has employed the same image in his Travels.

† It is the custom of the modern Greeks to adorn corpses profusely with flowers.

Advance, and wander on thro' crumbling halls,
Thro' prostrate gates, and ivied pedestals;
Arches, whose echoes now no chariots rouse,
Tombs, on whose summits goats undaunted browse.
See, where yon ruin'd wall on earth reclines,
Thro' weeds and moss the half-seen painting shines,
Still vivid 'midst the dewy cowslips glows,
Or blends its colours with the blushing rose.
Thou lovely, ghastly scene of fair decay,
In beauty awful, and 'midst horrors gay,
Renown more wide, more bright shall gild thy name,
Than thy wild charms or fearful doom could claim.
Immortal spirits, in whose deathless song
Latium and Athens yet their reign prolong,
And, from their thrones of fame and empire hurl'd,
Still sway the sceptre of the mental world;
You, in whose breasts the flames of Pindus beam'd,
Whose copious lips with rich persuasion stream'd,
Whose minds unravell'd Nature's mystic plan,
Or traced the mazy labyrinth of man;
Bend, glorious spirits, from your blissful bow'rs,
And 'broider'd couches of unfading flow'rs,
While round your locks th' Elysian garlands blow,
With sweeter odours, and with brighter glow.
Once more, immortal shades, atoning Fame
Repairs the honours of each glorious name.
Behold Pompeii's opening vaults restore
The long-lost treasures of your ancient lore,
The vestal radiance of poetic fire,
The stately buskin, and the tuneful lyre;
The wand of eloquence, whose magic sway
The sceptres and the swords of earth obey,
And ev'ry mighty spell, whose strong control
Could nerve or melt, could fire or soothe the soul.
And thou, sad City, raise thy drooping head,
And share the honours of the glorious dead.

Had Fate reprieved thee till the frozen North
Pour'd in wild swarms its hoarded millions forth,
Till blazing cities mark'd where Alboïn* trod,
Or Europe quaked beneath *the scourge of* GOD,
No lasting wreath had graced thy fun'ral pall,
No Fame redeem'd the horrors of thy fall.
Now shall thy deathless mem'ry live entwined
With all that conquers, rules, or charms the mind,
Each lofty thought of poet or of sage,
Each grace of Virgil's lyre, or Tully's page.
Like their's whose Genius consecrates thy tomb,
Thy fame shall snatch from time a greener bloom,
Shall spread where'er the Muse has rear'd her throne,
And live renown'd in accents yet unknown;
Earth's utmost bounds shall join the glad acclaim,
And distant Camus bless Pompeii's name.

* The well-known name of Attila.

WATERLOO,

BY

GEORGE ERVING SCOTT,
OF TRINITY HALL,

1820.

FROM stormy skies the Sun withdrew his light;
Terrific in her grandeur reigned the Night:
'Twas deepest gloom—or light'ning's angry glare;
Voices of mighty thunder rent the air:
In gusts and moanings hollow raved the blast,
And clouds poured out their fury, as they passed.
But fiercer storms to-morrow's Sun shall fright;
More deadly thunders usher in the night.
The winds may howl unnoticed; for their sound
'Mid the deep groans of thousands shall be drowned;
The plain be deluged with a ghastlier flood:
That tempest's wrath shall fall in showers of blood.
See! by the flash of momentary day,
The hills are thronged with battle's dread array.
There, Gallia's legions, reeking with the gore
Of slaughtered Prussia; thirsting deep for more;
Secure of Conquest: ravening for their prey;
On Brussels thought, and cursed the night's delay.
Here Brunswick's sable warriors, grim, and still,
Mourned their lost chief; and eyed the adverse hill
With fell intent. Indignant at retreat
Here Britons burned once more that foe to greet.
Yet were there some could slumber, and forget,
Awhile, the deadly work for which they met.

But anxious thoughts broke many a soldier's rest,
Thoughts not unworthy of a Hero's breast.
The rugged Veteran, struggling with a sigh,
In fancy listen'd to his orphans' cry;
Saw them a prey to poverty and woe,
And felt that pang which only parents know.
With eager feelings, not unmixed with awe,
A battle's eve now first the Stripling saw:
Weary, and wet, and famished as he lay,
Imagination wandering far away,
Shews him the scene of dear, domestic joy;
Laughs with him o'er the frolics of the boy.
The words of parting tingle in his ears;
How swells his heart, as each loved form appears!
And now it yearns towards her, and her alone,
Whom youth's fond dreams had given him for his own.
From these—from her—'twas agony to part!
To-morrow's chance smote chill upon his heart.
'Twas but a moment. Hope asserts her right,
Grants him his wildest visions of delight.
To gay, victorious thoughts, he lightly yields,
And sleeps like Condé* ere his first of fields.

Slow broke the Sun thro' that sad morning's gloom,
And awful scene his watery beams illume.
No glittering pageant met the dazzled eyes;
For painful marches, and tempestuous skies
Had quenched the light of steel—the pride of gold:
Each warrior's plight a tale of hardship told.
And youthful eyes beamed gaiety no more,
But all a look of settled fierceness wore.

It is a breathless pause—while armies wait
The madd'ning signal for the work of fate.

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* The battle of Rocroi, on the eve of which, according to Voltaire (Siècle de Louis XIV.), the Prince, having made all his dispositions, slept so soundly, that they were obliged to awaken him for the engagement.

Its thunder spoke,—quick answering to the first,
Peal upon peal in dread succession burst.
Darted Imperial Eagles from their stand;
Rushed in their train a long-victorious band;
Shot down the slope, and dashed upon the wood,
Where, calm and ready, Britain's guardians stood.
Hark to that yell! as hand to hand they close:
There the last shriek of multitudes arose!
—Hark to the musket-fire! from man to man,
Rapid, and gathering fury as it ran,
It spreads, fierce crackling, thro' the ranks of death,
While nations sink before its blasting breath.
The war-smoke mounts; cloud rolling after cloud:
They spread; they mingle; till one sulph'rous shroud
Enwraps the field. What shouts, what demon-screams
Rung from that misty vale! what fiery gleams
Broke fast and far—oh! words are weak to tell.
It was a scene had less of earth than hell.
But look! what means yon fitful, red'ning glare?
What flames are struggling with the murky air?
Lo! thro' the gloom they burst! and full and bright
Streams o'er the war, their fearful, wavering light.
Amidst yon wood 'tis raging. Yes! thy towers,
Ill-fated Hougomont, that blaze devours.
Forth blindly rushing mingle friend and foe.
See the walls tottering!—there! down, down they go
Headlong! Within that ruin to have been!
Oh! shuddering fancy quails beneath the scene.
For there had many a victim crept to die;
There, crushed and motionless, in heaps they lie.
And happy they: for many a wretch was there,
Powerful to suffer; lingering in despair.
Is it the bursting earthquake's voice of fear?
That hollow rush? No! borne in full career
On roll the chosen squadrons of the foe,
Whose mail-clad bosoms mock the sabre's blow.

Wild waves of sable plumage o'er them dancing;
Above that sea, quick, broken flashes glancing
From brandished steel; shrill raising, as they came,
The spell of that all-conquering chieftain's name.
Dismal the rattle of their harness grew;
Their grisly features opened on the view.
Forth spurring, cheerful as their trumpets rang,
The stately chivalry of England sprang
In native valor—arms of proof—arrayed:
Nought but his own right hand, and his good blade,
To guard each hero's breast. Like thunder-clouds
Rolling together, clash the foaming crowds.
Their swords are falling with gigantic sway,
And gashes yawn, and limbs are lopped away:
And lightened chargers toss the loosening rein,
Break frantic forth, and scour along the plain.
Their lords, the glorious shapes of war they bore,
The terrible, the graceful—are no more;
Crushed out of man's similitude, expire,
With nought to mark them from the gory mire,
(Tomb of their yet warm relics) save the last
Convulsive flutter, as the Spirit past.
Those iron warriors reel! their eagle's won,
Tho' squadrons bled to rescue it! 'tis done,—
That stern, unequal combat! 'tis a chase!
Hot Wrath let loose on Terror and Disgrace!
Such is the desert antelope's career;
Plunging, and tossing, mad with pain and fear;
Whom her keen foe, the murd'rous vulture, rides
With talons rooted in her streaming sides.
Where, yonder, war's tumultuous billows roll;
Where each wild passion fires the frenzied soul;
The blood, the havoc, of that ruthless hour
On those steeled hearts have lost their chilling power.
The charging veteran marks, with careless eye,
His comrade sink; and, as he rushes by,

Sees not the varied horrors of his lot;
Springs on his foe, and strikes, and shudders not.
But turn, and pity that brave, suffering band,
Beneath the battery's fury doomed to stand
With useless arms: with leisure to survey
The wreck around them. Hearts of proof were they
That shrunk not. Burning like a meteor star,
With whirlwind's fury rushing from afar,
The bolt of death amidst their close array
With deafening crash falls; bursts; and marks its way
With torn and scattered victims. There are they
Who, but one moment since, with haughty brow,
Stood firm in conscious manliness. And now—
Mark those pale, altered features; those wild groans;
Those quiv'ring lips; those blood-stained, shattered bones!
With burning hearts, and half averted eyes,
Their fellows view that hideous sacrifice.
Oh! they did hail the summons with delight,
That called them forth to mingle in the fight.
Forward they press: too busy now to heed
The piteous cry; the wail of those who plead
With frantic earnestness to friend and chief
For help to bear them off; for that relief,
Which might not be. How sunk the sufferer's heart,
Who saw his hopes expire—his friends depart,
And leave him to his woes—a helpless prey.
Death! death alone may be his friend to-day.
'Tis he shall calm each agonizing fear
Of trampling hoofs, or lancer's* coward spear;
Shall cool that thirst, and bid those torments cease,
And o'er him shed the sweets of sleep and peace.
When storms are loud, go, view some rugged shore,
Tow'rds whose stern barrier hoarsely racing pour

* This epithet can, of course, only refer to the use made of the weapon by the French against the wounded and helpless.

The long dark billows; swelling till they curl;
Then full against the rocks their fury hurl,
And spring aloft in clouds. Dost see that wave
Leap at the cliffs, and into yonder cave
Ride, swift and high? From the rude sides recoiling,
It flies in showers of spray; then, fiercely boiling,
Rallies, and drives its might amongst the crags,
Wheeling in eddies—vain! its fury flags;
Tost from their points, it yields; and to the deep,
Baffled, and broken, as its currents sweep,
Leaves to its conqu'rors, on the cavern floor,
The wreaths of foam; the crest it proudly wore.
Firm as the rocks that strew that sea-beat coast,
In clust'ring masses stood the British host.
Fierce as those waves, the warrior horse of Gaul
Streamed, blindly rushing to as sure a fall.
Ever, as near to each dark square they drew,
In act to plunge, and crush th' unshrinking few,
Burst, as from Death's own jaws, a fiery shower,
Whose 'whelming blast, whose paralysing power,
Nought earthly might withstand. To rise no more,
Whole ranks are down. The treach'rous cuirass tore
The breast beneath; in splinters flew the lance.
Yet nobly true to Glory and to France,
Yet, 'mid the ruin, many a steadfast heart,
E'en to the last, played well a chieftain's part.
They lived to see their efforts fail to cheer
Those veterans, pale with all unwonted fear.
In vain devotion, in despairing pride,
They rushed upon the bristling steel and died.
What tho' the remnant fled? Fresh myriads rear
The forked banner, couch the threatening spear;
Drive, and are driven, to that fatal goal;
Countless, as clouds before the gale that roll;
Fast, as the troubled world of waters pours
Wave upon wave, from undiminished stores.

The tide has turned: the roar is dying fast:
Each lessening wave breaks shorter than the last;
And France, the life-blood ebbing from her veins,
Feebly, yet furious still, for victory strains.
One effort more! a mighty one! She came,
Nerved by despair, and goaded on by shame.
But Britain marked her fainting rival's plight,
And gave her vengeance way; and from her height
Plunged, like the lava cataract, whose roar
Shakes frozen Hecla's precipices hoar.
The bright blue gems of Arctic ice that crowned
Her lofty head, are melting all around;
A thousand winters' hardened depth of snow
Is vanishing before that torrent's glow;
Mighty the rocks that, frowning, bar its path:
Rending, uprooting, scattering them in wrath;
The flaming deluge, with resistless sway,
Holds on its widely desolating way.

France! thou art fallen! and he, so oft the boast,
The idol, of thine oft deserted host,
Leaves it once more—to curse his name and die.
But as he turned, what phantoms met his eye?
Rising like those wild shapes that from the dead
Return to haunt the tortured murderer's bed.
No, mighty murderer! 'tis not a dream!
'Tis Prussia's self! her own exulting scream!
Fliest thou? she comes, with lavish hands to pay
The debt that swelled thro' many a bitter day.
There's rust upon her steel. Aye! there was shed
The deadliest venom hatred ever bred.
And she shall wash that deeply cankering stain,
France, in thy blood and tears: but wash in vain.
Not all the flames she kindles in thy land
Shall ever brighten that polluted brand.
'Tis retribution, bloody as thy deeds:
But who shall pity when a tiger bleeds?

Thou cry for mercy! was it not denied
To every suppliant in thine hour of pride?
Grim laughs th' avenger hanging on thy way,
Weary with slaughter, lab'ring still to slay:
And unfleshed Belgians hurry down to glean
The field where Britain's generous hand had been.
To distant skies that hurricane has rolled—
But oh! the wreck is left! Could tongue unfold
The matchless horrors of those cumbered plains,
'Twould chill the current in a warrior's veins.
And yet, that field of anguish, brief as keen,
Was but the centre of the one wide scene
Of human misery. Oh! who shall say
How many wounded spirits, far away,
Are left to groan thro' long, chill, bitter years,
Beneath the woe that nothing earthly cheers.
Shall Glory be the widowed bride's relief?
She feels it but a mockery of grief.
Shall Glory dry the childless mother's tears?
Harsh grate the notes of Fame upon her ears!
Thine are no Spartan matrons, favoured isle!
Gentle as fair! The sunshine of their smile,
Where the proud victor loves to bask, is set,
With Sorrow's dew the loveliest cheeks are wet.
Throughout the land is gone a mourning voice;
And broken are the hearts that should rejoice.
Dimly, as yet, the Crown of Victory shines;
Where cypress with the blood-stained laurel twines.
But there shall Time the brightest verdure breathe,
And pluck the gloomy foilage from her wreath.
Then proudly shall posterity retrace,
First in the deathless honours of their race,
That giant fight, which crushed Napoleon's power,
And saved the world. Far distant is the hour
Unheard of, yet, the deed our sons must do,
That shall *eclipse* thy glory, WATERLOO!!

EVENING,

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,
SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1821.

FAIR hour of Poesy's and Passion's dreams,
Of sweetest breezes, and of purest beams,
Rich clouds, and twinkling stars, and balmy dews,—
Come, loveliest theme, and be thyself my Muse;
Breathe o'er the lay which fondly tells thy praise
The splendour of thine own voluptuous rays,
The colours of thy bright and varying skies,
The music of thine airy melodies.—
For I have loved thee, EVENING,—I have felt
My soul beneath thy gentle influence melt,
Which lends to every scene and every tone
A mild and pensive softness all its own.
The shadows lengthen'd by the sloping light,
The gleam which lingers on the purple height;
The gale that whispers through the cool arcade,
Form'd by the dark-green chesnut's massy shade;
The lake which burns one sheet of yellow fire,
The knell resounding from the distant spire;
The echoes which the circling hills prolong,
The raptures of the wild bird's piercing song;
Ev'n the rich music of the mellow horn,
Which swells so jocund on the breeze of morn;
The blithest sounds, the gayest forms receive
A tinge of sadness from the spells of Eve:

The spirit of sweet melancholy floats
O'er all her scenes, and thrills in all her notes,
Breathes in the fragrant languor of her sigh,
Weeps in her dews, and blushes in her sky.
How sweet it is, at that enchanting hour,
When earth is fresh with April's sunny shower,
To wander through some green and quiet lane,
O'erhung by briers and wild-flowers moist with rain;
And view the Sun, descending to his rest,
Lead his bright triumph down the gorgeous West.
Amidst the glories of that radiant sky,
Dun wreaths of cloud with crimson dappled lie,
Like the dark curls, with roses crown'd, which play
Around the brow of some fair queen of May;
And dusky streaks on which the sunbeams throw
A lurid mellowness, a sullen glow,
Whose inky masses seem to fancy's sight
Blue hilly isles amidst a sea of light,
Rugged with many a crag's fantastic shape,
And swelling ridge, and far-projecting cape.—
Dyed by the sinking rays the heavens assume
A brilliant tint of deep and rosy bloom,
The lovely hectic of declining day,
Height'ning its charms, and marking its decay:
From hue to hue the varying splendours fade,
And melt into a pale and saffron shade.
At length the cottage windows cease to blaze,
And a soft veil of dim and silver haze
Floats o'er the watery meadows. All is still
Save the faint tinkling of the pebbled rill,
Or beetle's drowsy hum, or bat's shrill wail,
Or thrilling chaunt of love-lorn nightingale.
The stream hath darken'd to a purple hue;
The turf is fresh with cool and fragrant dew.—
Who loves not then with upward-gazing eye
To pore into the wide abyss of sky,

So still, so vast, so colourless, so pure,
Clear without light, and without gloom obscure;
And here and there to catch some lonely star
Twinkling in humid lustre from afar;
Or flashing in the West, fair Eve, to see
The planet dear to Venus and to thee.
Oh! thou whose myrtle grove and od'rous shrine
An earlier age adored with rites divine,
When infant Genius tuned the Grecian lyre
To hail thee Queen of beauty and desire!
Oh! nurse of softest hopes and fondest fears,
Of melancholy smiles and rapt'rous tears;
Thou phantom which some rich voluptuous mind
From all its wealth of glowing thoughts combined;
Thou sweet embodied wish, thou loveliest dream
That e'er in moonlight sleep, by lilied stream,
Bright with all mem'ry's and all fancy's dyes,
Floated before enamour'd Poet's eyes;
How justly ancient lore assign'd thy name
To yon fair emblem of thy mystic flame,
Love's consecrated lamp, which lights from high
The vespers of his fond idolatry!
How oft, fair star, have bards been wont to twine,
In flowery raptures, beauty's praise with thine,
And loveliest eyes gazed fondly on a ray
As bright, as dewy, and as soft as they!
But see the broad and yellow Moon emerge
Upon the dim horizon's eastern verge
In cold and ghastly beauty. Tree and height,
River and plain, are starting into light.—
How beautiful its gleams of silver fall
On the bright lattice and the flower-clad wall
Of snowy cottage, or the gothic tower
Of some grey church which tufted yews embower!
How fair is yon meek wand'rer, as she strays
Through filmy shades which scarce conceal her blaze,

Or measures with her cold and pensive eye,
From some clear island of cerulean sky,
The billowy ocean of pale clouds around
O'er which her lone and nightly course is bound!
What marvel then if Man, while heaven denied
A hope to cheer him, and a law to guide,
Thou pure and radiant orb, adored in thee
The source of radiance and of purity?
Oft, when along the sweet Campanian bay
The latest flush of sunset died away,
Th' Italian maid with reverence saw thee shine,
Silvering the purple peaks of Apennine;
And kneeling on the fragrant turf where played,
In quivering fretwork, chequered light and shade,
Beneath some vine-clad elm's fantastic boughs,
Pour'd forth to thee her blessings and her vows.—
No longer from thy hundred altars rise
The voice of prayer, the smoke of sacrifice.
Cithæron owns no more her Cynthia's reign,
And jackals howl above th' Ephesian fane.
Yet Contemplation still delights to gaze
On the wan lustre of thy frozen rays,
And pay, at that serene and solemn hour,
A juster homage to a holier Power.
Less gay is Evening when December's breeze
Sweeps through the roaring forest's leafless trees
In dreary cadence; when th' undazzled eye
Beholds, athwart the grey and frosty sky,
Stripp'd of his glittering robes and golden crown,
The blood-red Sun without a ray sink down.
Yet then 'tis sweet to stray in pensive mood
Through the dim twilight of the naked wood,
Where groaning branches yield a mournful sound,
And wither'd leaves in eddies flit around:
'Tis sweet to seek the flickering light and gloom
Of the neat fireside and the curtain'd room.

'Tis sweet to listen to the driving rain,
The bellowing chimney and the rattling pane;
And sweet it is, at every gust, to raise
The glowing embers to a brighter blaze,
And mark their quivering lustre glance the while
On eyes that sparkle, and on cheeks that smile;
On furrow'd brows which now forget to lower,
Charm'd by the sorcery of that tranquil hour,
And rosy infant lips which fondly press
To snatch the willing yet delayed caress.
Alas!—no more with England's ancient rites
Blithe Christmas* leads along the wintry nights,
As when of old his purple visage bluff
And pointed cap, and rustling length of ruff,
Came forth, with minstrel's song and jester's tale;
And boar's head garlanded, and amber ale,
And masquers† decked with bugle horn and bow,
And hissing crabs,‡ and amorous misletoe;
While the bright hearth, in joyous concert, roar'd
With blazing logs; and o'er the groaning board
Of glossy oak the prickly holly spread
Its varnish'd foliage and its berries red.
Yet joys, perchance as sweet, remain to cheer
The sullen evenings of the closing year;
The fire-side circle at the close of day;
The licensed school-boy's Saturnalian sway;
The listed combat of the warrior train
In order marshalled on the chequer'd plain.
When these in sable, those in argent mail,
The chief, the hostile chief alone assail.

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* This costume of Christmas is taken from the masque in which Ben Jonson has personified the festival.

† Robin Hood and his followers were principal characters in the old masqueradeś of Christmas.

‡ "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."—*Shakspere.*

To guard their king with brave devotion fly
His serried foot and bounding chivalry;
His mitred prelates burn with martial zeal;
His princess grasps her Amazonian steel.—
Hard is his heart who views with cynic eyes
Those bloodless fights, those tearless victories;
But his far harder, who can coldly turn
From the sweet rites of that enchanted urn
Whence some terrestrial Hebe deals around
The social cups with fragrant nectar crown'd.

Thine, gentle Evening, is each power that binds,
In mystic harmony, united minds,
And lulls to soft repose in verdant bowers,
Amidst a glowing paradise of flowers,
Of sparkling streams and spicy gales of bliss,
The way-worn pilgrims of a world like this.
Thine is the tenderness whose blameless joys
No guilt pollutes, and no remorse alloys:
The rest which soothes the tortured spirit's strife,
The fairy Graces of domestic life.
Thine is the prayer lisp'd forth, with downcast eye
And lifted hands, by kneeling infancy,
And thoughts of solemn awe and grateful love,
Which link mortality to realms above.

Nor less, enchantress, to thy reign belong
The mines of science and the flowers of song,
And every glorious deed and thought sublime,
By virtue, or by Genius, snatch'd from time.
I love to trim the taper o'er the page
Where lives the mind of Poet or of Sage.
Then, as that beauteous and imperial Fay,*
Renown'd in many a wild Ausonian lay,
Crowds with fair shapes, and paints with glorious dyes
The sparkling azure of Sicilian skies:

* The Fairy Morgana.

And hangs her pillar'd domes and waving shades,
Her terraced streets and marble colonnades,
O'er the bright waters of that sapphire sea
Which laves thy sunny realms, Parthenope;
So o'er the soul the Muse's spells diffuse
The pomp of graceful forms and lovely hues:
Things uncreated, men unborn appear;
The past is present, and the distant near.
In long array on Fancy's wond'ring eyes
Visions of beauty or of terror rise:
The cauldron* mantling with the drugs of hell,
The suppliant charms of purest Isabel,†
Or that dire huntsman‡ whom with shudd'ring awe
The love-sick wand'rer of Ravenna saw:
Now, led by Milton's mighty hand, she roves
Through the dark verdure of primeval groves,
By streams that from their crystal bosoms fling
The gay profusion of unfading spring:
O'er beds of flow'rs, more fair, more frail than they,
She views a form of peerless beauty stray,
Tend the gay fragrance of the nuptial shade,
And twine her locks with many a dewy braid.
The rose-crown'd priest‖ of love and wine she sees
Lead his quaint pageant through the moonlight trees.
She roams through proud Duessa's *gilded hall*;§
She melts in anguish o'er Clarissa's pall.
The fabled East pours forth its witching dreams,
Sweet as its gales, and gorgeous as its beams:
The Gothic Muse recounts, in northern rhyme,
The sterner legends of a sterner clime;
Her tales of trophied lists and rescued maids,
Of haunted fountains and enchanted blades.

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* See "Macbeth." † See "Measure for Measure."
‡ See "Theodore and Honoria." ‖ "Comus."
§ Spenser's "Faery Queen," book i. canto 4.

To graver themes shall wit and mirth succeed
And urge the ling'ring hours to fleeter speed:
Again Parolles shall seek his luckless drum,
And Falstaff jest, and Epicene* be dumb;
The city's champion† wield his flaming mace,
And dear Sir Roger lead the joyous chace.
Come ever thus, sweet Eve, and let thy smile
The sorrows and the toils of day beguile;
And as thy starlight dew and cooling breeze
Revive the swarthy turf and drooping trees,
Paint every sun-burnt flower with richer bloom,
And bathe the plains in moisture and perfume;
Thus let thy moral charms, with influence kind,
Repair the wither'd verdure of the mind;
And thus to fresher life, and brighter hue
Each languid hope and faded joy renew.

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* See Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman."
† See Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

PALMYRA,

BY

JOHN HENRY BRIGHT,
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1822.

"Movemur, nescio quo pacto, ipsis locis, in quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia."

TIME, like a mighty river, deep and strong,
In sullen silence rolls his tide along;
And all that now upborne upon the wave
Ride swiftly on—the monarch and the slave
Shall sink at last beneath the whelming stream,
And all that once was life, become a dream!
Go—look on Greece! her glories long have fled,
Her ancient spirit slumbers with the dead;
Deaf to the call of freedom and of fame,
Her sons are Greeks in nothing but the name!
On Tiber's banks, beneath their native sky,
The sad remains of Roman greatness lie;
No longer there the list'ning crowds admire
The swelling tones of Virgil's epic lyre,
Nor conqu'ring Cæsar holds resistless sway
O'er realms extended to the rising day.*
Yet still to these shall Fancy fondly turn,
Still bid the laurel bloom on Maro's urn;

* Hæc super arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, &c. &c.—
4th Georg.

From Brutus's dagger sweep the gath'ring rust,
And call his spirit from its aged dust!
What tho' each busy scene has ceas'd to live,
It has the charms poetic numbers give;
And ever fresh as ages roll along,
Revives and brightens in the light of song.—
At summer eve, when ev'ry sound is still,
And day-light fades upon the western hill,
And o'er the blue unfathomable way
Heav'n's starry host in cloudless beauty stray;
What holy joys enamour'd fancy feels
As all the past upon the mem'ry steals!
How soft the tints, how pensive, how sublime,
Each image borrows from the touch of time!
Such winning grace the beauteous vision wears
Seen through the twilight of a thousand years!
Then welcome thou, the subject of my song,
Since to the past such heav'nly charms belong;
Won by thy scenes, from all that now appears,
My Muse shall turn, and dream of other years;
Turn from the sad realities of fate,
The past revive, the present uncreate,
And from thy modern learn thine ancient state.
What boundless charms thy lovely features grace,
O thou, the mother of the human race,
Majestic Asia! to the straining eye
Ten thousand prospects far extended lie;
Thine ample plains with varied beauty please,
Once the bright seats of opulence and ease;
Thy mountain-heights with striking grandeur rise,
Veil'd in dark clouds or lost in amber skies,
While bursting floods from thund'ring caverns pour
Their foaming tides with loud and angry roar;
Then lost in distance lave the sunny plains
Where beauty smiles, and peaceful pleasure reigns.

Full in the centre, tow'ring through the storm,
See cloudy Taurus lift his rugged form,—
Monarch of mountains! Nature's awful throne,
Where grandeur frowns in terrors all his own;
Deep-rooted there unnumber'd cedars throw
Their giant shadows on the plains below;
There loudly gushing from the mountain's side
Euphrates rolls his dark and rapid tide,
Then far beneath glides silently away
Through groves of palm and champaigns ever gay.
But as these scenes of sunny calm delight
Recede at length and vanish from the sight,
What barren solitudes of scorching sand
Deform and desolate the fainting land!
No fresh'ning breeze revives the lifeless air,
No living waters sweetly murmur there,
Dry fevers kindle pestilential fires,
All nature droops, and wither'd life expires!
But deep embosom'd in that sandy plain,
Like distant isles emerging from the main,
A radiant spot with loveliest beauty crown'd
Once bloom'd in contrast with the scenes around,
By Nature's lavish hand profusely grac'd,
The blessed Eden of the joyless waste.
On every side luxuriant palm-trees grew,
And hence its name the rising city drew,
And tho' their loveliness has passed away,*
The name still lives and triumphs o'er decay.
Two shelt'ring hills precipitously swell
On either hand, and form a narrow dell:
Thence to the east with undulating bend
Wide and more wide their spreading arms extend,

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* The palm-trees, which once abounded in the vicinity of Palmyra have totally disappeared.—See *Wood*.

Then sink at last with slow retiring sweep,
Like distant headlands sloping to the deep.*
Outstretch'd within upon the silent plains
Lies the sad wreck of Tadmor's last remains;
Outliving still, through each succeeding age,
The tempest's fury and the bigot's rage.†
He wants no written record who surveys
But one short hour this scene of other days:
These mould'ring piles that sink in slow decay,
In stronger characters the tale convey
Than e'er were traced by man's divinest art,
These speak in simple language to the heart.
Far to the south what scenes of ruin lie,
What sad confusion opens to the eye!
There shatter'd columns swell with giant train,
Line after line along the crowded plain,
The loosen'd arch, the roofless colonnade
Where mid-day crowds imbibed the cooling shade.
'Tis sweet at eve to climb some rocky steep,
Around whose base the peaceful billows sleep,
And view a summer's sun sink down to rest
Behind the mountains of the gorgeous west,
One maze of dazzling glory; while below
The ocean-waves with trembling radiance glow.

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* Tadmor is situated where two hills converge, and beyond the point where they approach.—*Encycl. Brit.*

The company, with whom Mr. Wood (the author of the Ruins of Palmyra) travelled, at length came to the end of the plain, where a ridge of barren hills by which it was divided on the right and left seemed to meet; between them was a vale, through which an aqueduct formerly conveyed water to Palmyra, on each side they remarked several sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenians, which they had scarcely passed, when the hills opening on a sudden, they discovered such piles of ruin as they had never seen before.—*Id.*

† It appears that the Turks, in their zeal against idolatry, have thrown down and demolished all the statues and images with which Palmyra was so richly adorned.—Vide *Encycl. Brit.*

But sweeter far, at ev'ning's solemn hour,
From the dun battlements of yon rude tow'r,*
To see his parting splendours sadly blaze
Around this grave of long-forgotten days!
Mark those bright beams! how mournfully they shine
Through the still courts of yon deserted shrine,
The sun's proud temple once, whose aged piles
Still fondly catch his first and latest smiles!
Here, Desolation, cease—thy task is done—
Palmyra yields—thy triumph is begun.
O'er prostrate sculpture raise thy giant throne,
Build here at length an empire all thine own:
Swept by the might of thy destroying arm
Her noblest work is reft of every charm,†
Save that alone whose transitory gleam
Gilds the soft scenes of Fancy's pictured dream.
At her command, from dark oblivion's gloom,
Past scenes return and brighter shapes assume;
Things that have ceased to be she moulds anew,
And pours her own creation on the view;
In rapid train her fleeting visions rise,
As lights that gleam in Hyperborean skies,
E'en as she dwells on this deserted fane
Its pomp revives, its glories live again;
The victim bleeds, the golden altars blaze,
Symphonious voices swell the note of praise.
Hark! what loud tumult rends the echoing skies?
"Awake—awake, lead up the sacrifice;

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* On the top of one of the highest of those hills, north-west of the city, is a castle, to which the ascent is very rude and steep.—Vide *Wood's Ruins.*

† It appears that the state of the temple dedicated to the Sun is most deplorable, its pavement, and all the lower part of the building, being buried under a heap of rubbish. The great court is occupied by the Arabs, who have made use of the stones in erecting their miserable huts.—Vide *Wood's Ruins.*

"The hour is come—the dim nocturnal fires
"Are fading in the blue—*lo*, night expires!
"The morning star, with pale and dewy ray,
"Proclaims the triumph of the King of Day.
"Awake—awake—ye slumb'ring crowds; arise,
"Come forth, and join the pomp of sacrifice."
And lo, he comes! triumphant in his might,
One blazing orb of unexhausted light.
Ten thousand glories all around him wait,
His ever-flaming ministers of state;
Ten thousand nations hail him with delight,
Bathed in the golden tide of ever-flowing light.
Hark! as he rises o'er the middle way,
Throned in the fulness of unclouded day,
What sounds of joy, what echoing clamours rise,
Peal after peal, and rattle in the skies!
"Give way, ye crowds—unbar the gates of brass—
"Give way, ye crowds, and let the triumph pass."
So when around some bold and rocky shore
Old Ocean beats with unrelenting roar,
Onward, and onward roll the length'ning waves,
Then swelling dash upon the yawning caves;
Far, far away the cavern'd cliffs resound,
And mountain-echoes thunder back the sound.—
The day moves on;—as evening shades advance,
Some weave the song, while others lead the dance;
From hill and vale resounding through the sky
Breaks the full chorus of harmonious joy.
Those thrilling notes! they seem to linger still—
Then sweetly die away o'er yon deserted hill!
It could not be! those accents long have fled,
Joy, feeling, language dwell not with the dead.
Here undisturb'd upon the voiceless plains
The long dull calm of desolation reigns.
Here ruin builds her adamantine throne,
And silence slumbers on each mould'ring stone.

Where once the hum of thronging nations rose,
No sound disturbs the solemn deep repose,
Save the lone Arab idly passing by,
With reckless soul and unregarding eye;
Save when at intervals some falling block
Sinks on the plain with harsh-resounding shock,
The slumb'ring desert drinks the hollow sound,
And startled echoes answer all around.

Is this the scene, so desolate and wild,
Where noblest arts in bright perfection smiled?
Where Commerce emptied all her richest stores,
The nameless treasures of a thousand shores?
Is this the scene where Freedom's purest flame
Led toiling nations in the path of fame?
Their strife has ceas'd, their noise has died away,
Their very tombs are sinking in decay:
The sculptur'd monument, the marble bust
Descend and mingle with their native dust;
No half-disfigur'd line remains to tell
How much-lamented merit lived and fell!

Once lovely scene! along thy mould'ring piles
Though ruin frowns, yet beauty sadly smiles;
Some rays of former glory linger yet
In twilight radiance, tho' thy sun is set!
But say, O say, who rightly may disclose
From what first cause thine infant greatness rose;
Who first begun, by what contrivance placed,
These splendid piles amid a desert waste?

One little stream,*—around whose bubbling head
Umbrageous palms refreshing coolness shed,

* "Upon the whole (says Mr. Wood) I think we may conclude, that as soon as the passage of the desert was found out, and practised, those plentiful and constant springs of Palmyra must have been well known; and that as soon as trade became the object of attention, such a situation must have been valuable, as necessary to the keeping up an intercourse between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, being about twenty

First gave the cause from which their glory came,
Palmyra's strength, magnificence, and fame.
A thousand tribes by distant commerce led
Soon pour'd their treasures round that fountain-head,
Pass'd and repass'd through all the sandy plain,
From broad Euphrates to the western main,—
The rising mart to strength and splendour came,
Tho' small at first, and grew a mighty name.
Thence o'er the Roman world, with swelling sail,
Proud commerce sprung before the fresh'ning gale,
And Tyrian ships to every port convey'd
The boundless treasures of Assyrian trade.
E'en Rome herself, at sight of Eastern gold,
Forgot the lessons taught her sons of old;
Plunged in the gulph of ostentatious pride,
She deeply drank the intoxicating tide;
Through every nerve the vital poison ran,
And Goths achieved what luxury began.

Thou Eden of the desert! lovely smiled
Thy matchless beauty o'er the lonely wild;
'Mid barren solitudes securely placed,
Thy native bulwark the surrounding waste;
Tho' loud and harsh the tumult roar'd without,
Of Rome triumphant and the Parthian rout,*
Peace o'er thy plains her downy pinions spread,
And twined the olive for thy blooming head:
Taste, learning, genius, triumph'd in her reign,
And guardian Freedom bless'd the sister train.

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leagues from that river, and about fifty from Tyre and Sidon on the coast."—Vid. *Wood's Ruins.*

Ptolemy only mentions one stream, which was perhaps the united waters of several springs. (See as above.)

* "Palmyra is remarkable for situation, a rich soil, and pleasant streams; it is surrounded on all sides by a vast sandy desert, which totally separates it from the rest of the world, and has preserved its independence between the two great empires of Rome and Parthia, whose first care when at war is to engage it in their interest."—*Pliny.*

Thrice glorious Freedom! on whose hallow'd shrine
Burns ever bright the patriot flame divine!
She, great preceptress, warm with heav'nly fire,
Bade thy free sons to worthiest hopes aspire,*
Live unsubdued, and equally disdain
To wear the victor's as the despot's chain.
Such were the souls that o'er the proud array
Of banner'd Persia scatter'd wild dismay.
Far in the East, with loud redoubled roll,
The tumult burst upon the tyrant's soul.†
Confusion seized his host, and pallid fright
Mark'd with disgrace his ignominious flight.
Then, lovely city, what rejoicings rose—
What songs of triumph from thy palmy groves—
What altars blazed, what clouds of incense roll'd
Their rich perfume around thy shrines of gold—
What bursts of rapture echoed from the throng,
As the proud triumph slowly moved along!
Such was thy glory once!—a transient gleam
Of brightest sunshine—a delusive dream!
Most like the pageant of thy festal day,
It charm'd a little while,—then pass'd away!
Or like those varying tints of living light
That gild at eve the portals of the night;
Alps piled on Alps, a glorious prospect rise,
Ten thousand phantoms skirt the glowing skies;

* The form of government established at Palmyra was republican.

† When Valerian was taken captive, Odenathus bethought himself, and endeavoured to make his peace, having found the Persian monarch so much superior to the Roman. Whereupon he formed an embassy, loaded several camels with most noble presents, especially of such things as Persia did not produce, and sent them to Sapores with most submissive letters, affirming that in the whole war he had not been an enemy to that great king. But the proud Persian commanded his servants to throw the presents into the river, and tearing the letters, he trampled them under his feet. This treatment Odenathus afterwards resented, and attacking the Persians, entirely routed Sapores and his troop.—Vid. *Seller's Antiquities of Palmyra.*

But as we gaze the splendid vision fades,
Lost in the gloom of night's obscurer shades.
O doom'd to fall! while yet indulgent Fate
A few bright years prolongs thy fleeting date,
Thy name shall triumph, and thy laurels bloom,
Ere yet they languish in sepulchral gloom.
And as the breathless pause that oft portends
The rising tempest, ere the storm descends,
Thus at the close shall Glory's loveliest light
Gild the dark clouds of thine approaching night.
For tho' the beams of truth's historic page
But faintly gleam through each successive age;
Though her recording annals briefly tell
How Tadmor rose, by what disaster fell;
One name at least survives the wreck of time
From age to age, extends from clime to clime.
Oh, if departed glory claims a tear,
Let mem'ry pause and kindly drop it here!
If fond reflection ever loves to dwell
On those last scenes where royal greatness fell,
Thy reign, Zenobia, and thy deathless name,
Shall live emblazon'd on the roll of fame!
Adorn the poet's most romantic dream,
Fire all his soul, and be his moral theme!
At length drew nigh th'. inexorable hour,
Charged with the stroke of Rome's destroying pow'r;
In dread array along the Syrian coast
Moved the full strength of her invading host.
Wide o'er the champaign, like a baleful star,
Blazed the proud standard of imperial war;
Perch'd on the top the bird of conquest shone,
With glittering wings expanded to the sun.
Yet all undaunted stood the warrior-queen,
Foremost and bravest in the battle-scene;*

* The courage and magnanimity of Zenobia are particularly taken notice of in leading on and animating her army, and in sharing the same peril and hardship as the meanest of her troops.

Quick at her word fast binding man with man,
Through every rank electric vigour ran.
Not such the valour of the beauteous maid,
Whose conqu'ring steel proud Ilion's fate delay'd;
Not such in arms the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank thy waters limpid, Thermodon?
Fair idol of the virtuous and the brave,
Great were thine efforts—but they could not save!
Twice* on the plain the dubious conflict burn'd—
Twice to the charge the struggling hosts return'd
Till at the close, where open valour fail'd,
Art won the day, and stratagem prevail'd.
Thus the proud seat of science and of arms,
In the full promise of her ripening charms,
Palmyra fell!—art, glory, freedom shed
Their dying splendours round her sinking head.
Where was Zenobia then?—what inward power
Ruled all her spirit in that awful hour?
Could Rome, fierce Rome, the fire of valour tame,
Shake the firm soul, or quench the patriot-flame?
Say, when destruction, black'ning all the air,
Let loose the vulture-demons of despair—
When Rome and havoc swept the sadd'ning plain,
And Tadmor fell—when valour toil'd in vain—
Did she not then the gathering tempest brave,
And with her country share one common grave?

* The fate of the East was decided by two great battles, one of which was fought near Emesa, the other near Antioch. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to withstand the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them in a desultory combat, and entirely discomfited the impenetrable, but unwieldy body of cavalry. After this defeat Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army, and retiring within Palmyra made every preparation for a vigorous resistance; but the capital being worn out by the length of the siege was at *last obliged* to submit.

Oh, sad reverse! what future fate befel
The captive queen—let deepest silence tell!
Ye, who the faults of others mildly scan,
Who know perfection was not made for man,
In pity pause——Oh, be not too severe,
But o'er Zenobia's weakness drop a tear.
Turn from the scene of her disastrous fate,
The wrongs that mark'd her last embitter'd state,
And see Longinus,* in his dying hour,
Spurn the fierce Roman, and defy his power.
In vain the tyrant roll'd his redd'ning eye—
It awed not him who trembled not to die.
To his sad friends he breathed a last farewell,
And Freedom triumph'd as her martyr fell.
His daring soul, in death serenely great,
Smiled on the scene, and gloried in her fate;
Spread her glad wings, and steer'd her flight sublime,
Beyond the storms of nature and of time.

* Longinus met his fate with great resolution, and to the last he bore his sufferings with a philosophical courage, and was so far from being affrighted with the shadows of the grave, that he comforted his friends who bemoaned his destiny, and convinced them that if this lower world be but one large prison, he is the happiest man who is soonest discharged and set at liberty.

AUSTRALASIA,

BY

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1823.

THE sun is high in heaven; a favouring breeze
Fills the white sail, and sweeps the rippling seas,
And the tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds, all happiness and hope,
The busy seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long;
Or pauses on the deck, to dream awhile
Of his babes' prattle, and their mother's smile,
And nods the head, and waves the welcome hand,
To those who weep upon the lessening strand.
His is the roving step and humour dry,
His the light laugh, and his the jocund eye;
And his the feeling, which, in guilt or grief,
Makes the sin venial, and the sorrow brief.
But there are hearts, that merry deck below,
Of darker error, and of deeper woe,
Children of wrath and wretchedness, who grieve
Not for the country, but the crimes they leave,
Who, while for them on many a sleepless bed
The prayer is murmur'd, and the tear is shed,
In exile and in misery, lock within
Their dread despair, their unrepented sin,—

And in their madness dare to gaze on heaven,
Sullen and cold, unawed and unforgiven!
There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Shows his dull features and his iron frame;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by,
With quiv'ring lip, flush'd brow, and vacant eye.
And some there are who, in their close of day,
With dropping jaw, weak step, and temples gray,
Go tott'ring forth, to find, across the wave,
A short sad sojourn, and a foreign grave;
And some, who look their long and last adieu
To the white cliffs that vanish from the view,
While youth still blooms, and vigour nerves the arm,
The blood flows freely, and the pulse beats warm.
The hapless female stands in silence there,
So weak, so wan, and yet so sadly fair,
That those who gaze, a rude untutor'd tribe,
Check the coarse question, and the wounding gibe,
And look, and long to strike the fetter off,
And stay to pity, though they came to scoff.
Then o'er her cheek there runs a burning blush,
And the hot tears of shame begin to rush
Forth from their swelling orbs;—she turns away,
And her white fingers o'er her eyelids stray,
And still the tears through those white fingers glide,
Which strive to check them, or at least to hide!
And there the stripling, led to plunder's school,
Ere passion slept, or reason learn'd to rule,
Clasps his young hands, and beats his throbbing brain,
And looks with marvel on his galling chain.
Oh! you may guess from that unconscious gaze
His soul hath dream'd of those far fading days,
When, rudely nurtured on the mountain's brow,
He tended day by day his father's plough;
Blest in his day of toil, his night of ease,
His life of purity, his soul of peace.

Oh, yes! to-day his soul hath backward been
To many a tender face, and beauteous scene;
The verdant valley and the dark brown hill,
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill,
His grandame's tale, believed at twilight hour,
Her sister singing in her myrtle bower,
And she, the maid, of every hope bereft,
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left;
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The look of welcome, and the kiss of love—
These are his dreams;—but these are dreams of bliss!
Why do they blend with such a lot as his?
And is there nought for him but grief and gloom,
A lone existence, and an early tomb?
Is there no hope of comfort and of rest
To the sear'd conscience, and the troubled breast?
Oh, say not so! In some far distant clime,
Where lives no witness of his early crime,
Benignant Penitence may haply muse
On purer pleasures, and on brighter views,
And slumb'ring Virtue wake at last to claim
Another being, and a fairer fame.
Beautiful land! within whose quiet shore
Lost spirits may forget the stain they bore:
Beautiful land! with all thy blended shades
Of waste and wood, rude rocks, and level glades,
On thee, on thee I gaze, as moslems look
To the blest islands of their prophet's book;
And oft I deem that, link'd by magic spell,
Pardon and peace upon thy valleys dwell,
Like two sweet houris beck'ning o'er the deep,
The souls that tremble, and the eyes that weep.
Therefore on thee undying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance, and their warmest glow;
And tranquil nights, cool gales, and gentle showers
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.

Green is thy turf; stern Winter doth not dare
To breathe his blast, and leave a ruin there,
And the charm'd ocean roams thy rocks around,
With softer motion, and with sweeter sound:
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whisp'ring of young birds is never mute,
And never doth the streamlet cease to well
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.
Oh! if the Muse of Greece had ever stray'd,
In solemn twilight, through thy forest shade,
And swept her lyre, and waked thy meads along
The liquid echo of her ancient song,
Her fabling Fancy in that hour had found
Voices of music, shapes of grace, around;
Among thy trees, with merry step and glance,
The Dryad then had wound her wayward dance,
And the cold Naiad in thy waters fair
Bathed her white breast, and wrung her dripping hair.

Beautiful Land! upon so pure a plain
Shall Superstition hold her hated reign?
Must Bigotry build up her cheerless shrine
In such an air, on such an earth as thine?
Alas! Religion from thy placid isles
Veils the warm splendour of her heavenly smiles,
And the wrapt gazer in the beauteous plan
Sees nothing dark except the soul of Man.

Sweet are the links that bind us to our kind,
Meek, but unyielding,—felt, but undefined;
Sweet is the love of brethren, sweet the joy
Of a young mother in her cradled toy,
And sweet is childhood's deep and earnest glow
Of reverence for a father's head of snow!
Sweeter than all, ere our young hopes depart,
The quick'ning throb of an impassioned heart,
Beating in silence, eloquently still,
For one loved soul that answers to its thrill.

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But where thy smile, Religion, hath not shone,
The chain is riven, and the charm is gone,
And, unawaken'd by thy wondrous spell,
The feelings slumber in their silent cell.
Hush'd is the voice of labour and of mirth,
The light of day is sinking from the earth,
And Evening mantles in her dewy calm
The couch of one who cannot heed its balm.*
Lo! where the chieftain on his matted bed
Leans the faint form, and hangs the feverish head;
There is no lustre in his wandering eye,
His forehead hath no show of majesty,
His gasping lip, too weak for wail or prayer,
Scarce stirs the breeze, and leaves no echo there,
And his strong arm, so nobly wont to rear
The feather'd target, or the ashen spear,
Drops powerless and cold! the pang of death
Locks the set teeth, and chokes the struggling breath;
And the last glimmering of departing day
Lingers around to herald life away.
Is there no duteous youth to sprinkle now
One drop of water on his lip and brow?
No dark-eyed maid to bring with soundless foot
The lulling potion, or the healing root?
No tender look to meet his wandering gaze?
No tone of fondness, heard in happier days,
To soothe the terrors of the spirit's flight,
And speak of mercy and of hope to-night?
All love, all leave him!—terrible and slow
Along the crowd the whisper'd murmurs grow—

* This sketch of the death of a New Zealander, and of the superstition which prevents the offering of any consolation or assistance, under the idea that a sick man is under the immediate influence of the Deity, is taken from the narrative of the death of Duaterra, a friendly chieftain, recorded by Mr. Nicholas, vol. ii. p. 181.

"The hand of heaven is on him! is it our's
"To check the fleeting of his numbered hours?
"Oh, not to us,—oh, not to us is given
"To read the Book, or thwart the will, of Heaven!
"Away, away!"—and each familiar face
Recoils in horror from his sad embrace;
The turf on which he lies is hallow'd ground,
The sullen priest stalks gloomily around,
And shuddering friends, that dare not soothe or save,
Hear the last groan, and dig the destined grave.
The frantic Widow folds upon her breast
Her glittering trinkets and her gorgeous vest,
Circles her neck with many a mystic charm,
Clasps the rich bracelet on her desperate arm,
Binds her black hair, and stains her eyelid's fringe
With the jet lustre of the Henow's tinge;
Then on the spot where those dear ashes lie,
In bigot transport sits her down to die.
Her swarthy brothers mark the wasted cheek,
The straining eyeball, and the stifled shriek,
And sing the praises of her deathless name,
As the last flutter racks her tortured frame.
They sleep together: o'er the natural tomb
The lichen'd pine rears up its form of gloom,
And lorn acacias shed their shadow gray,
Bloomless and leafless, o'er the buried clay.
And often there, when, calmly, coldly bright,
The midnight moon flings down her ghastly light,
With solemn murmur, and with silent tread,
The dance is order'd, and the verse is said,
And sights of wonder, sounds of spectral fear
Scare the quick glance, and chill the startled ear.
Yet direr visions e'en than these remain;
A fiercer guiltiness, a fouler stain!
Oh! who shall sing the scene of savage strife,
Where Hatred glories in the waste of life?

The hurried march, the looks of grim delight,
The yell, the rush, the slaughter, and the flight,
The arms unwearied in the cruel toil,
The hoarded vengeance and the rifled spoil;
And, last of all, the revel in the wood,
The feast of death, the banqueting of blood,
When the wild warrior gazes on his foe
Convulsed beneath him in his painful throe,
And lifts the knife, and kneels him down to drain
The purple current from the quiv'ring vein?—
Cease, cease the tale; and let the ocean's roll
Shut the dark horror from my wilder'd soul!

And are there none to succour? none to speed
A fairer feeling and a holier creed?
Alas! for this, upon the ocean blue,
Lamented Cook, thy pennon hither flew;
For* this, undaunted o'er the raging brine,
The venturous Frank upheld his Saviour's sign.
Unhappy Chief! while Fancy thus surveys
The scatter'd islets, and the sparkling bays,
Beneath whose cloudless sky and gorgeous sun
Thy life was ended, and thy voyage done,
In shadowy mist thy form appears to glide,
Haunting the grove, or floating on the tide;
Oh! there was grief for thee, and bitter tears,
And racking doubts through long and joyless years;
And tender tongues that babbled of the theme,
And lonely hearts that doated on the dream.
Pale Memory deem'd she saw thy cherish'd form
Snatch'd from the foe, or rescued from the storm;
And faithful Love, unfailing and untired,
Clung to each hope, and sigh'd as each expired.

* From the coast of Australasia the last despatches of La Peyrouse were dated.—Vid. *Quarterly Review* for Feb. 1810.

On the bleak desert, or the tombless sea,
No prayer was said, no requiem sung for thee;
Affection knows not, whether o'er thy grave
The ocean murmur, or the willow wave!
But still the beacon of thy sacred name
Lights ardent souls to Virtue and to Fame;
Still Science mourns thee, and the grateful Muse
Wreathes the green cypress for her own Peyrouse.
But not thy death shall mar the gracious plan,
Nor check the task thy pious toil began;
O'er the wide waters of the bounding main
The Book of Life must win its way again,
And in the regions by thy fate endear'd,
The Cross be lifted, and the Altar rear'd.
With furrow'd brow and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wand'ring o'er his silver hair,
His arm uplifted, and his moisten'd eye
Fix'd in deep rapture on the golden sky,—
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last, the Messenger of Heaven!
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimm'd the flush upon his faded cheek,
And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labour, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, for ever reft, from him,
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb.
Yet still within him aspirations swell
Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell:
The changeless Zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the wither'd hand,
And the mild Charity, which, day by day,
Weeps every wound and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem,
And longs to comfort, where she must condemn.
With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path,

Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murd'rous steel,
And calms the passions he hath ceased to feel.
Yes! he hath triumph'd!—while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While to the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the Everlasting Word,
And bids the soul drink deep of wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer,
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song:
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief, the slave, the timid, and the proud;
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea!
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite.
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.
Beautiful Land, farewell!—when toil and strife,
And all the sighs, and all the sins of life
Shall come about me, when the light of Truth
Shall scatter the bright mists that dazzled youth,
And Memory muse in sadness on the past,
And mourn for pleasures far too sweet to last;
How often shall I long for some green spot,
Where, not remembering, and remembered not,
With no false verse to deck my lying bust,
With no fond tear to vex my mould'ring dust,
This busy brain may find its grassy shrine,
And sleep, untroubled, in a shade like thine!

ATHENS.

BY

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

1824.

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imagerics,—
All these (O pity!) now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust."

SPENSER.

MUSE of old ATHENS! strike thine ancient lute!
Are the strings broken? is the music mute?
Hast thou no tears to gush, no prayers to flow,
Wails for her fate, or curses for her foe?
If still, within some dark and drear recess,
Clothed with sad pomp and spectral loveliness,
Though pale thy cheek, and torn thy flowing hair,
And reft the roses passion worshipp'd there,
Thou lingerest, lone, beneath thy laurel bough,
Glad in the incense of a poet's vow,
Bear me, oh, bear me, to the vine-clad hill,
Where Nature smiles, and Beauty blushes still,
And Memory blends her tale of other years
With earnest hopes, deep sighs, and bitter tears!
Desolate Athens! though thy gods are fled,
Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,
Though all thou hadst of beautiful and brave
Sleep in the tomb, or moulder in the wave,

Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,
Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!
Around thy walls, in every wood and vale,
Thine own sweet bird, the lonely nightingale,
Still makes her home; and, when the moonlight hour
Flings its soft magic over brake and bower,
Murmurs her sorrows from her ivy shrine,
Or the thick foliage of the deathless vine.
Where erst Megæra chose her fearful crown,
The bright narcissus hangs his clusters down;
And the gay crocus decks with glittering dew
The yellow radiance of his golden hue.
Still thine own olive haunts its native earth,
Green as when Pallas smiled upon its birth;
And still Cephisus pours his sleepless tide,
So clear and calm, along the meadow side,
That you may gaze long hours upon the stream,
And dream at last the poet's witching dream,
That the sweet Muses, in the neighbouring bowers,
Sweep their wild harps, and wreathe their odorous flowers,
And laughing Venus o'er the level plains
Waves her light lash, and shakes her gilded reins.
How terrible is Time! his solemn years,
The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,
In silent horror roll!—the gorgeous throne,
The pillar'd arch, the monumental stone,
Melt in swift ruin; and of mighty climes,
Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,
Where Wisdom taught, and Valour woke to strife,
And Art's creations breathed their mimic life,
And the young Poet, when the stars shone high,
Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky,
Nought now remains, but Nature's placid scene,
Heaven's deathless blue, and Earth's eternal green,
The showers that fall on palaces and graves,
The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves:

Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,
But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same!
The rock, the river,—these have no decay!
The city and its masters,—where are they?
Go forth, and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues, and of tottering fanes,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palæstra, and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there? a solitary stone,
A shatter'd capital with grass o'ergrown,
A mouldering frieze, half-hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust;—
Yet this *was* Athens! still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
And vanish'd times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear:
Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
And every breeze to fancy's slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.
Oh, yes! where glory such as thine hath been,
Wisdom and Sorrow linger round the scene;
And where the hues of faded splendour sleep,
Age kneels to moralize, and youth to weep!
E'en now, methinks, before the eye of day,
The night of ages rolls its mist away,
And the cold dead, the wise, and fair, and proud,
Start from the urn, and rend the tranquil shroud.
Here the wild Muse hath seized her madd'ning lyre,
With grasp of passion, and with glance of fire,
And called the visions of her awful reign
From death and gloom, to life and light again.
Hark! the huge Titan on his frozen rock
Scoffs at Heaven's King, and braves the lightning-shock,
The Colchian sorc'ress drains her last brief bliss,
The thrilling rapture of a mother's *kiss*,

And the gray Theban raises to the skies
His hueless features, and his rayless eyes.
There blue-eyed Pallas guides the willing feet
Of her loved sages to her calm retreat,
And lights the radiance of her glitt'ring torch
In the rich garden and the quiet porch:
Lo! the throng'd arches, and the nodding trees,
Where Truth and Wisdom stray'd with Socrates,
Where round sweet Xenophon rapt myriads hung,
And liquid honey dropp'd from Plato's tongue!
Oh! thou wert glorious then! thy sway and sword
On earth and sea were dreaded and adored,
And Satraps knelt, and Sovereigns tribute paid,
And prostrate cities trembled and obeyed:
The grim Laconian when he saw thee sighed,
And frown'd the venom of his hate and pride;
And the pale Persian dismal vigils kept,
If Rumour whispered 'Athens!' where he slept;
And mighty Ocean, for thy royal sail,
Hush'd the loud wave, and still'd the stormy gale;
And to thy sons Olympian Jove had given
A brighter ether, and a purer heaven.
Those sons of thine were not a mingled host,
From various fathers born, from every coast,
And driven from shore to shore, from toil to toil,
To shun a despot, or to seek a spoil;
Oh, no! they drew their unpolluted race
Up from the earth which was their dwelling-place;
And the warm blood, whose blushing streams had run,
Ceaseless and stainless, down, from sire to son,
Went clear and brilliant through its hundred rills,
Pure as thy breeze, eternal as thy hills!

Alas! how soon that day of splendour past,
That bright, brief day, too beautiful to last!
Let other lips tell o'er the oft-told tale;—
How art succeeds, when spear and falchion fail,

How fierce dissension, impotent distrust,
Caprice, that made it treason to be just,
And crime in some, and listlessness in all,
Shook the great City to her fate and fall,
Till gold at last made plain the tyrant's way,
And bent all hearts in bondage and decay!
I loathe the task; let other lyres record
The might and mercy of the Roman sword,
The aimless struggle, and the fruitless wile,
The victor's vengeance, and the patron's smile.
Yet, in the gloom of that long, cheerless night,
There gleams one ray to comfort and delight;
One spot of rapture courts the Muse's eye,
In the dull waste of shame and apathy.
Here, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,—
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the UNKNOWN GOD!
Silent the crowd were hush'd: for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;
His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
And the fix'd countenance of grave command;
And his the voice, which heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.
Yet, when the voice had ceased, a clamour rose,
And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
The threat was mutter'd, and the galling gibe,
By each pale Sophist and his paltry tribe;
The haughty Stoic pass'd in gloomy state,
The heartless Cynic scowl'd his grov'lling hate,
And the soft garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.—
Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear,
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;

O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;
And if the colour from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion,—and no dread.
The meek endurance, and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve, that suffers, and is still,
The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,
And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—
All these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour *must* come,—but was not yet.
Again long years of darkness and of pain,
The Moslem scymetar, the Moslem chain;
Where Phidias toil'd, the turban'd spoilers brood,
And the Mosque glitters where the Temple stood.
Alas! how well the slaves their fetters wear,
Proud in disgrace, and cheerful in despair!
While the glad music of the boatman's song
On the still air floats happily along.
The light caique goes bounding on its way
Through the bright ripples of Pirœus' bay;
And when the stars shine down, and twinkling feet
In the gay measure blithely part and meet,
The dark-eyed maiden scatters through the grove
Her tones of fondness, and her looks of love:
Oh, sweet the lute, the dance! but bondage flings
Grief on the steps, and discord on the strings;
Yet, thus degraded, sunken as thou art,
Still thou art dear to many a boyish heart;
And many a poet, full of fervour, goes,
To read deep lessons, Athens, in thy woes.
And such was he, the long-lamented one,
England's fair hope, sad Granta's cherish'd son,
Ill-fated TWEDDELL!—If the flush of youth,
The light of genius, and the glow of truth,
If all that fondness honours and adores,
If all that grief remembers and deplores,

Could bid the spoiler turn his scythe away,
Or snatch one flower from darkness and decay,
Thou hadst not mark'd, fair City, his decline,
Nor rear'd the marble in thy silent shrine—
The cold, ungrieving marble—to declare
How many hopes lie desolated there.
We will not mourn for him! ere human ill
Could blight one bliss, or make one feeling chill,
In Learning's pure embrace he sunk to rest,
Like a tired child upon his mother's breast:
Peace to his hallow'd shade! his ashes dwell
In that sweet spot he loved in life so well,
And the sad Nurse who watch'd his early bloom,
And this his home, points proudly to his tomb.
But oft, when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,
Beautiful Athens! we will weep for thee;
For thee, and for thine offspring!—will they bear
The dreary burthen of their own despair,
Till nature yields, and sense and life depart
From the torn sinews and the trampled heart?
Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide
Where Victory beams upon the turf or tide,
By those who sleep at Marathon in bliss,
By those who fell at glorious Salamis,
By every laurell'd brow and holy name,
By every thought of freedom and of fame,
By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,
The blow of anger, and the glance of scorn,
The fruitless labour, and the broken rest,
The bitter torture, and the bitterer jest,
By your sweet infant's unvailing cry,
Your sister's blush, your mother's stifled sigh,
By all the tears that ye have wept, and weep,—
Break, Sons of Athens, break your weary sleep!
Yea, it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock
Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock;

Up, for the Cross and Freedom! far and near
Forth starts the sword, and gleams the patriot spear,
And bursts the echo of the battle song,
Cheering and swift, the banded hosts along.
On, Sons of Athens! let your wrongs and woes
Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows;
Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed
Of him that shines to-day in martial deed,
And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who falls for fame, his country, and his God!

The hoary sire has helm'd his locks of gray,
Scorn'd the safe hearth, and totter'd to the fray:
The beardless boy has left his gilt guitar,
And bared his arm for manhood's holiest war.
E'en the weak girl has mail'd her bosom there,
Clasp'd the rude helmet on her auburn hair,
Changed love's own smile for valour's fiery glance,
Mirth for the field, the distaff for the lance.
Yes, she was beauteous, that Athenian maid,
When erst she sate within her myrtle shade,
Without a passion, and without a thought,
Save those which innocence and childhood wrought,
Delicious hopes, and dreams of life and love,
Young flowers below, and cloudless skies above.
But oh, how fair, how more than doubly fair,
Thus, with the laurel twined around her hair,—
While at her feet her country's chiefs assemble,
And those soft tones amid the war-cry tremble,
As some sweet lute creeps eloquently in,
Breaking the tempest of the trumpet's din,—
Her corslet fasten'd with a golden clasp,—
Her falchion buckled to her tender grasp,—
And quiv'ring lip, flush'd cheek, and flashing eye
All breathing fire, all speaking 'Liberty'!

Firm has that struggle been! but is there none
To hymn the triumph, when the fight is won?

Oh for the harp which once—but through the strings,
Far o'er the sea, the dismal night-wind sings;
Where is the hand that swept it?—cold and mute,
The lifeless master, and the voiceless lute!
The crowded hall, the murmur, and the gaze,
The look of envy, and the voice of praise,
And friendship's smile, and passion's treasur'd vow,—
All these are nothing,—life is nothing now!
But the hush'd triumph, and the garb of gloom,
The sorrow deep, but mute, around the tomb,
The soldier's silence, and the matron's tear,—
These are the trappings of the sable bier,
Which time corrupts not, falsehood cannot hide,
Nor folly scorn, nor calumny deride.
And 'what is writ, is writ!'—the guilt and shame,
All eyes have seen them, and all lips may blame;
Where is the record of the wrong that stung,
The charm that tempted, and the grief that wrung?
Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,
Rake up the reliques of the sinful dust,
Let Ignorance mock the pang it cannot feel,
And Malice brand, what Mercy would conceal;
It matters not! he died as all would die;
Greece had his earliest song, his latest sigh;
And o'er the shrine, in which that cold heart sleeps,
Glory looks dim, and joyous conquest weeps.
The maids of Athens to the spot shall bring
The freshest roses of the new-born spring,
And Spartan boys their first-won wreath shall bear,
To bloom round BYRON'S urn, or droop in sadness there!
Farewell, sweet ATHENS! thou shalt be again
The sceptred Queen of all thine old domain,
Again be blest in all thy varied charms
Of loveliness and valour, arts and arms.
Forget not then, that, in thine hour of dread,
While the weak battled, and the guiltless bled,

Though Kings and Courts stood gazing on thy fate,
The bad, to scoff,—the better, to debate,
Here, where the soul of youth remembers yet
The smiles and tears which manhood must forget,
In a far land, the honest and the free
Had lips to pray, and hearts to feel, for thee!

NOTE.

Several images in the early part of the poem are selected from passages in the Greek Tragedians,—particularly from the two well known Choruses in the Œdipus Coloneus and the Medea.

The death of Lord Byron took place after the day appointed for the sending in of the exercises; and the allusion to it has, of course, been introduced subsequent to the adjudication of the prize.

SCULPTURE,

BY

E. G. LYTTON BULWER,

FELLOW-COMMONER OF TRINITY HALL.

1825.

Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavi.—
HORAT. Ep. Lib. II. i. 9.

THE winds were hush'd on Pindus—and the day,
Balm'd by a thousand sweets, had died away—
The wave beneath, the laurel on the hill
Bask'd in the heaven's blue beauty—and were still:—
Pomp—Silence—Night were reigning on the earth,
Nymph, whom my rude verse worships, at thy birth!
The Muses rear'd thee in their starry caves,—
Laved thy fair limbs beneath their holiest waves,—
And taught the wild soul speaking from thine eye
To quaff the light of genius from the sky.
There, by lone mount, and vale, and deep-brow'd dell,
There, by the bee-loved flowers, and mossy cell,—
There, by the glories of the summer noon,
And the sweet sadness of the midnight moon—
Thy spirit stored within its still recess
The myriad forms of nature's loveliness;—
The grand—the soft—the lofty and the fair
Woo'd thy warm thoughts—and made their dwelling there.
'Tis said—what minstrel doubts the legend's truth?—
The day-god loved thee from thine earliest youth,
And pour'd around the musings of thy heart
The shadowy splendours of his holiest art—

To substance fix'd the bright thoughts all his own,
And breathed the life of Poesy to stone.
Inspiring visions rose at midnight's hour,
Wild shapes of Beauty throng'd thy haunted bower,
Till o'er thy mind creative Genius grew—
And the hand sculptur'd what the fancy drew.
Nymph of old Castaly! thou lov'st to keep
Thy moonlit vigils where the mighty sleep,
O'er the dim tomb to hold thy silent sway,
And rear thy marble triumphs o'er decay.
'Tis thine to fix thro' ages, fresh and warm,
The frail perfection of the fading form;—
And though no more by cool Cephisus' stream*
The Queen of Beauty haunts the minstrel's dream—
Though now no more on Tempe's classic vale
Apollo's locks win worship from the gale,
Yet still thy spells preserve them to the eye,—
Chain to the earth the bright forms of the sky,—
And raise high spirits from the mine and ore
That crowds may gaze,—and genius may adore!
To thee, where old Ilyssus roves along
The olive banks, all eloquent with song,
The bright Athenian bent his thoughtful brow,
Breathed his young thoughts, and pour'd his lonely vow.
And the far isle of Roses,† o'er the sea,
Rear'd her world's wonder as a shrine for thee—
Where is that vast Colossus, which bestrode
The free waves, like ambition?—while they flowed,
Hushing their wrath like slaves—as through yon arch,
Fraught with earth's wealth, the proud barks went their march?

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* Καλλιναόυ τ' ἐπὶ Κηφισοῦ ῥοαῖς
Τὰν Κύπριν κλῃίζουσιν ἀφυσαμίναν.—*Eurip. Med.* 842.

† Rhodes.

Where is that brazen pomp was wont to throw
Back on the Sun the glory of his glow—
And seem'd the genius of that daring clime,
Dazzling all eyes, and form'd for every time—
Earth at its feet, and heaven upon its brow—
Symbol of Greece,—and art thou nothing now?
Enough!—on forms unwreck'd beneath the blast
Or blight of ages, be our wonder cast—
Is it a Goddess? lo! I bend the knee,
Dream of heaven's beauty! let me worship thee!—
Thou art, indeed, too lovely for the earth,
As earth is now—thy charms are of the birth
Of her first morn—when every flower was trod,
And every fount was hallow'd by its god—
And brighter beings wander'd from above
To win the treasure of a mortal's love.
Oh! o'er the Sculptor's spirit pour'd each ray,
Which memory hoarded of that golden day,—
Each thought of grace, or goddess lingering still
By silver stream, or Oread-haunted hill,
All which the soul deems bright, or passion dear—
When his wild fancy turn'd—and fix'd them *here!*
Oft at deep noon—what time the wearied gale
Slept on the violets—while the shadowy vale,
The fairy music of the wood-bird's lay,
The glad bee murmuring on his perfumed way,
The green leaves laughing in the quiv'ring beams,
Lull'd the luxurious spirit in wild dreams.
Oft hath the marvel of thy beauty stole,
Sweet shape, along the visions of my soul!
Ev'n as when young Adonis woo'd thy vow,—
Ev'n as thou glowest from the marble now,—
Ev'n as thou stood'st 'mid vanquish'd gods above,
In breathing, palpable, embodied love.
Terrible! mark, and tremble!—fold by fold
See round the writhing sire* the enormous serpents roll'd,

* Laocoon.

Mark the stern pang—the clench'd despairing clasp—
The wild limbs struggling with that fatal grasp—
The deep convulsion of the labouring breath—
Th' intense and gathering agony of death.—
Yet, 'mid the mortal's suffering, still is view'd
The haughty spirit shaken—not subdued,
Tho' nature faint, tho' every fibre burst,
Scathed—stifled—crush'd—let vengeance wreak its worst.
Fate—terror—hell—let loose your powers of ill,
Wring the rack'd form—the soul can scorn you still.
Nymph of my song! I turn my glance, and lo!
The Archer-god speeds vengeance from his bow.—
Not, as when oft, amid his Delian glade,
The Lord of Beauty knelt to mortal maid;
Not as when winds were hush'd—and waves lay mute,
List'ning, and lull'd beneath his silver lute,—
But, like the terrors of an angry sky,
Clouds on his brow, and lightning in his eye.
The foot advanced—the haughty lips apart—
The voice just issuing from the swelling heart—
The breathing scorn—yet, 'mid that scorn appear
No earthlier passions mix'd with human fear;
The God speaks from the marble not the less
Than when heaven brightens with his loveliness,
And o'er each limb th' enamour'd graces play,
Leave wrath its *pride*, but steal its *gloom* away.
Yes, at those feet, the bard of Isis sung,*
Oft in deep love the maiden's form was flung,
And her soul fed on passion, till her thought
Madden'd beneath the anguish it had sought,
And health with hope departed—and the flush
Of fever deepen'd o'er youth's purer blush—

* I allude to the story of the "Maid of France," which has been so beautifully applied by Mr. Milman.

Grief's canker prey'd upon her withering bloom,
And love's wild vision woke but in the tomb.—
Ev'n thus of old the Cyprian sculptor* view'd
The star-like form which blest his solitude.
From earth, and earthly beauty, he had flown,
And graved a dream of loveliness on stone;—
And made a temple of his beating heart,
To worship the perfection of his art.—
And aye he knelt adoring—none were near
The empassioned homage of his vows to hear.
The unpeopled forest, and the murmuring wave—
The shadowy twilight of his lonely cave,—
The mystic language of the rushing wind—
Nursed the voluptuous madness of his mind.
He rain'd warm kisses on th' unconscious face,—
Woo'd the mute marble to his wild embrace,—
Gazed till the cell swam round his reeling eyes,—
And the chill air was burning with his sighs,—
Hung on that lip, alas! so vainly fair—
And breathed at last his very being there.
O'er the cold cheek rose Passion's blushing hue—
Slowly to life the kindling statue grew,
Caught the warm spirit from his soul's excess,
And breathed and moved in living loveliness.'

Years have roll'd on: alas! no longer now
Round Hellas' sword blooms Freedom's myrtle bough;
There, 'mid the gorgeous piles which still proclaim
Unchanged—the changes of her fallen fame,
Smit by the bolt, and bow'd beneath the blast
Of fate,—she sits—the spectre of the past.—
Yet still the warm Italian loves her lore,
Gleans the rich harvest from each haunted shore.
O'er his rude harp the Roman minstrel flings
Flowers from her wreath, and music from her strings:

* Pygmalion.

And from his native banks to Tiber's tide
Th' Athenian sculptor wafts the Parian pride—
Glows the live statue, and the polish'd dome,
And Greece hath found a second birth in Rome.
Still the young Faun amid the wild flowers sleeps—
Still his carousal hoar Silenus keeps—
And still Diana's beauty glows as dear
As when Endymion lured her from her sphere.
Still unsubdued amid the wrecks of years,
Her lofty spear Athenian Pallas rears,—
And still—tho' thunder waits not on his nod,
Throned in his grandeur sits the Imperial God.
Still in mad mirth the Bacchanalian throng
Weave the wild dance, and raise the frantic song—
And calm in stern repose—(his labours done)
Stands, like a sleeping storm, Alcmæna's son.
Behold where in his nerved and naked might
Rushes the Circus Champion to the fight—
Stretches the gaunt arm in its sweeping length—
Starts from each limb the eloquence of strength—
On the bent brow Pride, Power, and Conquest reign,
From the curved lip the spirit breathes disdain—
And all the savagé in his sternest mood
Speaks from the form unawed and unsubdued!—
Where 'mid yon puny race of courts can be,
Son of the woods! the champion meet for thee?
The strife is o'er—ev'n as a broken bow
Nerveless and spent—the Terrible lies low!—
He leans upon his hand—the lion crest
Bows to the dust—and from the untamed breast
Falls drop by drop life's tide—the eye is dim,
And o'er the buckler droops the giant limb—
And Death is on the Mighty!—aye, thou proud
And guilty city! let thy ruthless crowd
Pour o'er their prey the mockery of their mirth,
Blood with those echoes calls forth from the earth—

And Heaven full soon shall answer.—Hurrying forth
Sweeps on dark wings the whirlwind of the North—
Hush—it hath past!—By Tiber's glassy wave
Crouches—where Brutus trod—yon supple slave!
Where the voluptuous Cæsars held their sway
Couch'd with the Vandal, saddens stern Decay,
Where in those halls, Harmonia waked her strings,
Hark the harsh shout of Gothic revel rings,
And o'er the pillar'd pomp and trophied arch
Gaunt Havoc speeds her desolating march.
But from the midnight of Time's dullest dream
Be our's to wake, and hail the earliest beam,—
Ages have past—a star is in the skies—
The clouds are rent—and light and Leo rise.—
See, from each crumbling stone and mouldering bust
Admiring Genius clears th' unhallow'd dust!—
The buried pomp of years awakes once more—
The solemn earth gives up her silent store—
And the world's second morning pours its rays,
Bright as of old, on Michael's eagle gaze!—
Approach and reverence, stranger! calm and lone
The Prophet Chief* claims homage from his throne;
From that broad brow, closed lip, and marble cheek,
And high repose, no human passions speak—
But power and majesty, august and proud,
Brood o'er the awful image,—like a cloud!
And in the lines of that unearthly face
The eye of fancy in its gaze might trace
Deep visions of the Future—the sublime
And mystic secrets of primæval time—
And the wrapt holiness of him who heard
Thro' flame and darkness, God's Eternal Word!
There the young shepherd† stands, as when he trod
The earth, exulting in the might of God,—

* Moses, by Michael Angelo. † David, by Michael Angelo.

Scorn'd the strong armour, and the giant limb—
And knew the Lord of Hosts was over *him!*
Round his light form no sheltering garments cling,
He wields no weapon but the simple sling,
Yet in the advancing step—the lofty mien—
The calm stern front—the undaunted soul is seen.
Tho' armies shrink around him;—tho' the brave
Doom in sad thought his rashness to the grave—
God, who preserved him from the lion,* here
Is not less mighty—wherefore should he fear?
Alas, for nations!—while we gaze, the spark
Of kindling light expires—and we are dark—
E'en while the gladd'ning minstrel turns to bless
This Tadmor smiling thro' Time's wilderness—
The brief and lonely incense of his breath
But wakes—like Nero's music—amid death.
Again long years!—from Superstition's chain,
And the dull torpor of her gloomy reign,
Thou wakest Rome!—like Rhesus, but to feel
Deep in thy heart the foeman's fatal steel!—
Scorning thy pride, and scoffing at thy faith,
Sweeps the fierce Gaul to slaughter and to scathe—
And darkly brooding o'er thy vanquish'd wall,
Thy rebel Eagles triumph in thy fall.
Pass we with one brief curse, from Glory's toil,
The strife, the rout, the conquest, and the spoil;
Let thrones arise and crumble at a breath,
And man exult in shackles or in death—
These are no fitting subjects for my lay,—
To colder climes we wing our wandering way—
And turn where glows in yonder gorgeous dome,
The Parian pomp of Hellas, and of Rome.†

* "David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." 1 Sam. xvii. 37.

† I need scarcely observe that I allude to the collection of the Louvre, to which the troops of the Allies, when at Paris, resorted in such numbers.

Proud plumes are waving in the silent air,
The warriors of the earth are gather'd there—
Fair Britain's sons—the fearless and the free;
Romantic Spain, thy haughty chivalry;—
And that old warlike race, for whom the pride
Of the blue Danube rolls its lordly tide.
Hush'd the vain taunt, and awed the exulting eye,
Silently stalks the vengeful Prussian by—
While in rude contrast to the stately crest,
The dazzling crosslet, and the glittering vest,
With rugged garb, and wondering looks, pass on
The stern and simple wanderers from the Don.
But oft like clouds amid that gorgeous throng,
Dark angry forms sweep loweringly along.
Not theirs the rapt delight—the soul's deep trance—
Grief wrings the heart, and passion fires the glance,
And ever from the writhing lip, the wrath
Of fierce and struggling spirits flashes forth.
The mutter'd vengeance, and the scornful jest—
The pent volcano of the labouring breast—
The unconquer'd hatred of the powerless will,
That bitter comfort of the conquer'd still!—
But ye, upon whose marble brows serene,
Ages of night in clouds and storms have been,
And pass'd, like vapours, from the morning star,
Hallowing the beauty which they could not mar;
Ye, 'mid the littleness of human life,
The fading triumph, and the empty strife,
Calm in your lofty grandeur glance below,
Unmoved by passions which ye never know,—
While empires fall around you,—ye retain,
Gods of the mind, your everlasting reign!—
And changeless in your power, behold the tide
Of fate, but bear fresh homage to your pride.
Lo! as of old ye stand! the deep blue sky
Of Rome again hangs o'er you, and the eye,

Which hails you in your native seats enshrined,
Gleams from all round meet moral for the mind.
Yes! there from every clime shall Genius bring
The vows and incense of her earliest spring;
And to those fanes the pilgrim still shall roam,
And SCULPTURE find her altar and her home,—
Warm'd into life beneath these genial skies,
Round the far Dane* what fair creations rise.
Here when the moonlight o'er those myrtle groves
Flings its pale beam, the German Wanderer† roves,
And bears rich visions home, to gild the cell
Where, lone and musing, Fancy loves to dwell—
The bright Enthusiast of the Isle, shall trace
In colder climes each well-remember'd grace;
Recall and rival all that Greece hath known,
And wake, like *Chantrey*, eloquence from stone.
And there, fair land! thine own Canova still
Rears o'er thy woes the triumphs of his skill;
Charming the Gods again to haunt the earth,
And waking Beauty to a second birth.
Though fair the way the pilgrim may have past,
Turns he not home exultingly at last?
And though in climes to muse and memory dear
My soul is lingering—I recall it *here*—
Lo! where, through cloister'd aisles, the soften'd day
Throws o'er the form a "dim religious" ray,
In graven pomp, and marble majesty,
Stands the immortal Wanderer of the sky‡—
The sage who, borne on Thought's sublimest car,
Track'd the vague moon, and read the mystic star,—

---

* Thorwaldsen. † Danneker.

‡ These and the following lines, which refer to the Statue of Newton in Trinity College Chapel, have been added by the permission of the Vice-Chancellor, since the adjudication of the prize.

Sway'd from the planet, or the desert cloud,
To him the Spirits of the Night were bow'd—
Hoar Time reveal'd his marvels—Nature drew
Her secret veil from his undazzled view—
For him, her glowing depths had solemn speech,—
And myriad worlds—life—glory—GOD in each,
Hymning high joy through Heaven's eternal dome,
Blazed from the darkness round Jehovah's Home!
Mark ye—how well the kindling Sculptor took
The sweeping robe—the majesty of look—
And o'er each feature's lofty beauty wrought
The deep intense pervading soul of thought,
And that ethereal sunshine which in him
Life could not cloud, and Passion could not dim;
As if the spirit which had winged its way
Through Heaven, had purged each earthlier sense away.
Oh, may his influence hallow yet the scene
Where once the lustre of his life hath been—
And, though perchance in vain, Ambition's toil,
Youth's dreaming hope—and Labour's midnight oil;
Yet, ere the evil days of strife and sin
Have thrown their shadows o'er the light within,
Learn we from him that truth less understood,
Man is most great while struggling to be good.—
My harp's rude notes are dying—all too long;
My soul hath pour'd its spirit into song,
And yet I pause—what though the weeds I bring
Waft no rich incense from the breathing spring.
I pause—a Northern Votary's wreath to twine,
Land of the Roman, round thy ruin'd shrine.
Oh, from thy lore if e'er his mind hath caught
For fancy fire, or energy for thought;
If from the sculptur'd form, and sacred strain
For him thy beauty was not waked in vain,
Then all ingrateful would the Minstrel be,
Had not his lyre one parting note for thee!

Oh! as the Image, in that fabled scene*
In which Leontes mourns his buried Queen,
Came from the dim concealment of long years,
(As rainbows shine through Nature's clouds and tears,)
And bright with smiles descended from above,
Glowing with joy, and redolent of love—
Oh, thus from shrouded pomp, and silence deep,
Where Memory sits to ponder, and to weep—
Italia, wake! the hues of life resume—
And smile away the terrors of the tomb.

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* Winter's Tale. Act v. Scene 3.

VENICE,

BY

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST,
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1826.

"Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!"—
BYRON.

SPIRIT! who oft, at night's unclouded noon,
Dost love to watch the melancholy Moon
Shroud in the wanness of her spectral ray
Rome—Athens cold in beautiful decay:
Or where Palmyra's mouldering shrines o'erspread
The Syrian waste—sad city of the dead!
Beneath some ivied arch dost sit thee lone
To drink the music of the night-wind's moan,
And smile on ruin!—Spirit! who dost dwell
In the deep silence of thy cavern'd cell,
Noting the shadowy years, and mantling all
The pomp of Earth in mute Oblivion's pall—
Spirit of Time! could Beauty's radiant dower,
Could Genius—Valour mock thy sullen power,
Could Riches fly thee—Venice still had been,
As once of old Earth's—Ocean's sceptred Queen,
And still been throned in all her ancient charms
Of wealth and art, of loveliness and arms!
Fair—faded Venice! when in visions wild
Imagination on my boyhood smiled,

Oh, then the glories of thy proud career,
With many a tale repaid my listening ear:
Thy merchant Dukes by prostrate Kings obey'd,
Thy deeds of war in distant climes display'd,
Thy marble palaces, and sea-girt walls,
The orient splendour of thy gilded halls,
Touch'd with bright hues from Fancy's pencil caught,
All raised the rapture of my childish thought;
And now—e'en now to manhood's sterner glance
Thine annals wear the impress of Romance,
And all that History tells of thee might seem
The lovely fiction of a poet's dream!
Whilst in his wrath Ausonia's northern foe*
O'er her fair cities flung a cloud of woe,
Her outcast sons condemn'd, alas! to roam,
And seek abroad the rest denied at home—
Fled from the wreck of arts, the waste of life,
The victor's fetter, and the battle's strife—
Where Adria rear'd from Ocean's dimpled smiles
The free seclusion of her cluster'd Isles!
Though rude the scene, yet Peace and Freedom there
Smoothed Nature's frown, and made e'en deserts fair;
Blue heaven above, and murmuring waves around,
Below, the rocks with verdant wildness crown'd,
Seem'd to the exile's joyful gaze, a new
And fair creation screen'd from tyrant's view!
There Venice rose, and thence in tranquil state
She view'd each awful change of changeful Fate,
Whilst Conquest shook with desolating hand
Her Lion crest o'er many a subject land,
Where soft Italia's sunny prospect lies,
Blest in its fadeless plains, and cloudless skies,

---

* Attila.

"Or like our Fathers driven by Attila
From fertile Italy to barren Islets."—

TWO FOSCARI.

Or where green Asia spreads her garden'd shore,
Or Afric's sons their fertile streams adore.
And many a marble form of heavenly mould,
(That flash'd on Genius' glowing thought of old,
And taught Canova's wand in after time
To shadow forth the beauteous and sublime,)
The life-like statue, and the breathing bust,
The column rescued from defiling dust—
From those sweet Isles that gem the Ægean waves,
Too bright and lovely for the homes of slaves,
To conquering Venice borne—with spoils divine
Adorn'd the palace, or enrich'd the shrine.

Light of admiring Earth!—when holy zeal
Rear'd War's red flag, and bared the glittering steel,
Each pilgrim prince, and red-cross chief implored
The mighty succour of thy sail and sword.—
And vain the flush of eager Valour—vain
The Christian's hope to crush the Moslem's reign,
Till Venice cast her banner to the breeze,
And bade her navy sweep the sounding seas.
Proud was that hour when o'er the sparkling bay
Her martial gallies stretch'd their long array;
Proud was that close of day, whose farewell smile
Wept its sad light on Zara's yielding Isle;
And prouder still, when Stamboul blazing shed
Funereal glare o'er piles of Asia's dead!

Such were her deeds of yore! but wither'd now
The wreath of glory from her abject brow!
Her name "The Free" of thirteen hundred years
Has sunk at length in bondage and in tears:
And now—what art thou? City of the Waves!—
A tyrant's dungeon of degraded slaves,
Dull as the slumber of their slow canals,
Dull as the silence of their empty halls,
Dull as their dead!—Oh! would their dead might be
Once more awake, and Venice yet be free!—

Ye shrouded chiefs, who struck the flying foe,
Pisani, Carmagnola, Dandolo!*
Rend—rend the tomb, and start to second life,
And strive in kindled Freedom's glorious strife!
Strike, as ye struck the Frank, the Greek, the Hun,
Strike, as ye struck when Candia's fight was won,
When Venice thunder'd with avenging hate
Stern Doria's threat on Genoa's rival state,
Or when in vain Carrara's† valour tried
From Padua's wall to turn the battle's tide!
Mute—mute!—unheard the summons echoes o'er
The fiery bosoms that may beat no more;
But ye—their living sons—Oh! spurn the chain!
Alas! they heed it not! the call is vain!
As o'er the bier, where silent Beauty sleeps,
For ever hush'd—some lonely lover weeps,—
Whilst o'er his soul fond memory's vision strays,
And all the looks and tones of happier days
Rush on his thought,—"And is she nought but clay?
"Perchance the Spirit has not pass'd away—
"Again perchance the long-suspended breath
"Will break the dread tranquillity of death!"—
It may not be!—the changeless cheek, the eye,
All darkly curtain'd in eternity,
The lifeless hair in weak confusion thrown,
The chill white hand that thrills not to his own,

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* Pisani was the Commander of thirty-four gallies against the Genoese. Carmagnola, after a long series of brilliant victories, fell under the suspicion of "The Ten," and was publicly executed. Dandolo was Doge when the Ambassadors arrived from France to ask the assistance of the Venetians for the recovery of the Holy Land, and although ninety years old, greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Constantinople.

† Carrara, Prince of Padua, with his two sons, after bravely defending his Capital against the Venetians, was compelled to surrender, and on the faith of a safe-conduct they repaired to Venice to entreat the clemency of the Senate, who, however, after a short interval, caused them to be put to death in the prisons of St. Mark.

The lips, whose music sway'd his wayward will,
Now coldly closed, and colourless, and still,—
These leave not Doubt to gild despairing gloom,
Nor furnish Hope to flutter o'er the tomb!
Oh! thus may he, who quits his northern home
Amid Italia's softer scenes to roam,
O'er Venice mourn! still beauty lingers there,
But palely sweet, and desolately fair.
Yes! still her turrets rise—her bulwarks' frown
On Ocean's humbled wave looks darkly down,
And still her streets their marble grandeur raise
To wake the wonder of the stranger's gaze!
And oft when o'er the Adriatic tides
His homeward bark the 'nighted fisher guides,
And views, extending far, her shadowy piles
Catch the faint splendour of the moon's pale smiles,
Well might he deem a Spirit's fairy spell,
Had scatter'd beauty where its magic fell,
And rear'd aloft, in gay fantastic show,
The pomp of Ocean's palaces below.
Awhile—so still the scene, each echo fled,—
The City seems a mansion of the dead;
Anon—the sudden dash of distant oar,
The hum of voices on the peopled shore,
The glance of lights from twinkling casements thrown,
The mingled swell of Music's airy tone,
(Heard, where to Beauty's not-unwilling ear
Love tunes some soft guitar—or wild and clear—
Responsive rowers o'er the waters wide,
Chant Tasso's lays—their City's ancient pride,)
Burst on his ear and eye, as oft of old
The wizard seer—so legends wild have told—
Raised sudden, o'er Enchantment's drear domains,
Mysterious visions, and melodious strains.
At night, beneath the Moon's deceitful ray,
Time's footsteps pass like trackless clouds away,

And ancient arch, worn dome, and hoary shrine,
Touch'd by her light in freshen'd splendour shine;
And as the wind symphonious cadence flings
O'er the swept discord of Æolian strings,
Or rolling tides from Ocean's sandy shore
Deep lines efface, and smoothe the surface o'er,
Beneath her beams, the scars that years have traced,
With each grotesque variety of taste,
Blend in harmonious beauty—but by day,
The faults of art, the furrows of decay,
Glare on the sight; and yet—sweet Venice! yet
Some scenes thou hast, no heart can e'er forget—
Where o'er the Great Canal, Rialto's sides
Bend their broad arch, and clasp the busy tides,
Where rots the bridal Bucentaur*—or where
St. Mark's Piazza spreads its palaced Square,
Whose mosque-like Fane, in Stamboul's spoils array'd,
Might seem by Moslem hands, for Moslem worship made.
Not there—not there, 'mid coldly-silent tombs,
And cloister'd aisles, cathedral grandeur glooms,
No charms that awe the bosom into prayer,
Or raise the raptured soul, inhabit there!
But lavish wealth, and vain laborious show
Their opulent magnificence bestow—
Here the white marble freezes on the sight,
There countless gems their rainbow rays unite,
Vests, paintings, gold, in rich confusion blaze,
And forcing wonder, scarcely merit praise,
That praise reserved—till where the portals rear
Their massive height, Lysippus' steeds appear!†
In brazen life how well the Statues start,
How nice each touch of imitative Art!

* The Arsenal.

† The strange peregrinations of these celebrated Statues from Athens to Rome, thence to Byzantium, thence to Venice, and from thence to Paris and back again, are well known.

Whilst in your tongueless eloquence ye tell,
Relics of Greece! how rifled Athens fell!
Byzantium's splendour, and Byzantium's fall,
The pomp of Venice, till victorious Gaul
Triumphant view'd, slow-wheeling from afar
The spoils of Europe load her Consul's car,
At once in you we trace—and stamp'd in you,
Lives the red fame of deathless Waterloo!
Do these not all reveal?—then turn thine eyes
To where erect yon naked standards rise—
And rose of yore in banner'd pride to shew
The lion's triumphs o'er his Grecian foe.
But now—they seem like monuments to stand,
Flagless and pompless o'er a buried land,
Whilst, posted near, the sword of Austria's sway,
And Austrian cannon mark the guarded way!
Sighing—methinks I pass where spreads the quay
Its noon-frequented walk, and fronts the sea—
Behind me glooms the Bridge of Sighs—before
Winds the far beauty of the day's blue shore—
And heaves the light of Ocean's azure breast
Expanding wide, with scatter'd islets drest.
Whence rear'd Palladio's holy fabrics throw
Their long dim shadows on the wave below,
And distant sails amuse the wand'ring eye,
And many a dusky gondola steals by,
And many a gorgeous garb, and foreign mien,
Amid the tumult on the shore is seen—
The turban'd Turk, the richly-vested Greek,
The wild Albanian with his swarthy cheek,
(As each pursues, with fancied good repaid,
The real toil of pleasure or of trade,)
There mix'd in motley groups, each passing day,
The semblance of a carnival display.
But past those times, when Ind's and Egypt's shores
Here piled their jewell'd wealth and spicy stores,

And Commerce sate in Venice' ports to hail
From distant seas the treasure-wafting sail:
And past those times, when Pleasure's chosen reign
To Venice lured from far the glittering train!
Oh! when the sun withdrew his sinking light,
And stars look'd out upon the lovely night,
The voice of Revel rose beneath the ray
Of lamps that pour'd an artificial day
O'er spacious halls, where gaudy Vice array'd
In gladdest guise the nightly masquerade,
And forms of Earth, like visions of a trance,
Wound the light witcheries of the dizzy dance,
And young hearts heaved to Music's tender strain,
And hands press'd hands that softly thrill'd again!
But vain the bliss that Pleasure could bestow
To veil the sad vicinity of woe!
Here, while the Palace* echo'd gay delight,
There, the black Prison frown'd upon the sight,
Where Mercy sigh'd her unregarded prayer,
And Hope but bloom'd to wither in despair,
O'er many a wretch condemn'd to pine away
In dungeon deep his melancholy day,
To weep where none might soothe, to sigh in vain,
Or glut the rack with agonizing pain,
Till fainting Nature faulter'd out the lie
By Torture wrung, and deem'd it bliss to die!
For some the gibbet's tall-erected gloom
In the drear cell prepared a speedier doom,
And none might know the fate of others—save
The midnight moon, and moon-reflecting wave!
A shriek—a gasp—a struggle—life was fled!
The rolling waters, and the shroudless dead!
Nor more of culprit's guilt, or captive's woes,
Might slaves demand, or Tyranny disclose!

* The Doge's Palace is connected with the State Prison by the Bridge of Sighs.

Slaves—tyrants! yes, tho' Venice scorn'd to own
A lineal monarch, and a regal throne—
And smiled to see her Ducal Sovereign made
A powerless puppet, and a sceptred shade,
Patrician chiefs with crafty caution drew
A veil o'er deeds too dark for public view,
Amongst themselves combined despotic sway,
And rear'd their wealth o'er Liberty's decay—
Till late the Land, her day of freedom done,
Saw many lords usurp the place of one,
A mock republic varnish with a name
The despot's splendour, and the bondman's shame,
And dissipation's baleful arts unite
To lull the angry sense of injured right.
VENICE—farewell! when e'en thy walls shall be
Swept from thine Isles, and 'tomb'd beneath the sea,
Which must at length roll o'er thy cold remains
Of pillar'd palaces and gorgeous fanes,
Thy name shall live in every glowing hue
Thy Titian's pencil o'er the canvass threw—
Shall live in Shakspeare's scenes, and Byron's lays,
And greenly twine with Otway's mournful bays!
Farewell! but whilst in Granta's classic Bower
I muse away the meditative hour,
I turn from thee to pour my parting strain
O'er Albion's Isle, thy Sister of the Main,
And breathe a prayer that long her shores may be
What thine were once—the dwellings of the Free;
In arts and arms, like thine unrivall'd shine—
But not, like thine, from all those charms decline!

THE DRUIDS.

BY

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
STUDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1827.

"PROUDLY in Mona's* bay thy gallies ride,
"Bound o'er the wave, or stem the foaming tide;
"Proudly on high thy crested eagles sail,
"Thy pictured banners float upon the gale,
"Thy conqu'ring legions throng the echoing shore—
"Her doom is pass'd—and Mona is no more,"
Thus sang the Druid bard on Kora's brow,
While Cæsar's legions trod the vale below.
On high he stood. Beneath, a frantic band
Swept down the hills, and hover'd o'er the strand;
Each female form array'd in sad attire,
Raised her bare arm, and shook the smouldering fire,
Cursed the proud host, and on the rocky pier
Scream'd to the winds, and bade the ocean hear:
Then hurl'd the brand, and loose with streaming hair
Rush'd headlong to the vale,—and perish'd there.
Ranged round their lord, Trevarthen's holy king,
The Druids stand, a venerable ring:
Their's is the form unbow'd—the spirit brave,
Reckless of wars, of seasons, and the grave;
The tearless eye fix'd firm in proud despair,
The lip scarce quivering to the stifled prayer,

* 1—28. The landing of Paulinus at Mona, and consequent devastation there.—*Tacit. Annal.* xiv. 30.

That asks with lifted hand and stedfast gaze,
If thus the gods reward their Mona's praise.
"Andate!* dost thou sleep? 'twas Cæsar's spear
"Hurtled on high! Belinus, wake and hear!—
"Why stay the wheels of Hesus?—o'er the dead
"His coursers prance no more,—and Taranis is fled!"—
Fled, all are fled! no more the sacred throng
Winds through the trees, the cloistral woods along,
Nor lengthen'd hymnings thrid the mazy glades,
On lingering wings, and wander through the shades:
And now sole remnant on the naked plains,
Perchance some pile of rugged rock remains,
A mystic circle, or a pendant stone,
Where looks the way-worn traveller, and is gone.
But yet the pensive soul delights to stray
From life's dull home, and steal us from to-day.
Parent of years! on whose unwearied pole
The mighty months and sweeping seasons roll,
How sweet it is to track with searching eye
The deep abysses of thy gloomy sky
With living visions sown by sportive phantasy!
Where to the dreaming sight forgotten forms
Start from thy clouds, and darkle in thy storms:
—I halt, and listen to the breezy air:
Thy dying voice, Caractacus, is there.—
A charm, a spirit lingers still behind,
Breathes from the ground, and whispers in the wind.
So from her son the Goddess turn'd away,
Fled his fond grasp, and melted into day:
Her dove-borne car to fair Cythera flies,
Or calmly sails, and lessens in the skies:
Still lingering perfumes hover in her train,
Prolong her stay, and make her speak again.

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* Andate, the Goddess of Victory; Belinus, the Apollo; Hesus, the Mars; Taranis, the Thunderer, of the Druids.

Then weep not, Mona! though thy sylvan shade
Of tufted oaks in ruin bare be laid:
Weep not thine altars, courts, with grass o'ergrown,
The ivy mantling o'er the Druids' throne;
Though lightly tripping through the allies green,
The antler'd hind and dappled fawn is seen;
And now, where mystic matins once were sung,
I hear the stock-dove brooding o'er her young,
Or shepherd's whistle from the darkling dell,
The woodman's axe, the curfew's sullen knell:
Weep not! for oh, 'tis sweeter through the haze
Of living things on airy worlds to gaze;
To lift the veil, and view the distant scene—
The fairy theatre of what has been.

Thus hanging o'er the prow the sailor sees
His distant cot, his flowers and waving trees,
More sweetly pictured to his longing view,
In the green wave, than were the vision true:
And while the forms upon the mirror play,
Flash through the deep, and melt upon the spray,
He pores upon the scene, and dreams himself away.

Hark! 'twas the voice of harps that pour'd along
The hollow vale the floating tide of song.—
I see the glittering train in long array
Gleam through the shades, and snowy splendours play.
I see them now: with measured steps and slow
'Mid arching groves the white-robed sages go.
The oaken wreath with braided fillets drest,
The crescent beaming on the holy breast,
The silver hair which waves above the lyre
And shrouds the strings,—proclaim the Druid quire.
They halt, and all is hush'd:—no voices rude
To break the still, expectant calm intrude,
And listening thousands seem a solitude.

"Twine, twine the wreath; the milk-white victims bring!"
With lifted arm exclaims the Druid King.

"Lo! lurking 'neath its parent shelter—lo!
"Gleams with its buds of gold, the quivering misletoe."
// Straight at the word he bares the knife of gold,
And spreads on high the sagum's broider'd fold:
And while his fingers cull the bending spray,
In silent awe his eyes are turn'd away.—
The moon is softly sailing through the sky,*
The stars look downward with a silent eye,
While hazy dews pour down a teeming flood,
And hang in filmy lustre o'er the wood,
Or on the grass, with glistering spangles strung,
Their silver lamps by fairy hands are hung.
"Awake!" 'twas Nature's voice: aloud she spake:
She calls her nightly priests: "Awake, awake!"—
Forth winds the Druid train: I see them now
Upon the heights that crown Talallyn's brow:
In bright relief their giant forms on high
Dilated rise, and stand against the sky:
Their shapeless altars rudely ranged around,
In zonelike circles skirt the holy ground;
O'er the gray piles, where clust'ring lichens stray,
With amber sheen the glancing moonbeams play,
And gild the Runic rhyme that lurks between
The moss-grown stones, and holly's glossy green.—
No† wreaths are theirs in mazy fretwork scroll'd,
For them no portals flame with burnish'd gold;

* Henry's Hist. I. p. 172. "The hours for these services were at midnight."

† Henry's Hist. I. p. 175. "All their places of worship were in the open air, and generally on eminences, whence they had a full view of the heavenly bodies." Morhof. Polyhist. tom. I. p. 129. Sacer illis cultus purissimus sub dio: nullum illis vel templum, vel idolum.

Holingshed, tom. I. p. 7. "Druis (the author of the famous sect called Druids) was excellent not only in Philosophy and the Quadrivialles, but alsoe in the true Theologie, whereby the service of the true God has been kept in purity; he did preach that the soule of man is immortall: that God is omnipotent, mercifull."

No swelling domes, no marble columns rise,
Nor pictured roofs to screen them from the skies;
Nor pendant tapers fling a misty ray,
Through cloistral aisles, and chase the night away.
—For them the vaulted firmament is spread,
And spangled courts and halls where Angels tread:
—For them, for them, the everlasting sky
Has hung its thousand lamps that never die;
And seas of cloudless light to them are given,
And all the mighty blazonry of heav'n.

All hail, ye saintly band! whose souls aspire
With vows that burn and feed a holier fire.
What though your hearths no spicy sweets exhale,
Nor scented incense loads the languid gale;
Nor marble halls are yours, nor sculptured stone,
To lure the Great Creator from his throne.
But oh! 'tis yours the bright ascent to try,
And soar serenely wafted to the sky;
To ope the gate, to tread the bright abode,
The gorgeous chambers of the living God.

'Tis morn again: now quit the steep to rove
Through oaken glades and pass along the grove.
This is the spot: above the tangling vine
Hangs o'er the rocks, and ivy ringlets twine.
These are the shades, and this the sparry* cell
Where erst an aged Druid loved to dwell:
Here ranged around his youthful hearers hung,
And drank eternal wisdom from his tongue.
The table now, the seats of living stone,
All, all are left deserted and alone.—
—They are not left! again the holy seer
Tunes his rapt lyre, and bids his votaries hear.
He sings "of other worlds and happier isles,
"Of longer days, and Spring's eternal smiles,

* Mela III. 2. Multa docent nobilissimos gentis in *specu*.

"Of sunny vales, and lands beyond the sea,
"Where Romans never came—but all are free:
"No crystal hail congeals the balmy air,
"No swords are forged, no arrows tainted there.
"Oh! happy, happy land, where Camber's strain
"Thrills through the shade, and Mador lives again;
"Where through the vale together Angels stray,
"And in sweet converse wear the fleeting day."
"And is it then to die—to soar afar
"Beyond the sweeping storm, and din of war?
"Is this to die—to find a blissful home
"Unravaged still, unenvied yet by Rome?
—"Then seize the spear, and mount the scythed wheel,
"Lash the proud steed, and whirl the flaming steel:
"Sweep through the thickest host—and scorn to fly:
"Arise! arise! for this it is to die."—
Thus 'neath his vaulted cave the Druid sire
Lit the rapt soul, and fed the martial fire:
And oft of worlds* in silver æther hung,
Of blissful worlds, the ravish'd Poet sung;
Or told of weeping stars—the Pleiad quire—
Of huge Orion and his belt of fire:
Of rushing winds he sang, the swelling tide,
The lightning's bed, and clouds where thunders ride;
The driving hail, the mountain's furrow'd brow
Where sleeps in soft repose the pillow'd snow;
And all the plants that deck the vernal glade,
Blush in the sun, or twinkle in the shade.
—'Tis heard no more! and on the vacant stone
I gaze, and listen to the wind's wild moan;
While through the cave in wheeling eddies fly
The yellow leaves, and plaintive echoes sigh.
How sad and lonely is the gloom that broods
Upon the heath, and blackens o'er the woods!

* Hollingshed, I. p. 7. "Druis also taught them to observe the courses of the heavens," &c.

And yet we mourn not—holier rites are given.
Pure is the song of morn, the praise of even.
And here, amid the walks and forests green,
E'en here a silent monitor is seen—
To tell of joy and love that ne'er decay,
Of darkness past, and everlasting day:
Yon modest walls, where sin and sorrow flees;
Yon gleaming spire that peeps above the trees;
The Gothic porch, with monitory rhyme
Inscribed; the music of the blithesome chime,
And winding o'er the hill yon sabbath train
Of holier Druids to a purer fane;—
—These bid aloud to check the starting tear,
And hail the blissful light—for God is here.

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA

BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1828.

γελᾷ δὲ δαίμων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θερμῷ,
τὸν οὔποτ' αὐχοῦντ' ἰδὼν ἀμηχάνοις
δύαις λαπαδνὸν, οὐδ' ὑπερθέοντ' ἄκραν.—

ÆSCHYL. *Eum.* 530.

RIDE, boldly ride! for thee the vernal gale
Breathes life and fragrance o'er the teeming vale;
For thee the Seine, for thee the glassy bay
Laughs in a revelry of golden day;
And o'er the wave the mantling vineyards throw
Their purple fruits, that in the mirror glow:
Heaven lives and beams for thee: then boldly ride,
Pageant of Gaul, and fair Italia's pride!
Proudly thy eagle soars, thy banners stream
In crimson folds, that mock the Sun's pale beam:
Proudly thy coursers neigh, and pant to tread
Muscovia's dust, and spurn the slumbering dead.
"I hear* a voice—it cried—To arms! advance!—
"I see the star of Austerlitz and France."

* Segur I. p. 68. "Do you see that *star* above us?" (p. 73.) "Who calls me?" (p. 103.) "Are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?" these are the words of Napoleon. Of his belief in his fortunate star, see *Porter's Campaign*, p. 352.

"Speed!"-They have sped—murmuring o'er hill and plain,
Like the far murmur of the sleepless main—
Wave after wave, a flood of silver light:
Oh! that so fair a day shall soon be plunged in night!
Awake! ye Spirits—if on Niemen's shore
Ye sleep, or listen to the midnight roar
Of tumbling cataracts,—if ye love to play
On the white foam, and course the dashing spray—
I call ye now—on yon grey steep arise,
And wake the slumbering legions of the skies!
Shout to the tardy winds and stagnant air,
And rouse the vengeful thunder from his lair!
Proclaim to him, who vaunts that none shall stay
His arm, outstretch'd, omnipotent to slay—
Proclaim—that pale Disease, the withering form
Of Desolation, and the sweeping storm,
They quail not, shrink not, from the haughty foe—
They have encamp'd, and they will overthrow!—
Slowly and darkly o'er the pine-tree groves
The brooding mass of devastation moves;*
It moves, it comes! from skies convulsed and riven
The tempest leaps, the artillery of heaven
Peals from the clouds, the arrowy lightning's gleam
Glares on the snows, and gilds the livid stream:
The thunder growls around, and wildly sings
Of banquets soon to be, with sullen mutterings.
Dost thou, proud Chief, the voice of anguish hear,
And drop, when others weep, the pitying tear?
Ah! no—thou must not weep! but calmly see
Eyes glazed in death, grow dim, and die on thee;
And smile where others smile not; sights forlorn
Must be but dreams; and bursting hearts thy scorn!

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* Segur I. 119. "The Emperor had scarcely passed over the river (Niemen), when a rumbling sound began to agitate the air. This was conceived to be a fatal presage."

Ah! canst thou hear that faint and stifled cry,
And mock a dying father's agony?
Ten thousand fathers there in silence sleep,
Around their bier no wife, no children weep;
The vulture screams, the eagle hovers nigh,
Flaps its dark wing, and wheels around the sky.
By moaning gusts their requiems are sung,
Their's is the storm's wild howl, the thunder's tongue;
Their shroud, yon leaden sea of floating gloom,
Yon white and heaving mounds their only tomb!
Ten thousand widows there beside thee tread,
Ten thousand orphans wail around thy bed:—
Canst thou thus slay, and sleep?—Then hie thee on!
By orphan's tears thy festivals are won—
Burn, vanquish, spoil!—but ah! thy star* is dim!
For One—the mighty God—thou canst not vanquish Him!

He saw the scarlet banner wildly spread
O'er yon black waste, the city of the dead;
He saw the victor ride in gorgeous state,
Through fair Smolensko, houseless, desolate;
And smile amid the dust and matted gore,†
The formless wreck of what was man no more.
He hears the triumph's peal, that frantic cry,
By winds, his heralds, wafted to the sky—
Great God of vengeance! Not to Thee they raise
The anthem's voice, the chaunted hymn of praise:
Havoc to them is dearer than thy heaven;
Their hallelujahs are to carnage given!

The spires‡ of Moscow glittering from afar
In the pale lustre of yon silver star,
Her steel-clad bastions, and embattled walls,
Her domes, her fanes, and gold-bespangled halls,

* See the first Note.

† Segur, I. 227—233, speaks of "heaps of smoking ashes, where lay human skeletons dried and blackened by the fire."

‡ Moscow was called the City of the Golden Spires—its houses were covered with polished iron.

No more the minstrel's midnight music hear,
No vocal strains her silent gardens cheer:—
Save where yon holy quire,* in pure array,
Through the gray portal treads its lonely way;
They with soft notes, that sigh upon the gale,
Wake the sad echoes of the sleeping vale;
Breathing, fair City, in a dirge to thee,
Their sweetest, calmest, holiest, melody;
And cast, as o'er the mountain's brow they wind,
A mournful glance, a long last look behind.
'Tis past, for ever—see! aloft they fly,
Yon smouldering flakes upfloating to the sky;—
Till the moon fades beneath the lurid stream,
Blotted from heaven, or shoots a ghastly beam.—
As some fond mourner, with averted† eyes,
Kindles the pile on which a parent lies;
Thy children, Moscow, rear thy funeral pyre,
Plant the red torch, and fan the pious fire.—
For wilt thou, wilt thou thy Destroyer greet,
Drest with the garlands of thy own defeat?
Or bid thy vaulted domes with loud acclaim
Attune their echoes to a Tyrant's name;
Or see by feet unblest, thy temples trod,
And blood-red Eagles waved above the shrine of God?—
Thou wilt not! Therefore with glad eyes I see
The golden flame—the flame that sets thee free!
Thy fretted aisles, thy burnish'd columns bow;
Rejoice, rejoice! thou art triumphant now.
There, there! from street to street with dreary roar
Their yellow tide the rampant billows pour,
And whirl'd by winds that sweep tempestuous by,
Point their red spires, and sail along the sky.

* Segur II. 17. "Their priests headed the procession: turning their eyes once more towards Moscow, they seemed to be bidding a last farewell to their holy city."

† Virg. *Aversi* tenuere facem.

Tyrant of Earth! what art thou? not to thee
Crouch the proud surges of yon lurid sea—
In vain on Kremlin's height with pallid stare
I see thee scowl above the flames' red glare,
And bid them make thee partner of their joy,
And leave thee something—something to destroy.
These smoking piles—is this thy conqu'ring reign?
Those voiceless streets, that desolated plain?
Thy throne,—yon scarr'd and solitary tower,
Rock'd by the winds, and channell'd by the shower?
Thy train,—shall they thy splendid deeds declare
With their wan lips, and bless thee for despair?
Go! hunt the clouds, and shout it to the gale,
And let the night winds learn the vaunted tale!
Go! bid the sky with acclamations ring,
And bellowing storms thy boasted conquest sing!
Tell of the feats thy own right hand has done,
Unblest of God,—thy own right hand alone!
Proclaim—that thou with unrelenting eye,
Could'st boldly see thy legions faint and die;
Could'st o'er yon waste thy grasping reign advance,
And buy a desert with the blood of France!—
No marble here thy blazon'd name shall bear,
No storied wall thy streaming trophies wear,
No deluged streets shall feast thy thirsting ken
With one vast death, with hecatombs of men!
Though Russia curse thee, Gaul shall curse thee more—
That crimson flood, it was thy country's gore!
Ah! canst thou yon forsaken suppliants* see
Extend their mute, their pallid hands to thee?
Creep to the gate, and in the portal stand
Of yon dark house of woe, a ghastly band?—

* Segur II. p. 131. "When they (the sick in the hospitals) saw the army repass, and that they were about to be left behind, the least infirm crawled to the threshold, and extended towards us their supplicating hands."

For thee, they left soft Gallia's fragrant gales,
Their own dear hills, their own domestic vales.
For thee!—they trod for thee Muscovia's wild,
And withering wastes where Summer never smiled,
And blackening woods, where sighs the waving pine,—
And, that their eyes thus wildly glare, 'tis thine!—
—Yet he did calmly pass without a sigh,
And when for France they ask'd him, bade them die!
But thou,* whose breast, with holier ardour fed,
Glow'd for thy country, for thy country bled—
I hail thee, Patriot! and with Moscow's flame
Will write the glories of thy deathless name.
Patriot! whose dauntless soul could brook to see
Moscow in ashes laid, or Moscow free;—
Enslaved,—it could not brook—for who would dwell
A splendid captive in a painted cell?
Better in dungeons and in gloom to pine,
Than feast in halls which were, and are not thine!
What boots the branching roof, the pillar's mould,
The foliaged shaft, the cornice dipp'd in gold?
If prostrate man a Tyrant's rod adore,
And crouch a menial, where he reign'd before.
Then, who exults not? though the fitful breeze
Sigh o'er thy rifted pier, and crumbling frieze,
Desolate Moscow!—for around thy grave
Stern Virtue rears her freshest architrave,
And Faith and patriot Love with lock'd embrace
Entwine their arms, and guard the silent place.
Pale Memory twines a cypress wreath for thee,
Clasps thy cold urn, the ashes of the free,—
And Granta bids her youthful bards relate
How bright in life thou wert, in death how great!

* Count Rostopchin—by whose advice Moscow was set on fire by the Russians.

Though guardian Heav'n has made, with kindlier care,
Her sons as free as thine, herself more fair;
She mourns thee! though her new-born columns shine,
To hail her PATRIOT PRINCE more blest than thine;
Though vernal flow'rs her happier Muses bring,
And grace his fostering hand, who bade them sing!
Pale, palsied Winter!—thus, by tepid gales
Arcadian fann'd, and nursed in roseate vales,
Or dreaming else in those Hesperian isles
Bathed in pure light 'mid Spring's perennial smiles—
Thus bards have named thee,—but that feeble name
Thou, mighty Winter, proudly wilt disclaim:
Though slumbering 'neath the cloud-pavilion'd throne
Of Him who never sleeps, in chambers lone,—
Where the strong Earthquakes, His archangels, are;
Where the blue lightnings wave their torch-like hair—
Thou, yet unseen, unheard, hast whiled away
The Spring's soft hours, the Summer's tranquil day;
Thy sleep is slept!—no listless dreamer now,
A Warrior armed, a dauntless Rider Thou!
A mighty Hunter!—there I see thee leap
From torrent's shore to shore, from steep to steep:
Are not thy footsteps o'er the pathless sea?
The streams, thy coursers, bend their necks to Thee!
I see thee there with crystal bands enthrall
The dash of waves, and curb the waterfall!
Ha! hast thou found them?—there thy victims lie
Crouching and shrinking from the starless sky.
Round* the pale flame that flickers in the snow
Their blighted cheeks with ghastly lustre glow:
And some there are, who stand in silence by,
Or breathe a prayer, and then lie down to die:
Or cower in circles o'er their grave of snow,
Shrouding their brows in dark unutterable woe:

* Segur II. 148—168.

And some who laugh with parch'd and tearless glare,
A joyless laugh, and revel in despair.
And one, whose heart is basking in the gleam
Of a fair land—the sunshine of a dream!
Where the light trembles in the quivering shade
Of some green orchard or dark olive glade;
Where clustering roses veil his own retreat,
And ivy mantles o'er the doorway seat:
And her fair form before his feverish sight
Glides, like a voiceless phantom of the night;
That angel form he never more must see,
Save in the visions of eternity.—
Ah! what will now those purple spoils avail,
Stretch'd on the snows, and scatter'd to the gale?—
No earthly form to-morrow's Sun shall find,
Save the white waste, no whisper but the wind!
He comes! he comes! ye Gallic Virgins twine
The myrtle wreath, and weave the eglantine—
For him, who rides in gorgeous pomp along,
Strew, strew the rose, and chaunt the choral song—
For him, whose car has thunder'd o'er the plains,
Fetter'd by frost in adamantine chains.
Ah! no—he comes not thus! no gladsome cry
Shall shout his name, and hurl it to the sky;
No grateful crowds before his eagles bend,
No laurel'd hosts his chariot-wheels attend:
For him no mother's lips shall softly pray,
No hands be clasp'd to bless him on his way:
His heralds, Silence and the Night shall be—
A country's curse, his song of Victory!—
Therefore, to Winter's God the Nations raise
A holy concert of symphonious praise.—
For THOU hast spoil'd the Spoiler: Thou hast bow'd
The Scorner's strength, the threat'nings of the Proud!
Thee, their dread Champion! Thee the Caspian shore,
Dark Volga's flood, and Niemen's storms adore:

Thee, the glad Tanais—Thee, the thundering voice
Of Ister; the Cantabrian depths rejoice;
Fair Tagus hears, and Alva's echoing caves
Wake the soft music of his amber waves:
And the great Earth, and everlasting Sea,
To THEE their anthems pour, dread Lord of Hosts, To THEE.

TIMBUCTOO,

BY

A. TENNYSON,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1829.

Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.
CHAPMAN.

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blench'd with faëry light,
Uncertain whether faëry light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth: even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which whilom won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then

A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.
Where are ye,
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd about

With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?"
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.
"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."
I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large

With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.
A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendant crags; which lapse
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain

Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade,
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.
I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now,
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he, that borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding element?
My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of star-lit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.
Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal piles,
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement

On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.
Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.
With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:
"There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds

Of glory' of heaven.* With earliest light of Spring,'
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me: and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven
Man's first, last home: and thou with lavish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,

* "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh City! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.
How chang'd from this fair city!"
Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing: and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

BYZANTIUM,

BY

WILLIAM CHAPMAN KINGLAKE,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1830.

SYNOPSIS.

ADDRESS to the Thracian Bosphorus, contrasting the immutability of its lot with that of empires.—Transition to Byzantium,—the city described in its modern state.—Remarks on its rise, which differed from other cities in being sudden, not progressive.—Its splendour as a focus of Commerce and Empire: its peculiar beauties in connection with Christianity.—The Philosophy of its General History retraced, and considered, as an illustration of Domestic corruption, preceding National decline.—Rapid enumeration of some of its chief enemies—Bulgarians—Russians—Latins—Saracens—Turks.—Shameful apathy of Christendom during the Turkish Invasion.—Apostrophe to Constantine Palæologus.—The city under the Turks: its moral degradations: its temporary prosperity, instanced in some capital successes.—Its gradual decline shewn in some capital defeats, and losses.—Its tyranny towards Greece, and final submission to the Russians.—Exultation on the improved political aspect of Greece, and its probable regeneration. The still more important probability of the spread of Christianity towards the East, considered.—Concluding address to Christianity, with its characteristic features in contradistinction to Mahometanism.

"The city won for Alla from the Giaour,
The Giaour again from Othman's race may wrest."

ROLL on thou Bosphorus!—in wrath, or play,
Rous'd by the storm, or gilded by the ray,
With thy blue billows to the boundless sea
Roll on, like Time unto eternity.
Thy empire nought shall change: upon thy breast
Guilt hath no record: Tyranny no rest:—

Roll on: the rock-built city shall decay,
Man sleep in death, and kingdoms pass away,
But thou unbow'd shalt steal, like music, by,
Or lift thy Titan strength, and dare the sky.
Alas! for proud Byzantium: on her head
The fire may smoulder, and the foe may tread;
Yet with heroic look, and lovely form,
She mocks the deep, unconscious of the storm;
Her footstool is the shore, that hears the moan
Of dying waves: the mountain, is her throne.
Her princely minarets whose spires on high
Gleam with their crescents in the cloudless sky;
Her temples bathed in all the pomp of day,
Her domes that backward flash the living ray;
Her cool Kiosks round which from granite white
High-sparkling fountains catch a rainbow light,
And the dark cypress, sombre, and o'ercast,
Which hints cold sleep, the longest, and the last—
Each scene around this haughty city throws
A mingled charm of action, and repose,
Each feature speaks of glory, wrapt in gloom,
The feast, the shroud:—the palace and the tomb.
Yes, thou art fair: but still my soul surveys
A vision of delight, and still I gaze
Proud city on the past:—when first the beam
Slept on thy temples in its mid-day dream,
Methinks the genius of thy father-land
Raised his gray head, and clench'd his wither'd hand,
Exulting, in a parent's pride, to see
Old Rome, without her gods, revived in thee.
Beautiful Queen! unlike thy high compeers
Thou wast not cradled in the lap of years,
But like celestial Pallas, hymn'd of old,
Thy Sovran form, inviolate, and bold
Sprung to the perfect zenith of its prime
And took no favour from the hands of Time.

There every glorious gift of every zone
Was flung before thee on thy virgin throne,
No breeze could blow, but unto thee some slave,
Some handmaid ship, came riding o'er the wave:—
The costly treasures of thy Marble Isle,*
The spice of Ind, the riches of the Nile,
The stores of earth, like streams that seek the sea,
Pour'd out the tribute of their wealth, for thee.
Oh! proud was thy dominion: states and kings
Slept 'neath the shadow of thy outstretch'd wings,
And to the moral eye, how more than fair
Were thy peculiar charms, which boasted there,
No proud Pantheon flaming in the sun
To claim for many gods, that due to One,
No scene of tranquil grove, and babbling stream,
For vain Philosophy to dream, and dream,
'Till Reason shews a maze without a clue,
And Truth seems false, and Falsehood's self seems true.
Oh no! upon thy temples, gladly bright,
The Truth reveal'd shed down its living light:—
Thine was no champion badge of Pagan shame,
But that best gift, the Cross of Him who came
To lift the guilty spirit from the sod,
And point from earth to heaven, from man to God.
Alas! that Peace so gentle, Hope so fair,
Should wake but Strife, and herald but Despair.
Oh! thine Byzantium, thine were bitter tears,
A couch of fever, and a throne of fears,
When Passion drugg'd the bowl, and grasp'd the steel,
When Murder follow'd in the track of Zeal,
When that Religion, born to guide, and bless,
Itself became perverse, and merciless,
While factions of the circus, and the shrine,
And lords like slaves, and slaves like lords were thine.

* Proconnesus, now Isle of Marmora: celebrated for its beautiful marble

What boots the well-known tale, so often told,
The feuds that found them frantic, left them cold,
The crimes that made them wicked, made them weak,
And bloodless might the Arab spread or wreak
His wasting vengeance, while the soldier slept
The spoiler plunder'd, and the province wept.
Thus did thy Empire sink in slow decay:
Thus were its lordly branches lopp'd away,
And thou expos'd, and stripp'd, wer't left instead
To bear the lightning on thy naked head.
Yet wer't thou noble still! in vain, in vain
The Vandal strove: he could not break his chain;—
The bold Bulgarian cursed thee, as he bled,
The Persian trembled, and the Pirate fled;*—
Twice did the baffled Arab onward press†
To drink thy tears of danger and distress:
Twice did the fiery Frank usurp thy halls,
And twice the Grecian drove him from thy walls;
And when at last upsprung thy Tartar foe
With fire, with sword, more dread than Dandolo;
Vain, was the task: the triumph was not won
'Till Fraud achieved, what Treason had begun,‡
'Till blood made red thy ramparts, and thy waves,
And one man's glory left a thousand graves.
And in that fierce distress, and at thy cry
Did none defend thee, and did none reply?
No—kings were deaf, and pontiffs in their pride‖
Like Levites gazed, and like them, turn'd aside;
While infidels within Sophia's shrine
Profaned the cup which held the sacred wine,

* An interesting sketch of the four invasions of the Russians is given.—Gibbon, vol. vii. p. 2—6.

† For an account of the Greek fire, vid. Gibbon, vol. vii. p. 439.

‡ For Mahomet's stratagem, and the assistance he received from the Genoese, vid. Gibbon, vii. 239.

‖ The jealousies of the Western Church at this period will be easily remembered.

And worse than the idolaters of old,
Proclaim'd that prophet-chief, whose books unfold
The deadliest faith that ever framed a spell
To make of heaven an earth, of earth a hell.*
Yet stood there one erect in might and mind:
Before him groan'd Despair, and Death behind:
O thou last Cæsar! greater 'midst thy tears
Than all thy laurell'd and renown'd compeers,
I see thee yet: I see thee kneeling where†
The patriarch lifts the cup, and breathes the prayer;
Now in the tempest of the battle's strife
Where trumpets drown the shrieks of parting life,
Now with a thousand wounds upon thy breast
I see thee pillow thy calm head in rest,
And like a glory-circled martyr claim
The wings of death, to speed thy soul from shame.
But thou, fair City, to the Turk bow'd down
Didst lose the brightest jewels of thy crown;
They could not spoil thee of thy skies, thy sea,
Thy mountain belts of strength and majesty,
But the bright Cross, the volumes rescued long,
Sunk 'neath the feet of that barbarian throng,
While rose the gorgeous Harem in its sin,
So fair without, so deadly foul within.
That sepulchre in all except repose,
Where woman strikes the lute, and plucks the rose,
Strives to be glad, but feels despite the will
The heart—the heart—is true to Nature still.

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* "Therein (Paradise) shall be rivers of wine, pleasant to drink," *Koran*, cap. 47, "and beautiful damsels with black eyes, hid by pavilions from the sun."—*Ibid.* cap. 55. "And when the months in which you are not allowed to attack them are past, kill the infidels wherever you shall find them."—*Ibid.* cap. 9: called the Immunity.

† "The Emperor entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a Mosque, and devoutly received with prayers, and tears, the Sacrament of the Holy Communion."—GIBBON, viii. 248.

Yet for a season did the Moslem's hand
Win for thy state an aspect of command,
Let Syria, Egypt, tell: let Persia's shame,*
Let haughty Barbarossa's deathless name,
Let Buda speak: let Rhodes whose knighted brave†
Were weak to serve her: impotent to save—
Zeal in the rear, and Valour in the van
Spread far the fiats of thy sage Divan,
'Till stretch'd the sceptre of thy sway awhile,
Victorious from the Dnieper, to the Nile.
Brief, transitory glory! foul the day,
Foul thy dishonour, when in Corinth-bay,‡
'Neath the rich sun triumphant Venice spread
Her Lion banner, as the Moslem fled:
When proud Vienna's sallying troops were seen,‖
When Zenta's laurels deck'd the brave Eugene,§
When the great shepherd led the Persian van,¶
And Cyrus lived again in Kouli-Khan;
And last, and worst, when Freedom spurn'd the yoke,
And tyrants trembled as the GREEK awoke.
That name shall be thy knell!—the fost'ring smile
Of five bright summers on sweet Scio's Isle**

* By the battle of Meritz-Dabik, Selim I. annexed Syria and Egypt to the Ottoman Empire.

† The entry of Solyman into Buda, and the subsequent appropriation of the kingdom of Hungary as a Beylerbeylik to the Porte, forms one of the most important features in the annals of his reign.

The siege of Rhodes, the chief defence of Italy against the Turks, and the defence of the island by the Knights of St. John, are well known.

‡ The famous battle of Lepanto.

‖ The siege of Vienna commenced on the 14th July, and proceeded till the 12th September, when Sobieski resolved to attack the besiegers, and the victory was complete. This flight, and the subsequent disasters of the Turks, unveiled their weakness to Europe.

§ The battle which preceded the humiliating treaty made by Mustapha II. at the Congress of Carlovitz, 1698.

¶ Nadir, named Kouli-Khan, who in 1727 restored the Sefi dynasty in the person of Shah Tamasp.

** The desolation of this beautiful island by the Turks is too recent an event to require illustration.

Has beam'd in vain: oh! blood is on thy head,
The hearthless living, and the tombless dead,
Invoke their just avengers: lo! they come;
The Muscovite is up: hark! hark! the drum
Speeds its prophetic summons on the gale,
Thy Sultan trembles, and thy sons grow pale.
Up for the Prophet! conquer, or die free:
The Balkan make the Turk's Thermopylæ;
Up for the Prophet: no; the axe, the cord,
Suit Moslem hands much better than the sword;
Then bow the neck: yon towers are bought, and sold,
Prepare the bribing parchment: weigh the gold;
While rings the welkin with the tale of doom,
And faction smiles above her yawning tomb.

Now joy to Greece: the genius of her clime
Shall cast its gauntlet at the tyrant Time,
And wake again the valour, and the fire,
Which rears the trophy, or attunes the lyre;
O known how early, and beloved how long,
Ye sea-girt shrines of battle, and of song,
Ye clustering Isles that by th' Ægean prest
In sunshine slumber on his dark-blue breast,
Land of the brave, athwart whose ghastly *night*
Streams the bright dawn, red harbinger of light,
May Glory now efface each blot of shame,
May Freedom's torch, yet light the path to Fame,
May Christian truth, in this thy second birth,
Add strength to Empire: give to wisdom worth,
And with the rich-fraught hopes of coming years
Inspire thy triumphs, as it dries thy tears.

Yes, joy to Greece:—but e'en a brighter star
On Hope's horizon, sheds its light afar.
O Stamboul! thou who once didst clasp the Sign,
What if again Sophia's Holy Shrine
Should deaf to creeds of sensual joy and strife,
Re-echo to the words whose gift is Life?

If down those aisles the billowy music's swell
Should pour the song of Judah, and should tell
Of sinners met in Penitence to kneel,
And bless the Comfort they have learn'd to feel?
Then tho' thy fortune, or thy fame decline,
Then, oh! how more than victory were thine.

Ah! dear Religion, born of Him who smiled
And pray'd for pardon, when the Jew reviled,
No rose-bound houris with a song of glee
Strew the rich couch, no tyrants strike, for thee.
Thy holier Altar feeds its silent fire
With Love, not Hate: with Reason, not Desire.
Welcome in weal or woe, thy Sovran might
Can temper Sorrow, or enrich Delight,
Prepared to gild with Hope our darkest hours,
Or crown the brimming cup of Joy with flowers.
Thine is the Peace-branch; thine the pure command
Which joins Mankind, like brothers, hand in hand;
And oh! 'tis thine to purge each worldly stain,
Wrench the loose links, that bind this mortal chain,
Whisper of realms untravell'd: paths untrod,
And lead, like Jacob's ladder, up to GOD.

THE ATTEMPTS MADE OF LATE YEARS

TO FIND

A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

BY

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES,

SCHOLAR OF JESUS COLLEGE.

1831.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.
And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shape of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between—
The ice was here, the ice was there—
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd, and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound."

COLERIDGE. *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

THE secret wonders of the gloomy North
Bid proud defiance in their solitude
To Man's triumphant daring—Who shall pierce
The ancient prison-house, where Nature's might
In mightier chains of adamantine frost
Lies fetter'd since Creation?—Who shall live,
Where promontories huge of piled ice,
Like monstrous fragments of primeval worlds
Toss'd on the surge of Chaos, o'er the waves

Rear their triumphant heads, and laugh to scorn
The undreaded kinghood of the lordly sea?
A fearful challenge—yet the charmèd spell,
Which summons Man to high Discovery,
Is ever vocal in the outward world,
Though they alone may hear it, who have hearts
Responsive to its tone. The gale of Spring,
Breathing sweet balm over the western waters,
Called forth that gifted old Adventurer*
To seek the perfumes of spice-laden winds
Far in the Indian Isles. Yea, there is power
In Nature's solemn music: All have heard
The sighs of Winter in the middle air,
And seen the skirts of his cloud-woven robe
Lingering upon the misty mountain top—
But years rolled on, ere Man might understand
The mystic invitation of that call,
To seek the Monarch in his Arctic home.
At length that call is answer'd.—Daringly
Yon gallant Ship towards the Polar Star
Walks the untrodden pathways of old Ocean,
Leaving the haunts of Man. Even now the bounds
Are passed, where silently the Boreal Morn†
Folds and unfolds in swiftest interchange
Her silver robe of alternating light
Over the midnight Heaven. There is a change
In every sight and sound. White glaciers clash
On the tormented waves, in fierce career
Warring eternally, and hoary whales
With musical din‡ booming along the deep,
Breathe forth in giant chorus wondrously

---

* Columbus.

† The phenomenon which is commonly called Aurora Borealis, is in high latitudes frequently seen to the south.

‡ On entering the Arctic circle, the musical sound of the white whales is first heard.

The welcome of the Spirit of the North.
Joy to the brave!—That old phantasmal veil,
Which check'd the view of dim Antiquity,
Shrinks from their eagle glance, while fabled hills
And regions of impenetrable ice
Fade in the blue expanse of mighty bays*—
Now spread the bosom of the expectant sail
Unto the Eastern breeze, and while the prow
Furrows the yielding waters, image forth
High dreams of lofty hope—the joyous bound
Of billows gushing between parted shores,
Where Asia's rocky brow for ever frowns
On the opposing Continent: And borne
On spirit-plumed wings let Fancy soar
Far from that sunless clime, to the warm South;
Where soft skies slumber thro' the cloudless noon
O'er the gold palaces of fair Cathay.
Why pause ye in mid ocean? Still the sail
Swells to the voiceful breeze: the high mast bends
With hideous creak, and every separate rib
In the huge fabric quivers.—Yet the ship
On the unmoved waters motionless
Struggles, as one, who in a feverish dream
Nervelessly fleeing o'er a haunted waste
Strives horribly to shun some fiendish shape,
With straining sinews, and convulsive gasp,
And faint limbs magic-stricken.—There is rest
Dismal and dreary on the silent sea,
Most dismal quiet: for the viewless might
Of the keen frost wind† crisps the curling waves,
Binding their motion with a clankless chain

* Modern discoverers have frequently found an open passage in latitudes, where chains of hills were laid down in the old charts.

† The effect of the change of temperature at the beginning of Winter is almost instantaneous, as young ice at the thickness of half an inch will stop a large vessel in full sail.

Along the far horizon. Fruitlessly
The imprison'd vessel writhes, until the gale,
Lull'd in the embrace of evening, leaves its prey,
To share the torpor of the lifeless waste,
Till earth awaken from her half-year's sleep.
Yet in those daring hearts the cheerless voice
Of boding fear, or dull despondency,
Can find no answering tone, whether the storm
Round the snow-rampart* howling interweaves
His solemn moans with the rejoicing shouts
Of the glad theatre,† or simple strains
Of homely music leave that warm recess
Vibrating far into the tremulous air.
Here, even here are pleasures: those stray‡ forms
Of joy which Nature spreads throughout the world
That he who seeks may find them. When the Sun
Uprising from his long and gloomy trance
Beams thro' the clearer air, how beautiful
In some obscurest dell‖ of that lone land,
Led by the music of an unseen river,
To see fair flowers with light-awaken'd buds
Saluté the spring tide—Happily they smile
I' the midst of nakedness, like memories sweet
Of laughing infancy, beaming around
The desolation of an aged heart.
Oh, that the might of Man's majestic will
Were self-sufficing: that the meaner chains,
Which bind him to this dark material world,

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* Captain Parry found considerable advantage from raising a wall of snow round the ship in its winter station.

† The theatrical amusements, which were introduced during the stay of the Fury and Hecla at Melville Island, are well known.

‡ Alluding to the following lines of Mr. Wordsworth:—

—— "Pleasure is spread through the earth,
In stray gifts, to be claim'd by whoever shall find."

‖ The beautiful effect of these Arctic Oases is described in the account of Captain Parry's second voyage.

Before the lightning glance of enterprise
Might fade, as those Philistian bonds that fell
From him of Zorah.—Back, in sorrow back,
The ocean-wanderers turn the unwilling prow;
For Nature may not yield, and all is lost,
Save gloomy thoughts of unrequited toil
In the storm-beaten deep, and phantasies
Of gorgeous dreams for ever desolate,
And hopes, which were, and will not be again.
Yet if the race of Man, as some have deemed,*
Form but one mighty Being, who doth live,
Yea with intenser life, while kingly death
Benumbs each separate atom with the touch
Of his pale sceptre, one unchanging ocean
Of everchanging waves, one deathless heaven
Of clouds, which to their graves roll ceaselessly:
If it be so, not vainly have long years
Sent forth their heralds on the trackless deep,
Where high endeavours of exalted will,
Which in themselves find no accomplishment,
Shall build at length perfection. Peacefully
He sleeps,† who erst beheld the rifted shores
Of Greenland "glister in the Sun, like gold,"
And that deserted Chief,‡ whose angry moan
Once mingled wildly with the screaming winds,
And the hoarse gurgle of engulphing waves,
Is unremember'd now—But high Emprise
Died not with them.—Have not our latter days
Beheld with awe the ice-borne Muscovite‖

* See the speech attributed by Socrates to Diotima in the Banquet of Plato.

† Sir Martin Frobisher, who in 1577 anchored on the Western coast of Greenland, reported that in that country "the stones be altogether sparkled, and glister in the Sun like gold."

‡ Hudson, who was turned adrift by his crew, A.D. 1610.

‖ While Baron Wrangel was crossing the ice on a sledge in March 1823, the ice broke up, and he was tossed about on a fragment for several hours.

Ride the fierce billows of the Polar Sea?
Has not the Northern hunter seen the flag
Of England o'er her floating palaces
Unfurl'd in his dominions crystalline?
And who shall mourn, while in the mystic race
From hand to hand still moves the unquench'd torch,
That none have reached the goal? Not suddenly
Doth the sweet warmth of universal life,
From brumal caves advancing, interfuse
The vast abysmal air, or penetrate
The deep heart of the frost-entranced Earth—
Gentle, and in its very gentleness
Invincible, it moves, though ruthlessly
Stern Winter call his rallied armies on,
And snow-blasts violate the joyous prime—
So is it with the silent victories
Of Man's enduring spirit—we have seen
Winter and Spring; and shall we not behold
The full rejoicing of the complete year?
The hour shall come, nor shall the longing heart
In that dark interval be all unblest
With glance prophetic.—Though no meteor shape
Glare from the speaking sky, no sheeted ghost
Wander dim-moving in the wierd midnight—
With such foreshadowings true, as ever wait
On him, who with a calm and reverend eye
Hath viewed the mysteries of things, and dared
To image forth the future from the past—
Bind on the mystic robe, and from the brow
Of Hope's enchanted hill look boldly forth
Upon the coming ages—Saw ye not
White fog-wreaths floating through the cold gray dawn
Over ice-laden billows, as they roll
Thro' yon rock-cinctured chasm. A dusky shape
Looms through the hazy atmosphere, and sails
As of some struggling bark, that wearily

Breasts the opposing strength of angry waves,*
Float with a fitful motion to and fro.
Still on and on—a breath-suspending sight
Of pale solicitude, and fearful hope—
And hark! the triple crash of Britain's joy,
The magical music of her wild hurrah
Peals with a sound of mighty exultation
Through the aerial depths—The cloven mist
Unwraps its folded canopy, and lo—
The blue Pacific boundlessly outspread
Far glitters in the silver light of morn.

* A current is supposed to flow constantly from the Pacific through the North-West Passage into the Atlantic.

THE

TAKING OF JERUSALEM

IN THE FIRST CRUSADE.

BY

WILLIAM CHAPMAN KINGLAKE,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1832.

ANALYSIS.

ADDRESS to Jerusalem, and the Holy Land, degraded by Turkish despotism: its impoverished condition contrasted with its resources.—This striking state of things in full accordance with prophecy, and an immediate consequence of unbelief.—The actual state of Palestine at the time of the first Crusade: its plains unpastured: its fields untilled: its peace destroyed by Barbarian oppression.—Appeal in behalf of its sufferings answered by the approach of the Crusaders.—Rapid review of their march, their labours, and their victories up to the time of their arrival.—Their ecstacy followed by contrition at the sight of the chosen City.—Affecting nature of their humiliation.—Review and enumeration of the chief allies under the walls, prepared for action: their first discouraging battle.—Their various subsequent afflictions, only to be equalled by their zeal.—The providential arrival of Genoese succours. Appeal to the soldiers of the cross to prepare for action.—The last general assault which determined the fate of Jerusalem.—Concluding picture of the Crusaders kneeling at the tomb, in faith, penitence, and adoration.

"The Red-cross banners where the first Red-cross
Was crimson'd from His veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument."

Prophecy of DANTE. *Canto* iii.

DAUGHTER of Zion! in thy dust divine;
And thou! O sainted land of Palestine,
Whose glory once shone brighter than the ray
On Carmel's golden tops, when dawns the day,

Thy soil is *still* the same: thy sunshine still
Gilds the glad wave, and haunts the purpled hill;
Thine is the peaceful slope, the winding vale,
The cloudless azure, and the balmy gale,
And sweetest flowers to lure the mountain bee,*
And birds to wake the morn with melody!
Alas! that in a scene, so proud, so fair,
Renown should blush, and Beauty should despair,
As tho' thy varied charms were only lent
Like hopes to love, like visions to lament.

Yet such has been thy lot! Oh! many a wild
Barbarian hath thy reeking courts defiled,
Since the rapt Prophet thro' the veil of years†
Saw all thy conquests turn'd to more than tears,
Thy sword and sceptre reft of power and sway,
Thy towers cast down,—thy temple in decay,
And the lone streets by stranger footsteps trod,
Where Salem reign'd, triumphant in her God.

O! City dark with doubt, and many a stain
Of martyr stoned, and prophet heard in vain,
O'er thy apostate sons how oft the King
Of Peace vouchsafed to spread the parent wing
Of safety, and you would not:—therefore low
In dust thy spirit feeds its dream of woe,
Sad as the thoughts that o'er the waters crept,
When Judah eyed her captive harp, and wept.

Fond dream!—no more thy gladden'd eye may rest
On sun-bright vines that gem the mountain's breast:
The peaceful flock—that spots the grassy vale,
The corn-field—bending to the gentle gale
That breathes anon thro' verdant bowers of balm,
Or wakes the slumb'ring music of the palm.

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* "Wild bees frequent in Palestine in clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.) 'honey out of the stony rock.'"—Burder's *Oriental Customs.*

† Isaiah i. 7.

Oh! the light foot of peace may roam no more
Thro' groves of nard, and ivied sycamore,
And love no more may lengthen out its dream,
Where on the bosom of the clearest stream
That ever flow'd with current, calm and deep,
The mirror'd branches of the cedar sleep.
Oh! no—thy strength is faint, thy beauty pale,
Thy shrines are bow'd unto the priests of Baal:
Thy courts are desolate—thy gardens, graves,
Thy lords are tyrants, and thy subjects slaves,
And all the power and spirit of thy clime
Is hush'd in sleep, or darkly stirr'd to crime.
The dance—the feast—the dulcimer are still;
The blood-stain'd Tartar kneels on Zion's hill;
And scarce a trailing branch remains to tell
The glory of thy vine, O Israel.

And are there none for Beauty's tears to feel?
No hearts to burn—no hands to flesh their steel
On the fierce spoiler?—Hark!—was that the swell*
Of the full breeze, or camel's light-toned bell,
Whose music lulls the dreaming Arab laid
In slumber 'neath the date-tree's ample shade?
Up, warder,—up, and from thy watch-tower view
Yon cloud of dust, that darkens in the blue.
Heralds that dust a band of Pilgrims gray
With garments torn, faint limbs, and meek array,
Content to muse where Jordan's waters flow,
Or pluck the token palms of Jericho,†
Or roam by Kedron's sunny brook, or see
The moon that mark'd their Saviour's agony?

---

* The Crusaders marched to the melody of hymns.

† "Jericho, once distinguished as 'the city of Palms,' can boast yet a few of them."—SHAW's *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 152.

"A pilgrim became a palmer when he returned with the palm, the emblem of his having performed his pilgrimage."

No—no—they come in battle sworn to stand,
Plant the Red-cross, or drop the nerveless hand,
Twine the green wreath, or win the martyr's grave
In that sweet land they loved, but could not save.
Undaunted Chiefs—not them the forest deep,*
The trackless mountain, and the burning steep,
Where stirr'd not day nor night the lightest breath,
And the droop'd falcon cower'd its wing in death,
Have torn asunder:—let the captive tale
Of Nice, whose widows mourn, whose mothers wail,
Let the pale Persian o'er the desert fled,†
Let Antioch tell, whose river still runs red,
That War—nor Plague—nor Famine can repress
The tide of zeal which fierce and fathomless
Like a bold torrent holds its onward way
Through dams that rouse the strength they cannot stay.
What marvel then, if when at last arose
Sweet Salem's towers, they half forgot their woes?‡
Tho' the mosque told the tale of Zion's shame,
Her dust they trod on—*that* was still the same,
And the bright past dispell'd the present gloom,
Like death's lone lamp, that gilds the banner'd tomb.
Yet! as the barefoot Warrior fix'd his gaze,
Wrapt in the prostrate trance of voiceless praise,

---

* I allude to the painful marches through the woods of Bulgaria, the wild passes of Mount Taurus, and the plague after the battle of Dorylæum in the burning tracks of Isauria. The fact of the falcons which the knights had brought with them, perishing from want of water, is given in MICHAUD'S *History of the Crusades*.

† "Kerboga, who had seen the defeat of his forces from his tent on the hill, fled o'er the desert towards the Euphrates."

‡ "Ma quando il sol gli aridi Campi fiede
Con raggi assai fervente, a in alto sorge
Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede!
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge!
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente, &c."—*Canto* iii. 6. TASSO.

Each cheek grew pale—each bosom heaved within
With sighs of anguish, throbs of conscious sin,
And tears unbidden gush'd, despite the will,*
Soft as the dew that falls on Hermon's hill.
Blest sight from Heaven not hid! Oh! sweet the flow
Of grief that mourns an erring brother's woe:
Sweet is the tear that gems the downcast eye
When Love implores, nor Beauty dare reply:
But sweeter yet to see the Warrior rude,
Iron of limb, and stern in mien and mood,
Bow to his God the strong but willing knee,
And drop the tear of meek humility.
'Tis morn: they weep no more the ranged array
Of lustrous Battle mocks the orient day,
The lance is laid in rest; the clarions sound,
The banners move, the charger paws the ground:
The broad air glows with coats of burnish'd mail,
Streams the red pennon to the rising gale,
And like the storm-dash'd billows of the sea
Toss the white plumes of yon proud chivalry.
Oh! the pale Hermit did not raise in vain
His voice to break the Christian's galling chain:
The Priest has left the cloister'd shrine of prayer,
Mail'd his white robe, and helm'd his gather'd hair:
The lordly Knight has scorn'd his halls of rest,
And thrown the baldric o'er his glitt'ring breast.
On many a perch the falcon droops her bill,
In many a summer bower the lute is still,
Whose queen has taught her spirit firm within
To quail not, at the piercing trumpet's din.
There, not for plunder met, or vulgar gain,
Shines the bright host on Salem's tented plain.

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* Floods of tears bedewed the ground where they knelt: their breasts heaved with sighs, and their stony hearts, says *Robertus Monachus*, were taken away, and replaced by hearts of flesh.

The sons of Italy, so soft, so bold,
With scarfs of love, and towering crests of gold:*
The column'd Briton, arm'd with sword and bow,
The Frank whose banner'd lilies gaily blow,
The prancing Norman, and the generous Dane,
And the tall chivalry of fair Lorraine.
"Up for the Cross!"—a thousand voices peal,
And leaps the ready sword, and rings the steel.
O Valor! lion-bold, how deep the pain
When all thy crimson wealth is spent in vain.
The frantic steed with trappings torn and red,
The splinter'd falchion, and the helmless head,
These are the dreary wrecks that darkly tell
The thunders of the turban'd Infidel,
While on the scatheless tower, the guarded hill,
The Moslem scoffs, the Crescent glitters still.†
Yet shall they stand unmoved: the spare supply,
The poison'd fountain, and the glaring sky,
The lead-like weight of mail beneath the beam,
The rage of thirst, embitter'd by the dream‡
Of the blue bounding waters, far away
That kiss the moss, or o'er the pebbles play;
Nor every harm that threatens to fulfil
The dark extremity of human ill,
Shall teach inglorious ease to those who see
Afar the struggling dawn of victory;

* "The helmet had its crest, and the armour its scarf: one the mark of glory, the other of love."—Mills, vol. i. pp. 85, 89, 101.

† On the fifth day from their arrival, they made a desperate attempt to storm the ramparts. Courage and enthusiasm were in vain exerted against the walls of the city. The Crusaders retired to their camp, mourning many a brave companion, and the disgrace of a defeat.

‡ "S'alcun giamai tra frondeggiente vive
Puro vide Stagnar liquido argento,
O giù precipitose vi acque vive
Per Alpe, o'n piaggia érboso à passo lento:
Quello al vago desio forma e descrive
E ministra materia al suo tormento."

And fired with prescient hope resolve to feel
No antidote, but death itself, to zeal.
Sweet Hope—how oft her charms made real, repay
The sight that hail'd that vision, far away.
Soldiers of Heaven, for you the welcome sail*
Of Genoa's merchant galley, flaps the gale.
Up! for the Faith of Him whose sovereign will
Makes weakness strength, and summons good from ill;
Whose mercies oft elude *our* feeble sight,
As fade the stars of morning, lost in light.
Up for the Lord of Zion, and set free
His chosen from her dark captivity,
And teach the Baal-adorer on his throne,
Man dare not mock, what God has call'd His own.
'Tis noon—in gory dust the bravest sleep,†
But still the Crescent hangs from Zion's steep.
Saw ye on yon blest hill a radiant knight,
With shield all glory, and with limbs all light?
"St. George"—"St. George!" the watchword rends the sky,
So loud—the camels plunge—the vultures fly.
Hark to the crash! around yon leaguer'd wall
Huge engines thunder: look!—the vengeful ball
Curls its red death-wreaths robed in fire, and see
The cauldron rains its smarting tyranny.
In vain: the tide is ebbing:—there!—they scale
The breach: the Red-cross streams: the Turk is pale,
And strong as rooting winds yon forward van
Of death-doom'd chiefs hath burst the barbican

* I allude to the seemingly providential arrival of succours from the mercantile states of Italy: without the stores, engines, and machinery, thus brought, the city could not have been taken.

† At dawn of day the conflict began which was to determine the fate of the great European expedition. At noon the cause of the Western world seemed to totter on the brink of destruction. At that moment a knight was seen on Mount Olivet waving his glittering shield. Godfrey and Eustace cried aloud to the army that St. George was come to their succour.

Whose ramparts tremble.—Hark!—the shock, the strife,
The blows that crush, the groans that speak for life,
The torrent of the battle onward boiling,
The mighty swept away, the strong recoiling:
And lo! the Christian's sign on Zion's steep
Shines like a beacon o'er the storm-tost deep.
But turn we from the trumpet's iron tone,
The victor's mercy, and the suppliant's moan;
Turn we to where yon fiery sons of zeal,
Elate no more, in silent sorrow kneel.*
Not their's, bright arms that would the night illume,
The step of triumph, and the dancing plume;
But ashes sprinkled on the naked head,
Sighs deeply drawn, and tears devoutly shed.
There, as the dying chant's seraphic swell
Mounts up to Him who burst the gates of Hell,
Those Warrior Chiefs, relieved of half their gloom,
Raise the glad eye, and kiss the sacred tomb;
And feel, while Faith aspires with soaring wing,
DEATH has no victory, THE GRAVE no sting!

* "Bareheaded and barefooted, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, amidst the loud anthems of the Clergy, they kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the World, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their Redemption."—GIBBON, c. 58.

DELPHI,

BY

CLEMENT BERKLEY HUE,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1833.

"Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."—
CHILDE HAROLD, *Canto* 1.

SPIRIT, that erst, when Reason left her throne,
Heldst wild carousal in her chamber lone;
Whose was the rocking cavern's sickly gloom,
Or vocal wood, or Tripod big with doom;
Strong to mislead, yet impotent to save
From late remorse, or youth's untimely grave—
Torn is thy mask of holiest prophecy,
And past thy term of sufferance from on high;
Nor soundeth more life's billowy surge along
Thy false divining shell, and Siren song.
Where now thy dark repose? or dost thou roam
'Mid starry worlds to find another home?
Or watch, where still by thousand winters riven
Thine old abode soars midway unto heaven,
Lingering at eve beside Corycian cave,
Cassotis' fount, or Pleistus' sacred wave?
For oft the peasant meets thine aspect pale,
Where crested Delphi rends the cloud's black sail,
And hears, when lowering tempests sweep the sky,
Thy rustling robe, and feels thy form pass by.

How changed the scene! nor wreck, nor vestige tell*
Where rose the shrine, and yawn'd the mystic cell:
O'er every mouldering frieze, and triglyph worn,
Th' acanthus twines, or waves the yellow corn;
Though still some giant stones, that guard the steep,†
From ivied shade, or mantling friar's-cowl‡ peep:
And oft the moaning winds, at midnight hour,
Speak to each other of departed power:
How man with more than wonder clothed the skies,
Nor read aright their mute analogies.‖
That orb, that bursting from the womb of night
Bathed the glad world in beauty and delight,
He deem'd a God whose ken pervaded all
In the keen eye that ranged the earth's wide ball;

* Of the fane itself not a vestige remains, and even its site cannot be identified with any certainty.

† The ancient city rose in a theatrical form on a series of terraces. This front-work of hewn stone is still to be seen in different parts of the abrupt declivity, and the corn grows on the terraces which were raised by the Delphians for the security of their temples and habitations.

‡ When Dr. Clarke visited Delphi, some of the pensile plants and shrubs were in flower, mingling their varied hues over the red and gray masses of the marble. Amongst others he mentions the arum arisarum, or friar's-cowl. Sir E. Smith observes that the Italians call this plant 'il lume,' from the striking resemblance of its flower when reversed to a lamp with its wick.

‖ Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1—7:

"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; — But deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world.—With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods; let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them.—But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them.—For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him.—For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight: because the things are beautiful that are seen."

Who number'd every grain of heaving sand,*
The flowers and fruits of every teeming land,
The fish's golden scale, the bird's gay wing,
The gems that slept in every ocean spring.
Not born with man, nor sharing his decay,
To him appear'd the past and coming day;
And these his varied theme, in Heaven's high quire
When 'mid enraptured gods he tuned his lyre.

Then sprung the temple from the steep rock's side,
The cornice rich, the column's graceful pride,
Where lighted first at morn Apollo's ray,
And loved to linger at the close of day:
Then on the marble front the blazon'd scroll†
Gave none to enter save the pure in soul,
Or taught that man's existence was a lie
E'en in his mightiest shrine of vanity.
Above—the snow-crown'd monarch tower'd serene,
Below were tufted woods and dark ravine,

---

* Pindar. Pyth. 9. 77:

———κού-
ρας δ', ὁπόθεν, γενεὰν
Ἐξερωτᾷς, ὦ ἄνα; κύ-
ριον ὃς πάντων τέλος
Οἶσθα καὶ πάσας κελεύθους·
Ὅσσα τε χθὼν ἠρινὰ φύλ-
λ' ἀναπέμπει, χὡποσαι
Ἐν θαλάσσᾳ καὶ ποταμοῖς ψάμαθοι
Κύμασιν ῥιπαῖς τ' ἀνέμων κλονέονται,
Χὤ, τι μέλλει, χὥτε πό-
τ' ἔσσεται, εὖ καθορᾷς.

† "Sur le mur on lit plusieurs sentences, dont quelques-unes furent tracées, à ce qu'on prétend, par les sept sages de la Grèce. Un mot de deux lettres, (Εἶ) placé au dessus de la porte, donne lieu à différentes explications, mais les plus habiles interprètes y découvrent un sens profond. Il signifie, en effet, vous êtes. C'est l'aveu de notre neant et un hommage digne de la divinité à qui seule l'existence appartient.

"Dans le même endroit, nous lûmes sur une tablette suspendue au mur, ces mots tracés en gros caractères: Que personne n'approche de ces lieux, s'il n'a pas les mains pures."—*Voyage d'Anacharsis*, chap. xxii.

Whence the gale whisper'd fitfully, and stole
The stream's faint murmur o'er the tranced soul;
While in the quiet of the mountain side
Ambition half forgot his dream of pride.
But when the wrath of Nature shone confest,
The waves of hell o'ertook the guilty breast;
For Vengeance reared her scarry brow on high,
And Demon laughter shook the curtain'd sky,
While the full storm came rushing down the vale
O'er the strewn leaves of Autumn's withering gale
Then headlong bounding from its lurid shroud,
Fire cleft the rock, and Thunder call'd aloud,
While through the foaming stream and forest bare
Leap'd the huge fragment down its rocky stair.
Yet Freedom triumph'd in as fearful hour,
When tyrants roused her from her olive bower
Amid surrounding gloom her brow shone clear
As if th' eternal springs of light were there:
Reclined upon the mountain's hoary head,
She smiled in scorn—the Persian saw, and fled.*

Muse of old Hellas! seize thy slumbering lyre,
Arise, and touch each speaking chord with fire!
Delphi—Parnassus—if no baseless dream
Thy worship be, oh, speed such glorious theme!
Around each spot in living beauty's truth
Thy song-wreathed cestus binds immortal youth,
And still the lonely vale, the frowning wood,
Teem with remember'd forms, the great and good.—
See ye no shapes slow winding through the trees,†
Their snow-white fillets fluttering in the breeze?
Hear ye no steps approaching up the glen,
No music rising o'er the hum of men?
In the stern majesty of Doric reed
Nursing the thought sublime, the mighty deed;

* Herodotus, Lib. VIII. 36—39. † Voyage d'Anacharsis, chap. xxii.

Or with the passion of Æolian lyre
Purpling the downy bed of young Desire?*
Thus oft they came in holy pomp array'd,
With dance and song each olden rite was paid.
How fair the scene! the genius † of their clime
Was breathed through all as yet unmarr'd by time;
Which lent a beauty borrow'd from the sky
To earthly things, and half forbade to die;
Perchance th' electric spark of mind, the last
And cherish'd heir-loom of a purer past,
That welcomed here a wanderer from above
In many a grace that wooed its human love.
Blame not, if e'en the dead who met him there
Deserved with gods a Grecian's heart to share.
He look'd above—he saw the shields of gold—‡
Had he no homage for the tale they told?
He look'd around—and on his reeling sight
Ages of glory pour'd their gather'd light;
From every niche a thousand trophies spoke,
And forms of pride from marble slumber woke,
Not mute, though motionless—they bade him come
And win by deeds like theirs the patriot's home,
Where round them ever breathed the balmy spring,
And ocean girt them with his stainless ring.

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* Ἔρως
ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς
νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις.—Soph. *Antig.* 778.

† That taste, that keen perception of what constituted real grace and beauty, which seems almost to have perished with the glory and liberty of the country. A scene like that which Barthélemy describes might well give birth to the Platonic notion that all such perception was the memory of something more pure in a previous state of existence; for if ever spiritual beauty was shadowed forth and to be recognised under outward and palpable forms, it surely was so in Greece.

‡ "Les chapiteaux des colonnes sont chargés de plusieurs espèces d'armes dorées, et surtout de boucliers qu' offrirent les Athéniens en mémoire de la bataille de Marathon."

So sung of old their sov'reign bard,* whose lays
With deathless verdure wreathed the victor's bays,
While Clio stoop'd from Jove's high hall to hear,
Or paused at times with noiseless footstep near,
With rapture hung on Pindar's glowing lyre,
Nor chid the daring thief of Heaven's own fire.
Thrice favoured child! methinks in days of yore
Thee in her arms through all her realm she bore,
Gave thee unharm'd celestial forms to see,
Pan, and the Queens of ancient forestrie,
Nymphs of the dewy grot, or oaken shade,
Where oft the vassal bee his banquet made,
Fantastic shapes of Satyr and of Faun
Weaving the dance on many a charmed lawn,
Robed with the vapoury gauze of Summer's noon,
Or fringed with spectral light from Eastern moon.
Go ye, who here no mightier charm can find,
Gaze on the tortured frame, the phrensied mind.
The poet's madness hath a tint of Heaven,
But this unwholesome blight by fiends was given.
There in hush'd conclave catch the accents wrung
By conquering anguish from th' unconscious tongue,
Till bursting sudden on the startled ear
In thousand echoes rise the shrieks of fear,
And cower the birds, and thrills the conscious ground,
While answering caverns still renew the sound.

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* Pindar. Olymp. ii. 123:—

Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρὶς
Ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες
Ἀπὸ πάμπαν ἀδίκων ἔχειν
Ψυχὰν, ἔτειλαν Διὸς
Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρ-
σιν, ἔνθα μακάρων
Νᾶσον ὠκεανίδες
Αὔραι περιπνέουσιν·

Thence outraged Pity speeds her heavenward flight,
Brushing from pinion damp the dews of night.
And what the boon ye seek? Could man foretell
A lot, 'gainst which 'twere idle to rebel?
Could words of whisper'd adjuration rear
The shadowy fabrics of each future year—
Would he not dash such mirror to the ground,
And curse the fate with which his life was bound?
Start at himself, and look aghast indeed,
A mad apostate from Hope's beauteous creed?
Doom'd to such life as if an earthquake's shock
Had made him prisoner in the icy rock,
And through his veins the blood of life still crept
While all its freshness and emotion slept—
Whate'er the links that weave our life may be,
Who sees them not, may dream that he is free;
And haply these may be no flowery toy,
Nor deck'd with smiles, nor lightly wreathed with joy
But forged in tears and gloom—with murder red—
The guilt undreamt of yet—the blood unshed—
Like his, whose lesson lives in fable still,
The helpless outcast of Cithæron's hill;
Now raised to fill a murder'd father's throne—*
Now banish'd, old, and blind, though not alone.
Past is the vesper hour—the Caloyer †
In moonlit cloisters cons his listless prayer.
The dews of silence sink o'er brake and bower,
Dark flows the stream, and shrinks to rest the flower.
Day hath gone down along the hills, though yet
But few the stars in heavenly council met.

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* Œd. Colon.

† "In a woody region of the mountain is situated the monastery of the Virgin of Jerusalem, containing fifty Caloyers. Most of their time is taken up in barbarous devotional ceremonies, in a repetition against time, of the Psalter, or in bowing and kissing the ground."—Dr. CLARKE's *Ascent to the Summit of Parnassus.*

Methinks on such a night in hallow'd hour*
Wither'd at mightier name Apollo's power,
And as the shepherd's guiding star on high
Walk'd on in beauty through the cloudless sky,
From murky den, from shrine and altar dread,
Hell's baffled demons cursed the sign, and fled—
And fled each daylight dream, and treacherous shade
That e'er from slumber's ivory portal stray'd.
Long years have passed since then—the grain of seed†
Hath grown a tall and goodly tree indeed,
And many a ruffled wing or bleeding breast
Beneath its giant arms in peace may rest.
Oh! ne'er in Delphi, or Dodona's shade,
Such music startled all the slumbering glade,
Nor frantic Sibyl on Italia's shore,
When wanton breezes swept her leaf-strewn floor,
Gave to the desert air such words of peace,
As those which chase our fears, our hope increase.
Bless we the oracles whose aid is given
When the wean'd spirit nears the gate of Heaven,
Like those sweet visitors Columbus blessed
When care and doubt sat brooding o'er his breast,
The birds that ere they sought the neighbouring trees
Sang round his mast, or skimm'd the stagnant seas;
The curious carving, and the painted oar
That bade him welcome to their dusky shore—
Such are the heralds of our heavenly bourne,
Till the soul's Phthia‡ basks in endless morn,
The gladden'd spirit spurns these fields of air,
Nor needs a Sun—for God himself is there.

* In allusion to the opinion respecting the silence of the oracles sanctioned by Milton.

† The parable of the grain of mustard seed.

‡ Alluding to the beautiful adaptation which Socrates made of his dream "Ἡμάτι κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἱκοίμο," where he signifies by Phthia, the heaven from which his spirit sprung.—*See the* CRITO.

THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

BY

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1835.

ANGEL of Death! where'er thy flight be sped,
To courtly canopy or dungeon bed,
Where'er 'mid bursting sobs or silent gloom
Thy noiseless footsteps haunt the sick-man's room;
Whether thou lov'st to veil thy awful form
In the dark mantle of the revelling storm,
Or in the unsuspected breeze to guide
The bounding vessel to the whirlpool's tide;
Spirit of might! hath earth or heav'n a balm
The last dread struggle of the soul to calm,
That lingers still unwilling to depart
From the regretted form and failing heart,
And clasps the chains that to her hold engage
The loved companion of her pilgrimage?
As the bright drop that in the flower-cup lies
Melts half reluctant to its native skies.
Can Nature lend her glimmering light to cheer
Her fainting prophet in that hour of fear?
See where he lies beneath the banyan's shade,
The hoary Druid of the Indian glade;

With wilder'd gaze he turns his restless eye
From the dark Veda's scroll of mystery,
The heaven's blue clearness is around him spread,
The silver'd leaves are twinkling o'er his head;
Sure in so fair a page no eye might read
Such mystic symbols, and so dark a creed!
In the broad censer* unobserved has died
The sacred flame that flicker'd at his side,
While nearer still death's deep'ning shadows roll,
And close unbroken round the Brahmin's soul.

Genius of ancient Rome! thy voice could tell
How thy stern Decii and thy Scipios fell,
How hearts that shrank in calmer mood away
From the chill thought of silent slow decay,
When the wild joy of boisterous battle woke,
Rush'd on grim death ambitious of the stroke;
As the proud eagle† pants in vain to rise
On broad-spread pinions thro' the breathless skies,
But springs in triumph when the calm be past,
Screams in the storm, and rides the mountain blast.

Ah! not for them had Mercy's tranquil ray
Chased the dark horrors of the grave away!
No rude-carved record o'er the hillock's breast
Told the bright hope that soothed the slumberer's rest;
No spring-flower's budding from the funeral ground
Whisper'd their still "resurgam" all around;
But one cold shroud of unrelenting gloom
Curtain'd the silent chambers of the tomb.—
—Oh! it is bitter on the briny main,
When the fierce death-thirst burns thro' every vein,

* "A Brahmin when desirous of spending his last days, according to the order of his sacred books, in the contemplation of the Deity, carries into the woods with him his Veda, and the holy fire, which he keeps alive as long as he has strength to watch it."—*Encycl. Metropol.*

† I have heard from the shepherds of Glenorchy, Argyleshire, that the eagles are at times caught becalmed on the hills, there not being sufficient wind to allow them to rise.

To watch the mocking waves pursue the ship,
And die of thirst while they invite the lip!
But keener far the death-pang of dismay,
Where the loud Atheist struggles to be gay,
When the blest balms* that bloom around so fair
But fire his wound, and madden his despair;
See! the first horrors of *that* world have birth,
And meet and mingle with the last of earth!
While, as his anguish'd spirit writhes for rest,
The secret chain draws faster round his breast,
As rock-pent torrents deepen as they rage
The channel'd dungeon of their stony cage.

Sweet exile from this dark unhallow'd ground,
Where may thy footsteps, gentle Peace, be found?
Say, dost thou love by yonder scenes to stay,
Where Resignation breathes her soul away,
And hopes to mortal hearts in mercy given
Wake in each bright'ning tear the hues of heaven?
Domestic Love! I see thee gliding bright
Thro' the dark cloud that seeks to veil thy light,
And like some guardian spirit from the skies
Bend o'er the couch where princely GLOUCESTER lies,
Drinking with anxious ear the low-drawn breath
As calm he slumbers in the lap of death;
While the wing'd soul, impatient of her stay,
Far into opening visions soars away,
Till scarce her ken this dwindling world can see
On the wide chart of vast Eternity.

Calm was the Sabbath's close,† Saint Mary's bell
To the blest day had flung its last farewell,
And thoughts of sadness claiming sweet control
Crept with the hues of evening o'er the soul,

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* τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ γῆς δυσφρόνων μειλίγματα
βροτοῖς, πιφαύσκων εἶπε τάσδε νῷν νόσους.—
(CHORPH. Scholefield.)

† He expired on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 30.

Wandering that hour of mystery to explore
When the fair landscape shall delight no more,
But other eyes on such a sunset raised,
Feel as we felt, and gaze where we have gazed.
Hark! 'twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
Broke the deep spell that o'er my spirit hung:
'Twas GLOUCESTER'S knell! how spreads the mournful tale,
Peals from each tow'r, and floats on every gale!
The veteran soldier* starting at the sound,
In his far home, shall hear it circling round,
And with dimm'd eye, in melancholy pride,
Shall tell of battles fought by GLOUCESTER'S side,
While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
And learn to weep at good PRINCE WILLIAM'S name.
Seize the bold pencil, let the portrait live
With all the glow a Pindar's hand could give,
And paint in burning colours bright and free
All that a Patriot and a Prince should be!
Paint the warm heart on noblest aims intent,
By courts unsullied and by threats unbent,
Where Envy's serpent eye can find no stain,
And Flattery tries her Syren voice in vain,
Let Learning's walls beneath his smile ascend,
And Worth neglected find at length a friend,
Trace but the outline of that princely breast,
And weeping England shall supply the rest.
There is a grandeur in a Nation's tears,
When every heart one common burthen bears;
'Tis not the Sorrow whose obtrusive glare
Bursts in wild grief, or smoulders in despair;
'Tis one majestic gloom that reigns around,
Dims every eye, and saddens every sound,
A silent surface of unruffled woe
That tells the depth of feeling hid below.

* This allusion refers to the Duke's being actively engaged in the Dutch War, in 1794, when Prince William of Gloucester.

Such were the tears that generous Athens shed*
O'er patriot chiefs, and sons untimely dead,
As from her gates along the crowded road
Weeping she past to valour's last abode;
While in the race of glory, sire to son
The torch passed onward as his course was done,†
Then sank contented with the meed she gave,
The sacred honours of a Soldier's grave.

So grateful Science o'er the marble weeps
Where her loved Granta's good Mæcenas sleeps:
Oh, might her tears his silent guerdon be,
And fall like dews around his memory!
Had he but perish'd when in Youth's bright hours
With blameless step he trod her classic bow'rs,
And while she gazed with all a mother's pride,
The princely flower had languish'd, droop'd and died,
Yet had she wept, and bade her praises bloom
Like funeral garlands o'er his early tomb:
But when he sank as Autumn suns to rest,
And years had bound him to her grateful breast,
Her's shall be grief more sacred and more deep,
Tears such as orphans o'er a parent weep,
And the pale Muse to deck his grave unbind
The wreath that round her youthful brows he twined,‡
While Learning's pious hand enrols his fame
By royal Henry's side, and Margaret's saintly name.

But who shall clear the gloom from Granta's brow,
And which of all her sons shall shield her now?
To guard her charter'd rights unshrinking stand,
And earn the laurel from her grateful hand?
——Here to Thy feet she turns with bended knee,
And, generous CAMDEN, rests her eyes on Thee!

* See the splendid description of an Athenian Funeral and the Ceramicus, *Thucyd.* II. 34.

† For the race of the λαμπαδοφορία, see *Lucret.* II. 71.

‡ The Chancellor's English Medal was first established by the late Duke.

Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
That England shed around her Prince's bier:
Favour'd of Heav'n, that like a halcyon's nest
Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
Where Freedom breathes her incense all around
Like a sweet wild-flower in its native ground,
Thine are the sons thy treasured hearths inspire,
In peace all softness, but in fight all fire,
That met bare-bosom'd on thy heights, La Haye,
The cuirass'd might of Gallia's proud array,
Sprang to the charge, as waved their Leader's hand,
And worthy proved of WELLINGTON'S command.
And if the sympathies of earth can move
The sacred ardour of a spirit's love,
If the pure censer of celestial bliss
Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,
Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
Outshines his native star in GLOUCESTER'S eye,
Or charms away one tributary smile
From the loved precincts of his own bright Isle?

THE EMPIRE OF THE SEA.

BY

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1836.

"Two Voices are there: one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty!"—
WORDSWORTH.

WHO hath not loved to turn his weary eye
On those twin deeps, the Ocean and the Sky?
To wing his soul from Earth, whose loveliest scene
Shews but the wreck of that which once has been,
—Where all of beauty, all of bliss, the flowers
That still grow wild amid her ruin'd bowers,
Spotless before, in this ungenial clime
Have caught the shades of woe, the hues of crime,—
To where Creation's mighty Firstborn stand,
Bright as they rose beneath Jehovah's hand?
Here by secluded lake, or lonely plain,
Where all should smile, and only Nature reign,
Still 'mid her haunts is War's red footprint seen,
On mouldering tower, or mound of ranker green,
And scarce the heather's purple robe can hide
The turf-grown camp upon the mountain's side.
But o'er thy breast, old Ocean, as the ray
Of the wing'd lightning darts in pathless play,
The gleam from Victory's crimson pinions shed
Just casts its passing shadow, and is fled,

Thy waves a moment sink beneath the stain,
Then glance unsullied into light again.
For one fierce hour the dark-prow'd battle roars,
And angry Ocean foams with glancing oars,
Loud thrills the death-shriek from the crowded deck,
Down the deep gulf as reels the staggering wreck;
Crash after crash the desperate onset tells,
And each black billow peals a hundred knells:—
Then sinks the scene to silence and to sleep,
While scarce a trophy floats upon the deep,
And nought is heard of all the tumult, save
The still low murmur of the unconscious wave.
But who shall weep the vanquish'd, who shall mark
Where vainly struggling sank the foundering bark?
What dirge shall wail the warriors of the sea,
And where's the grave shall shrine their memory?
Far, far beneath in princely tomb they lie,
The deep their sepulchre, their pall the sky,
Where the loud tempest sings their wild lament,
And the tall billow rears their monument.

Ye memory-peopled waters, ye whose shore
Sees Athens smile, and hears old Tiber roar,
Where lovely Venice like a drooping bride
Yet fondly gazes on her Adrian tide,
And Tyre looks down from her forsaken steep,
The Ariadne of the Syrian deep;
Still to the pilgrim of that classic ground,
Your haunted wave is tuneful with the sound
Of chiming Pæans, like the shell that rings
With the sea's unforgotten murmurings,
And Ocean's ancient Masters proudly rise
In long procession to his favour'd eyes.

First of the throng, with enterprising brow,
The keen Phœnician steers his shadowy prow;
To him, sole Hierarch of the secret main,
Had hoary Neptune shewn his ancient reign,

And told of realms, and islands of the blest,
Beyond the fabled Pillars of the West.
The Tyrian mother with her boy would stand
On the wet margin of the shell-strewn sand,
Point his ancestral birth-right, bid him roam
O'er its wide plains, and call its waves his home;
Till Ocean loved him like a foster-child,
And Commerce on the bold adventurer smiled
As oft she saw his darling sail unfurl'd,
To found a Carthage, or explore a world.

With loftier look the Athenian eyes the main,
He plough'd its waves for Glory—not for Gain;
His less adventurous navies never swept
To where the unwaken'd isles of Ocean slept,
But a bright track of living lustre show'd
Where the bold Greek had sped his glorious road,
And tyrants learnt the dangerous shores to shun,
Where Cimon rose, and Salamis was won.

Next of that stately train the Roman stands,
The crystal sceptre sparkling in his hands,
And binds the trophy of the vanquish'd West,
The Punic wreath, around his helmet-crest:
Yet didst thou never look on yonder tide,
Lord of the world, with half the Tyrian's pride;
Thou from thy field of fame, the battle-plain,
Didst gaze a conqueror on the conquer'd main;
'Twas but a realm to thee, to him the wave
The storm-rock'd cradle of his childhood gave,
He grew the nursling of the mighty Sea,
But thou, stern Rome,—the she-wolf suckled thee!

Now on that vision'd pageant seems to creep
A gathering cloud of shadows dark and deep,
Where Cross and Crescent, dimly mingling, gleam
Like the wild phantoms of a sick man's dream;
Till from the gloom emerging o'er the tide,
The lion-standard of Venetia's pride

Floats like a stately swan, when o'er the bay
Of some lone lake she cleaves her silent way,
Or oft asleep on its blue bosom lies,
White as a cloud becalm'd in summer skies:
For such wert thou, bright City of the Isles,
The favour'd Queen of Ocean's thousand smiles;
Till Cambray's royal vultures sought thy nest,
Pluck'd thy proud wings, and tore thy ruffled breast.—
—But see what giant visions crowding fast,
Rise in the moonlight of the shadowy Past,
Where through the mists of Time, a silent throng,
The ghosts of mighty Empires glide along.
Here, Lusia, towers thy Henry's princely form,
And Gama braves the Spirit of the Storm;*
Proud with the homage of the Western main,
There stately floats the golden flag of Spain;
High on the prow Columbus seems to stand,
As first he gazed upon the rising land,
And eager bless'd its blue and slender bound,
Skirting the changeless Ocean's weary round:
So gleams the thirst-fired Arab's fading eye,
When his worn camel scents the fountain nigh,
And far against the brazen heaven he sees
The cool lone palm-tree waving in the breeze.
But fly, bright visions!—should Helvetia's child
Forsake his Alpine haunts, and pine-cliffs wild,
To seek in fair Italia's land of vines
Nature's stern throne, or Freedom's mountain shrines?
Should Grecian patriot leave his native sod
For holier ground than that Harmodius trod?
Or England's son of Ocean's empire sing,
Nor ask of her to consecrate the string?
No, let me tune it where the white waves roar
Round some bold headland of my native shore,

* See Camoëns' *Lusiad*.

When the dwarf oak upon its forehead bare
Flings to the racking winds its shaggy hair:
And as her cliffs roll back the bursting flood,
Tell how her Drake and high-born Howard stood,
When nations leagued to tear her island gem
From the bright front of Ocean's diadem.
For, God of Battles, at Thy dread command
The watchful waves kept sentry round our land,
And the grim Tempest stood o'er Albion's tide,
With the red lightning girded at his side,
Rush'd at Thy bidding on the invaded main,
And whelm'd the proud leviathans of Spain.

Bright Isle! on every shore, by every sea,
Have thy bold sons some trophy rear'd to thee;
From climes where Winter grasps the struggling wave
And chains it icebound in his silent cave,
Or sends his giant glaciers floating forth,
Like mighty navies, through the frozen North;
Far as those Indian seas, where night by night
The Star of Egypt* showers its saintly light,
And like the Moon's bright priestess seems to shine,
'Mid Heaven's pale lamps, before her silver shrine.
Right o'er the Western wave thine Anson flew,
And thunder'd forth thy name to pale Peru;
Where first Columbus rear'd the flag of Spain,
Did gallant Rodney sweep it from the main;
And onward where the blue Pacific smiles
And sparkles 'mid its galaxy of isles,
Thine was the bark,—though dear the wreath was won,
When bold Discovery wept her murder'd son,—
Which cross'd the untrodden threshold of the seas
That chafe between those sunny Cyclades;
While fair Guiana claims a glance from Fame,
As proud to shrine thy Raleigh's injured name.

* The brilliant star Canopus. See Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, p. 219.

Oh! who on Rigi's pinnacle can stand,
And look from such a throne, o'er such a land,
Where mountain, lake, and river round him lie,
And sparkling snow-peaks mingle with the sky,
All crowding in upon his loaded gaze,
Nor feel bewilder'd in the dazzling maze?
So when in thought my wide-spread course I shape
From the dark Baltic to Saint Vincent's cape,
Or where the thunder-cloud of Nelson's war
On Gaul's proud eagle burst at Trafalgar,
And on to glorious Acre, and the scene
Where gallant Exmouth quell'd the Algerine;
Forgive, ye deathless spirits of the brave,
That haunt each shore, and "start from every wave,"
If, while I gaze on glories so divine,
The faint notes tremble on a lyre like mine,
And Fancy's waxen wings that bore my flight,
Melt in the sunshine of a theme so bright!
Yet,—as the pibroch's war-note wild and clear
Best wakes the soul of Albyn's mountaineer,
While at its thrilling sound his memory glows
With the proud names of Douglas and Montrose,—
The minstrel's numbers, whose untutor'd lyre
Is tuned, though feebly, to your deeds of fire,
Shall find in secret hearts a silent string,
Whose wakening life-notes at that theme shall ring,
And rouse the slumbering spirit into flame,
That had not kindled but at NELSON'S name.

LUTHER.

BY

WILLIAM SPICER WOOD,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1838.

It was in sooth a wondrous scene: each aisle
Through the dim vista of that antique pile
Was throng'd with listening myriads; yet no sound
Broke the hush'd silence that prevail'd around,
Save when at intervals, in lengthen'd swell,
The organ's distant echoes rose and fell;
Or when in rich deep tones the chanted prayer
Was wafted stilly through the cloistral air.
All faces were upturn'd, and in each eye
The tear-drop glisten'd, trickling silently.
Oh! can ye doubt that in that awful dome
Religion's self has fix'd her changeless home;
That highest faith and holiness and bliss
Are all concentred in a scene like this?
But look again; and if yon guarded room
Be not too shrouded by its sickly gloom,
Observe its lonely tenant: on his cheek
The fever-spot broods heavily; and weak
And languid are his limbs: the summer-air
Floats round his cell, but cannot enter there.
The trace of youth yet lingers, but his brow
Is deeply furrow'd with the scars of woe.
His very dreams are joyless: he hath past
All scenes of writhing anguish, but the last:

And ever as he thinks on that, the sigh
Tells that no hope is left, save one—to die.
And do ye ask his crime? 'twas that he dared
To feel such feelings as the world not shared;—
To cherish high imaginings;—to love
With inmost soul the Deity above.
For this the dungeon and the rack were borne,
The brand of infamy, the sneer of scorn,
And all that human cruelty could find
To tame the throbbing ardour of his mind.
Is this religion, too? to mortals given
To guide their spirits to the realms of heaven?
Were such the precepts that the Saviour taught?
Went forth the Apostles with such mission fraught?
Oh, deem not that Religion's hallow'd name
Is justly given to deeds of guilt and shame:
Deem not she loves the faggot and the steel,
The blood-stain'd hand, the heart untaught to feel:
Trace not her footsteps in the princely hall,
Where Borgia's father held high festival.
She flees from haunts of guilt, nor lends her voice
To bid the unrepentant heart rejoice;
To the sear'd spirit opes no ready heaven;
Forgives not him whom God hath not forgiven:
Nor loves she Pomp's vain homage; nor the tide
Of low oblations at the shrine of Pride.
Yet such the deeds of Rome: I would not aim
To blight her memory with the brand of shame:
Far be the wish to rend aside the veil
From scenes where horror bids the cheek grow pale.
But who may stay the vengeance of the dead,
Whose blood her unrelenting hand hath shed?
The flame that lit each martyr's funeral pyre
Shall trace the characters in living fire.
Prague will proclaim her perfidy on high,
And Piedmont's valleys echo back the cry.

Unhappy Rome! when monarchs bent the knee,
And all of pomp was lavish'd forth for thee;—
When mightiest empires trembled at thy ban,
And man forgot his tenderness to man;—
Then wert thou lowest. Binding though the spell
That held all hearts, it was the work of hell,
While Superstition threw her dark, dread pall
On vilein's cottage, and on suzerain's hall.

But Hesperus sleeps not ever in the west,
The sun may not forget his high behest:
Darkness is waning: o'er the Alpine steeps,
Scarce seen, a faint and feeble flickering creeps:
And, though soon reddening in her martyr's blood,
To far Bohemia flash'd the kindling flood,
While England hail'd the day-star. On thy brow
Be laurels fadeless as the mountain-snow,
Star of the morning, Wiclif: faint and chill
That heart must be, which feels no quickening thrill,
Whene'er it dwells upon a name so dear
To England's annals, and to England's ear,
As Wiclif's: ere his memory shall be past
His country's flag will quail beneath the blast,
And all that gems the Empress of the wave,
Her pride, her beauty, moulder in the grave.

The night is o'er: the day-spring from on high
Is shedding radiance on the wakening sky.
Heard ye that voice? Ah! well may Rome prepare
Each charm to soften, and each wile to snare.
And yet he comes not king-like, circled round
By mail-clad thousands, or with trophies crown'd.
Not his the panoply of conscious fame;
A simple monk, scarce heard of, Luther came.
But on his brow there stood collected might,
And ardour like a warrior's for the fight,
And in his spirit blazed such zeal as sheds
A kindred inspiration where it treads,

And loftiest courage kindled in his eye,
And hope that yearn'd to conquer or to die.
Slowly at first but dauntlessly he rose,
And hurl'd defiance on surrounding foes.
Though dangers thicken'd wheresoe'er he went,
Though all Hate's venom'd shafts on him were bent,
Forward he rush'd unshaken, undismay'd,
By mighty constancy of soul upstay'd,
And as a warrior to his latest breath
Unchanging fought the battle of the faith.
Surely no energy of human power
Could bear him scatheless in the trying hour:
A holier armour fenced him as he trod
His dangerous path,—the panoply of God.
Yes! and no feebler spirit fired his tongue,
When glanced its magic on the listening throng.
Had ye but heard him when in loftiest mood
Of righteous zeal he quell'd the astonish'd brood
Of venal pardoners;—when he bade be free
The fetter'd nations of the western sea;—
Ye would not wonder that in hush'd amaze
Surrounding myriads fix'd on him their gaze,
That every heart responded to the call,
That strong conviction flash'd unsought on all.
The torrent, lash'd to frenzy in its course,
The thunder-peal, reechoing deep and hoarse,
The whirlwind, when it bursts upon the strand,
Or whelms the Arab in his desert-sand;
Were but fit emblems of that eloquence,
Which roused the passions, and compell'd the sense.
And yet at times in milder tones was heard
That voice, whose power the inmost soul had stirr'd:
And when he spoke of joys unfading given
To those who nobly in the field had striven;—
Told of that Saviour, by whose mortal woe
Eternal life was bought for man below;—

Or pointed sinners to the thorny road,
Whose steep ascent should lead them to their God;
Then o'er his spirit came a gentle change,
And strange in truth—O! beautifully strange—
Appear'd the feelings of his o'erfraught breast,
That could not suffer one to be unblest.
Oft, too, he told them of that sacred lore,
That book of mystery, unknown before,
Whose page by priestly tyranny conceal'd
His hand to every learner now revealed.
"Seek ye for guidance?" thus his summons ran;
"Seek ye the light vouchsafed to erring man?
"Ask not the priest,—his is a meteor-ray
"That gilds the darkness but to lead astray.
"Go not amid the abbey's cloistral cells,—
"Unbroken gloom within their precincts dwells.
"Come to this Volume: from its sacred page
"Beams hope for youth, and happiness for age.
"Drink at this fountain: in its healing wave
"Alone resides the energy to save.
"Read and believe! amid life's tangled maze
"Its light shall pour an unremitting blaze.
"In storm and sunshine, happiness and pain,
"Ye shall not ask this heaven-sent guide in vain.
"Search ye the Scriptures." He had ceased, yet still
They felt his accents on their bosoms thrill.
"Search ye the Scriptures." Through Bavaria's plains
In thunder-tones reverberate the strains:
And caught on angel's pinions ere they fell
Pour'd o'er the mountains to the land of Tell.
To Zurich's waters bounded on the blast,
And woke the snow-clad summits as they past;
Till voices burst from every cliff and brake,
And echo answer'd from each Alpine lake.
Then danced across the waters; and the sea
Crested her waves, all redolent of glee,

Till Britain heard.—At once the Island-Queen
Uprose, her spirit flashing in her mien,
And dash'd her chains in shivers to the ground,
And call'd to freedom all the nations round.
Yes! from that hour her flag has been unfurl'd,
To waft Truth's freedom o'er the fetter'd world:
Amid the icebergs of the frozen North
A thousand messengers have hasten'd forth;
A thousand more have clothed in holiest smiles
The sunlit meadows of the Southern Isles;
And hope is dancing from the Orient beam,
To where Missouri pours his confluent stream.
Oh! thou hast been the harbinger of light
To myriads darkling in their godless night,
My Country! and if time should dim thy brow,
And waste the vigour that upholds thee now;—
If like a dream at morn thy power should fade,
Or track of meteor through quick-closing shade;—
Yet in some distant land, at eventide—
A Sabbath eve—when all is hush'd beside,
The sun, yet glowing through the varied pane
That decks as now perchance some village-fane,
Shall seem to linger on the sacred lays,
Where prayer for Britain mingles with her praise,
And peasant-hinds low bending on the knee
Shall bless their God for Luther and for thee.

BANNOCKBURN,

BY

CHARLES SANGSTER,

SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1839.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."—BURNS.

BRIGHT gleam'd the skies o'er Scotia's beauteous land,
Soft curl'd the wave upon her winding strand;
The breeze stole gently o'er the mountains' side,
And kiss'd the fragrance of their heather'd pride;
Her vales all verdant, as in days of yore,
Teem'd with the bounties of their varied store;
In rival grandeur from their lowly beds,
Her cloud-wrapt summits rear'd their time-worn heads;
The sunbeam trembled o'er her lake's blue wave,
And sank resistless in the limpid grave;
Sweet Nature hover'd o'er the sea-girt land,
And strew'd her blessings with creative hand.
Yet well the meditative eye might ween
Some fearful spell had bound the lovely scene.
The blithesome laugh, the mountain-echoed strain,
The featly dance, the joyous rustic train,
These are the flow'rs whose cluster'd sweets reveal
A fertile source, and test a nation's weal;
These are the tokens that can best portray
The smiles of happiness,—and where were they?
Ah! where were they? their jocund days were o'er,
And heavily on Scotland's fated shore

Its blazon'd pride the despot-banner waves,
And spreads its terrors through a land of slaves.
Vain all her charms—the wild, the deep-toned wail
Of anguish'd bosoms, rolls along the gale;
On furrow'd cheek, that ne'er was wet before,
The struggling fount of sorrow gushes o'er;
And eyes fast fading into death's repose,
Shed the last tear-drop for their country's woes.
Rise, Scotland, rise! the fearful dream is o'er,
Ten thousand voices bid thee weep no more;
A dying Wallace spurns the hated thrall,
A living Bruce repeats the glorious call;
From rock to rock the swelling cry resounds,
From hill to hill the pealing thunder bounds;
O'er barren wild and verdure-teeming plain,
O'er foaming cataract, o'er mountain chain;
From Berwick's stream to Kirkwall's lone retreat,
From Stirling hill to Rona's wave-worn seat,
It comes, it comes—the lethargy is past,
'Tis Freedom's self that peals the stirring blast.
Awake, ye heroes, high the flag unfurl,
Unchanged in heart, the stern defiance hurl;
Pluck from its coward sheath the glitt'ring brand,
Crush the foul tyrants of your native land;
Rise, conqu'ring warriors—sons of Scotland, rise,
Death be the refuge—freedom is the prize!
Sweet Bannockburn! the sun's departing beam
Flung o'er thy bonny land a ling'ring gleam,
And calm and peaceful fell the liquid ray,
'Mid rural scenery and woodland spray:
But e'er that beam another day had crown'd,
A ghastly ruin mock'd the charms around;
The green grass waved along the verdant plain,
Another day—'twas crush'd beneath the slain;
The streamlet sparkled but the eve before,
Another day—'twas red with clotted gore;

The wind scarce breathed its melancholy moan.
Another day—'twas fraught with dying groan;
For England's hosts, and Scotland's patriot band,
In deathly struggle trod that fated land.
As black'ning tempests meet at close of day,
So met the foes, 'neath evening's mellow'd ray;
Yet night's all-spreading shade could scarce restrain
The martial fire that throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
And ere her solitary hours had sped,
The brave De Bohun stain'd a gory bed.
The day has dawn'd—the clarion's madd'ning sound,
From line to line proclaims the summons round;
The Douglas springs exulting from his rest,
Loud throbs the heart in Randolph's martial breast;
The quiv'ring war-steed hears the noted strain,
And feels the wonted fire in ev'ry vein;
The glitt'ring falchions flash the pending doom,
As bursts the lightning from the tempest-gloom;
Pennon and banner float along the plain,
Plume nods to plume, and strain responds to strain.
Swift as the phantoms of a fairy wand,
In serried ranks the marshall'd armies stand;
A moment more, and England's proud array,
Like surging wave, rolls onward to the fray:
But ere they close, o'er Scotland's tartan'd bands,
The holy abbot spreads his sacred hands;
With helmet doff'd her rev'rent warriors kneel,
And breathe a fervent pray'r for Scotland's weal:—
'Tis done, 'tis done! the death-fraught words resound,
And death's dark banner wildly waves around.
Vain were the task for mortal eye to glean
The crowding horrors of the battle-scene:
Now madly onward swells the living main,
Now back recoils along the thund'ring plain;
Surge follows surge across th' affrighted strand,
And strews a ghastly wreck along the land.

Now gleams the flashing sword athwart the eye,
Now blends the death-shriek with the battle cry;
Now sinks the rider 'mid the reckless fray,
Now speeds the madden'd steed his headlong way:
Here breathes the fainting knight his feeble prayer,
The dying soldier screams his war-cry there;
Unnumber'd arms th' insatiate weapon wield,
And rank on rank bestrews the crimson'd field.
England's stout archers ply th' unerring string,
And missile show'rs their fatal errand wing:
But brief their victory—the thoughtful skill
Of Scotland's chief had met the pending ill:
Forth from the lines the mail-clad horsemen bound,
The thund'ring tramp re-echoes o'er the ground:
On, on they come! the torrent's wild career
Were nought to theirs; a shriek of frenzied fear—
A rending shock—and England's stalwart train,
One trampled mass besmears the reeking plain.

Oh! 'twas a sight might quench the kindling flame
That breathes its vigour thro' the warrior's frame:
Pale terror rush'd amid the yielding band,
Chill'd ev'ry heart, unnerved each iron hand.
The Scottish champion mark'd the wild dismay,
And eager rush'd to win the dubious day:
Swift at his word careers the gallant troop,
As drops the soaring hawk in headlong swoop;
With reckless hoof they spurn the trampled dead,
A moment's pause—and England's army fled.

O Death! stern tyrant of our fleeting hours,
In thousand shapes thou trick'st thine antic pow'rs;
Youth, manhood, age, are all alike to thee,
Creation bends beneath the stern decree:
All dread thou art, but in the battle-field
Supreme thou reign'st, in majesty reveal'd:
Thy arm triumphant rules the ghastly day,
While vanquish'd armies sink amid the fray.

High wax'd thy triumph, loud thy revels rose,
When England's warriors fled before their foes.
On, on they roll—the mean, the high, the proud,
Commingled all—one vast despairing crowd:
On, faster on, pursues the storm of war,
Swells in the gale, and thunders from afar.
Ten thousand arms upraised the blood-stain'd brand,
Ten thousand corses strew'd the loathing land:
O'erwhelm'd and trampled in the frantic flight,
Unnumber'd victims quit the realms of light.
A gallant host they cross'd the Scottish pale,
A shatter'd few return'd to tell the tale;
And far and wide was heralded the fame
Of Scotland's liberty, and England's shame.

Yet one there was,* a heart untaught to yield,
That ne'er had brook'd to turn from battle-field;
His king, his honour, claim'd his only care,
Death was his friend—he sought a triumph there.
His monarch safe, he check'd the foam-fleck'd rein,
And spurr'd his charger to the field again;
Bright flash'd his sword, and stream'd his helmet-plume,
As rush'd the warrior to the glorious doom.
One gallant cry he gave, one knightly blow,
Ere closed the flood around their lonely foe;
Awhile he reel'd, in strife convulsive tost,
Then slowly sank amid the whelming host.

The field was won—the pearly lamp of night
In heaven's high dome reveal'd her hallow'd light;
And trembling silence sought her tranquil throne,
Scared by the battle-din, the dying groan.
How changed the scene, since morn's betok'ning ray
With redd'ning hues proclaim'd the bursting day!
A rescued country greets the conqu'ring band,
One mighty rapture fills the mourning land;

* Sir Giles d'Argentine.—Scott's *History of Scotland.*

Triumphant echoes ring from shore to shore,
And Scotland's voice proclaims her thraldom o'er.
'Tis joyous there—but sorrow's sickly reign
Has cast its gloom o'er England's broad domain;
Alas for her!—her brightest hopes are fled,
Her smiles are o'er, her fairest flow'rs are dead;
Cheerless her homes—her gallant sons are gone,
Her gray-hair'd sires, to grief are left alone.
Cease, wand'ring Fancy, cease the mournful strain;
Nor wake the slumb'ring pang to life again;
O leave the past—serener, happier hours
Expand their brightness to thy wayward pow'rs;
Insatiate war has fled from Britain's shore;
Calm'd is dismay, and discord howls no more.
See, gently clasp'd in friendship's soft embrace,
The sister-climes adorn their ocean-base;
Firm as their warriors, as their daughters fair,
They brave the storm, the calm united share;
So may they stand, and hold their genial sway,
While nations fall, and empires melt away;
So may they stand, till Heaven's almighty doom
Enwrap creation in its destined tomb!

RICHARD THE FIRST

IN PALESTINE.

BY

JOHN CHARLES CONYBEARE,

OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

1840.

> The knights are dust;
> And their good swords are rust.
> Their souls are with the saints we trust.—
>
> PERCY'S *Reliques.*

"SAVE,* Warriors, save the sepulchre, whose gloom
"Closed o'er th' incarnate conqueror of the tomb."
In solemn tones the wonted summons flew
Along the Red-cross fleet, from crew to crew;
Then on in breathless silence, as before,
Each galley swept towards the nearing shore.
The sun slow sinking in the gorgeous west,
Half veil'd his disk 'neath ocean's gleamy breast;
Yet Evening's long slant beams were lighting still
With richer purple every distant hill;
And, gilding every dancing wave the while,
Still gazed on ocean's many twinkling† smile,

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* When the army of the Crusaders halted for the night, Heralds thrice cried aloud—"Save the Holy Sepulchre."

† πουτίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.—
Æschyl. Prom. 89.
The many twinkling smile of ocean.—
Christian Year, p. 149.

Where brightly glittering in the lingering ray,
Acre's beleaguer'd towers o'erlook'd her peaceful bay.
Silent each bark sped on—no warrior spoke—
No ruder sound the solemn stillness broke;
While all in highest holiest feelings lost
In rapture looked upon that hallow'd coast.
Standing alone on his tall vessel's prow,
Richard seem'd gazing on the waves below;
And yet, tho' fixed his gaze, he scarcely knew
His eye was turn'd on ocean's rippling blue.
For full and fast deep feelings long represt,
In ceaseless flood came whelming o'er his breast.
Dost mark the tear-drop tremble in his eye?
Dost mark his heaving breast,—his deep-drawn sigh?
He thinks, how bending o'er the couch of death,
Sorrowing he drank his father's parting breath;
And vainly look'd upon his clay-cold corse
With all the bitter anguish of remorse.
How, as he gazed upon that care-worn brow,
He breath'd in agony the pilgrim vow,
And pray'd by Sion's reseue to atone
For the wild follies of a wayward Son.
Say! is each brighter feeling all represt?
Has hope resigned her empire o'er his breast?
No! mark his flashing eye, as o'er the bay
Steals from the Christian camp the minstrel's lay;
And fitful burst of distant revelry,
Blent with the murmur of the plashing sea.
He thinks how settling to its ocean grave
The Paynim Dromond* sunk beneath the wave.

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* On the voyage Richard's fleet fell in with a large Turkish Dromond, which at last he sank, by ordering his galleys to charge it with their beaks. She was filled with provisions, military stores, and supplies of Greek-fire and venomous serpents, which she was carrying to the besieged.—See Lingard's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 461.

He seems to wave in fight his magic* brand
And chase the crescent from God's chosen land.
Fond fancy paints the fight already done,
The cross triumphant—Calvary—Salem won
While o'er her rescued towers in thought he sees
Redemption's banner float upon the breeze.
Each hope of earth, each baser wish subdu'd,
High thoughts and holy tamed his fiercer mood.
And, tho' he dreamt of battle, o'er his soul
Like evening's breath a dewy softness stole.
While heavenly ardour lit his kindling eye,
In prayer bent upward on the glowing sky,
In prayer that God would consecrate his arm
To quell heav'n's foes—to shield heav'n's saints from harm.
And what, if in his bosom's core enshrined,
Thy form, fair queen,† still hover'd o'er his mind:
And some fond thoughts e'en in that solemn hour
Still clung, Navarre, around thy sweetest flower?
If, tho' he pray'd to heav'n, his trust the while
Was placed too much in thine approving smile;
If, tho' he dreamt on Sion's foes o'erthrown,
Thy beck'ning hand to victory waved him on;
If, tho' he struck for heav'n, he deem'd it sweet
To lay his trophies at his lady's feet.
Oh! surely chivalry, thy mystic shrine
Glow'd with a ray "less earthly than divine."
And, while it taught the stubborn breast to feel,
Shedding soft influence o'er each heart of steel,
It well might boast, that kindled from above
Some holier lustre played around the torch of love.
Sound the glad note of triumph—loud and high
Fling to the breeze the shout of Victory.

* See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 125.

† Richard married Berengaria, Princess of Navarre, at Lymesol in Cyprus, just before he left that place for Palestine, whither he took his newly married queen with him.

Richard has won—o'er Acre's vanquish'd holds
The Red-cross banner spreads its rustling folds.
In vain pale sickness* dimm'd his quick blue eye:
It could not quell his spirit's energy.
In vain with foes each neighbouring height was crown'd;
In vain Saphaeddin's† warriors hover'd round—
The fiery Bedouin's spear is knapt in twain; ...
And Egypt's scourges strew the cumber'd plain.
Why sleeps the minstrel's spirit-stirring voice,
Nor bids, as erst, the conquering host rejoice?
What mean the whisper'd murmurs of the crowd?
Why lowers on Richard's brow care's gathering cloud?
And wilt thou perjured Philip, hasten home
Heedless of Sion, and thy Saviour's tomb?
And onward speeds the Christian host. Their way
No power may check, their soul no risk dismay.
Mark where half-veiled by morning's leaden haze,
Jaffa's time-honoured watch-towers meet their gaze.
But see those sand-clouds borne along the sky;
The countless host of Saladin is nigh.
From many a clime his gathering squadrons flow,
To crush the Christians in one whelming blow.
Hark! the deep music of the Eastern‡ drum.
On, like the Thunder's rolling voice they come,
They close—they mingle—but what boots to tell,
How the cross triumph'd, and the crescent fell.

---

* During the Siege of Acre, Richard, in consequence of a fever, was brought on the field in a pallet, from which he continued to direct the operations of his troops.

† But the besiegers were themselves besieged: and from the neighbouring mountains Saladin, with an immense army, watched all their motions. Saphaeddin was Saladin's brother. During this crusade he requested the honour of knighthood for his son from Richard.—Lingard's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 457.

‡ The roll of the kettle-drum, the one generally used in the East, has a peculiarly wild effect when heard at a distance.

And many a day speeds on; while on their way
Fainting they toil beneath the sun's fierce ray.
Till seen at length against the evening sky,
Thy beauty, Salem, meets their longing eye.
How passing sweet the countless thoughts that roll,
Fast-eddying o'er each warrior's musing soul,
As, Olivet, upon thy breezy brow
He turns to gaze toward the plain below;
Or kneels perchance where Jesus knelt—around
All has strange interest—all is hallowed ground—
The city's airy spires—the thymy sod
'Mid list'ning crowds a present Saviour trod—
Or Bethany where thy white roofs are seen
Deep-nestling 'mid yon olive's leafy screen;
Where in wild dalliance the glad zephyr weaves
Its billowy laughter o'er the * whitening leaves.
Fast fades the present from the heated brain,
And all the past is acted o'er again—
Her busy household cares forsaken now,
Light-hearted joy hath fled pale Martha's brow:
And meeker Mary's eye of softest blue,
Scarce dares to meet her pitying Saviour's view.
Frail mourner doubt not—he too loved; and lo!
He weeps with thee, o'ercome by human woe.
And must they baffled, turn them back again,
Each toil endured, each danger past in vain?
Must the loved summons "save the sepulchre"
At starlit eve ring idly on their ear?
Still must they see the tall mosque tower on high,
And point in mockery to the clear blue sky;
While the Muezzin's evening call to prayer
Swells wildly by on Sion's sainted air?

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* γλαυκᾶς παιδοτόφου φύλλου ἐλαίας, Sophocles, Œd. Col. The common willow frequently presents the same appearance from the grayish underside of the leaves being turned up by the wind.

Alas! 'tis so! slowly with starting tear
They leave those scenes to Christian memory dear,
Yet stays the lion-hearted king to cast
One lingering look, the longest and the last:
Then veils* his face, unworthy all to see
That hallowed spot he vainly sighed to free.
Bright land, farewell! war's madd'ning din is o'er;
No longer armèd myriads throng thy shore.
And Albion's king, last of that Red-cross band,
His work unfinish'd, sorrowing quits thy strand.
E'en now their white sails shaken to the wind,
His bounding galleys leave the shore behind;
And glancing gaily in the morning ray
Skim lightly, Acre, o'er thy smiling bay.
But see! he turns to take one last look more—
A moment lingers on thy craggy shore;
Thy rocks, woods, waters, wildly blending, sees
And feels the cool gush of thy balmy breeze.
Hark! while he gazes on the scene so fair,
Bursts from his swelling breast the struggling prayer:†
"Most holy land, may Israel's God incline,
"His pitying ear, and raise his trampled vine;
"And oh! in mercy may he grant to me
"Life to return again, and set thee free."
Harp of the ages, it is sweet to hear
Thy mystic strains thrill on the raptur'd ear.
And oh! what wilder deeper notes are thine,
Than those which tell of widow'd Palestine?
Oh! how I loved 'neath boyhood's cloudless sky
To tread the flowery glades of poesy,

* And veiling his face, exclaimed with an indignant voice, 'Those who are unwilling to rescue, are unworthy to view the sepulchre of Christ.'—Gibbon, vol. xi. p. 148.

† The next morning he turned to take a last view of the shore, and with outstretched arms, exclaimed, "Most holy land, I commend thee to the care of the Almighty; may he grant me life to return and rescue thee from the yoke of the infidels."—Vinesauf. 428.

And drink those trancing sounds, and fondly dwell
On knightly days, that pleased me all too well.
E'en then my thoughts would often turn to thee,
Richard, bright star of England's chivalry;
With thee to mourn the captive's galling chain,
Or joy at Blondel's* old familiar strain.
And oft to Fancy's eye I pictured then
The joyous scene which hail'd thee home again,
The shout of triumph and the happy smile,
Which bade thee welcome to thine own fair isle—
What tho' base traitors sighed to know thee free?
They could not quench the love that burned for thee!
For thou hadst won full many a Saxon† heart,
Which long had felt oppression's rankling smart;
Hadst bid 'neath many a rugged bosom glow
That loyal flame, which none but Britons know;
And taught Britannia's sons afar to rear
The laurell'd trophies of her bow and spear.
And years have o'er those old crusaders cast
The dim mysterious mantle of the past.
And hurried down time's dark untiring stream
Monarch and minstrel, priest and hero seem
The shadowy phantoms of a fever'd dream.
No more the Arab‡ warrior chides his steed,
"Is Richard there, why start from yonder reed?"

---

* Alluding to the old story of his favourite minstrel discovering the castle in which Richard was confined.

† Richard I. was the first of our Norman kings who became at all popular with the Saxon portion of his subjects.

‡ So great was the terror which Richard inspired, that for many years it was customary among the Arabs to reprove their horses thus: and their women use to frighten their children with his name. In the time of the Bruce the name of Douglas was put to a similar use. The following song is still preserved.

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The black Douglas shall not get ye.

Nor Eastern mothers to their infants sing
Of Richard, England's lion-hearted king.
Yet deem not buried in oblivion's gloom,
Idly he sleeps forgotten in the tomb.
Idly he sleeps not. Hark! his guardian voice
Still loudly bids his conquering isle rejoice:
Still bids her children guard with jealous care
The myrtle wreath that binds her golden hair;
And echoed, gallant Sidney, in each tone,
That cheer'd 'neath Acre's walls thy followers on;
And, as in ancient game, from hand to hand,
Still speeding onward past the gleaming brand,
So still hath shone his valour's early flame,
Still brightly shines, and aye shall shine the same,
Undying still shall light with sleepless ray
Where glory leads, the brightest, noblest way.

THE DEATH OF

MARQUESS CAMDEN,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY

JOHN CHARLES CONYBEARE,

OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

1841.

When thy heart is full, and wild thy mirth,
And thy thoughts are like the swelling wave,
'Twill make them purer than thoughts of earth
To think of those that are in the grave:
For so thy glee will temper'd be,
And thy sorrow be sweeter than joy to thee.—
MARKHAM.

ONCE more, bright Hepstyl,* arrowy stream, I stand
'Mid the wild valleys of my native land.
Here, as he sings the toiling ox† to cheer,
The peasant's song is wafted to my ear:
And bleat of flocks, o'er wide hills ranging free,
Blends with thine hoarse wave's mountain melody.

---

* The Hepstyl, or Honddu, joins the river Usk at Brecon. On its right bank stands Brecknock Priory, the seat of the Jeffreys family. The late Marquess Camden's mother was the daughter, and sole representative of Sir N. Jeffreys, the last of the name.

† Oxen are very generally used for ploughing in Brecknockshire. The ploughboy accompanies the labours of his team by a rude song, or rather measured halloo, the effect of which is quite unlike any thing I have ever heard in England. Every one who knows the country must remember the large flocks of mountain sheep, which wander apparently wild over unenclosed tracks of barren hill.

How sweet to wander here at daylight's close,
To muse on man's brief hour, and fleeting woes;
And—whilst perchance thy mother's sainted shade
Still roams, where erst her maiden footsteps stray'd—
Far from life's busy strife, and heartless glee,
Camden, to twine a wild-flower wreath for thee.

Full many a year, my childhood's home, hath past
In joy, and sorrow, since I saw thee last;
And turned with boyish tears my last long look
On copse, and sunny hill, and sparkling brook;
Yet, as amid thy cherish'd scenes I stray,
The hour of parting seems but yesterday.
Still as half-hid 'mid yew trees "thickening green,"*
And ancient elms, thine ivied church is seen,
How sadly sweet the thoughts that throng my breast,
The memories fond, that may not be represt.
Yes, there I learnt, whilst yet a wayward boy,
To muse on death's calm sleep with peaceful joy.
'Twas Autumn,—falling from the cheerless trees,
The last leaves flutter'd in the wailing breeze;
And eddying still in sad profusion round,
Fell crisp and sere upon the hallow'd ground.
As there I past, in solemn tones and clear,
The funeral hymn† burst wildly on my ear;
Now low, as fell the wind; now swelling higher,
Like fitful cadence of Eolian lyre;
Whilst a sad train, in "sable garb of woe,"
Wound round yon hill with measured steps and slow.

---

* Ayr gently kissed his pebbly shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green.—
BURNS.

† There is an old custom in some parts of Brecknockshire, and Glamorganshire, of singing hymns as the funeral procession is on its way to the church. On such occasions you may sometimes hear the voices of the mourners, while the procession itself is still hidden. The ancient and picturesque custom of dressing the graves with flowers at Easter is very generally maintained in the same places.

—— I paused and mark'd the orphan's burning tear,
As low he bent him o'er his father's bier.
And, as they turned them from the grave away,
Child-like, I wept, as bitterly as they.
—— When Spring had waked to life each floweret fair,
Again I saw that band of orphans there.
Dejection's gloom from youth's clear brow had past,
Though from each eye the tear-drops trickled fast,
As o'er their father's grave I watch'd them fling
Frail blossoms, tender nurselings of the spring.
Sweet thoughts meanwhile, and pleasing sadness stole
With chastening influence o'er my soften'd soul;
And still, when musing on a good man's death,
Methinks I see that starry primrose wreath;
And sorrowing, Camden, o'er thy mortal doom,
I mind me of the peasant's flower-lit tomb.

Sages of old have bid that ranged on high
Ancestral skulls should meet the rev'ller's eye,
That, when joy's laugh rang loudest, man might see
The kindred relics of mortality.
I too would know thee, Death; I too would trace
The darkling outlines of thy shadowy face:
Fain would I track thee to thy fabled land,
And learn to "grasp* thee with a living hand."
Fond thought! What eye may pierce thy realms of gloom?
What tongue declare the secrets of the tomb?
Yet why should man, in all he shrinks from, see
Some symbol dread, some harrowing type of thee?
Rather I'll deem thy sleep the wanderer's rest;
And soothe with softer images my breast.
Sere leaf, and faded flower shall whisper low
Of death, to whom earth's fairest forms must bow.
But chiefly, when the broad autumnal sun
Sinks to his gorgeous couch, when day is done—

* Smedley's Poems.

While all the West with living splendour beams,
And heaven is fleckt afar with rosy gleams—
Oh! chiefly in that glorious scene I'll see,
Christian, thy death, thy hope of victory.
Happy the babe that is but briefly prest
In anxious fondness to its mother's breast;
Then snatched from all our ceaseless cares below
Ere sin hath stain'd its bosom's spotless snow.
Yet, Camden, as with sorrowing eye we gaze
On the pure tenour of thine earthly days,
Oh! who may deem thy soul less surely blest
In the calm haven of eternal rest?
And thou art gone! yet though on earth no more
Each mortal grace shall please, that pleased before;
Still art thou seen by memory's magic ray;
Still loved, as though thou hadst not past away.
Whilst sorrow, bending o'er thy silent urn,
Bids all thy life before her eye return;
The statesman's toils—fair Bayham's calm retreat*—
The patriot's† offering at his country's feet,
Earth's wealth to earth's best purpose nobly given,
The Christian's treasure stored for aye in heaven—
And fondly lingering marks with pensive tear
The closing‡ moments of thy bright career.
The Summer's days of idleness‖ are o'er,
And Granta hails her youthful train once more;
Whilst younger faces, and new forms are seen
Mixt with the older tenants of the scene.
Dost see yon pair? Youth's springy step is there,
And manhood's thoughtful brow, and staider air:

---

* Bayham Abbey in Sussex, a country seat of the late Marquess Camden.

† Alluding to his giving up to the public the revenue derived from his tellership. During his life he gave up £300,000, and died poor, for a nobleman.

‡ He was insensible for some time previous to his death.

‖ His death occurred at the commencement of the October Term, 1840.

A sire and son, in converse sweet they stray,
And while the thoughtful* hour of eve away.
Now sauntering slow where meeting over-head
Their leafy canopy tall lindens spread,
They pause awhile, and mark with curious eye,
The branchy tracery of the arch on high
Chequer the blue beyond—now turn their gaze
On yonder chestnuts bright with sunset's rays,
Where Autumn's hand her hectic tints hath shed,
And sober russet blends with deepening red.
Sadly the sire recalls youth's joyous day;
And each bright dream, that long hath past away.
But who may tell what feelings undefined,
What high aspirings fill that youthful mind,
As fondly gazing with young hope around,
Granta, he treads at length thy classic ground,
And drinks with eye of rapturous delight
The silent beauty of the closing night?
Silent? ah no! Hark! from yon tower hath sped
The knell of Granta for her noble dead.
Hark! every neighbouring fane in sad reply
Flings its wild death-note to the night-wind's sigh,
Now floating frequent on the sullen air—
Now intermitting pause irregular.
It seems, that fitful, melancholy sound,
As wide it spreads in airy circles round,
In thrilling accents on its pathless way,
To speak strange warnings to each child of clay.
The old it tells of death too soon their own:
And young ambition trembles at its tone.
Spirit of youth, that ever lov'st to glide,
Where 'neath deep groves old Camus pours his tide,
That 'midst his halls has fixt thy fairy throne,
And boastest young-eyed laughter all thine own;

* εὐφρόνη.

Say, hast thou never shed grief's scalding tear?
Say, dost thou mark unmoved thy Camden's bier?
And what, if brief thy mourning; if the shade
Of sorrow from thy brow too quickly fade;
If saddest thoughts so readily imprest,
Like summer clouds, past swiftly from thy breast?
Yet there are times when musings high and holy
Lap thy wrought soul in sweetest melancholy.
And oft that passing knell shall cheat thine ear,
Like some loved strain to earliest childhood dear,
What time thro' massy arches towering high
Loud anthems pour their storm of melody:
Or blent at vespers with the chaunted prayer,
That floats around, and fills the charmed air,
Whilst youthful forms in spotless white arrayed
Are bowed in prayer, where erst their fathers prayed.
There is a longing in the human breast,
Claims the blue ether as the spirit's rest.
The Northern warrior proudly loves to gaze,
Where glows afar th' Aurora's rosy blaze;
And, as in streamers bright it flashes high,
Or weaves its warm hues o'er the blushing sky,
He thinks his fathers' joyous shades he sees,
Careering wildly on the rushing breeze.
Be't mine to watch pale Cynthia's crescent boat
At night's deep noon 'mid fleecy islets float:
Or, mark, where with its faint innumerous light,
The galaxy bespans the brow of night;
And idly dream, that o'er yon azure stray
The deathless spirits that have passed away:
And feel, in converse high, the mighty dead
O'er the rapt soul their mystic influence shed.
Till fancy deems that Newton's eagle eye
Is brightly piercing from the deep blue sky;
And sees 'mid forms of light her Camden stand
The youngest spirit of that guardian band.

Then, Granta, rouse thee from thy listless gloom;
And fling the* flowers he foster'd o'er his tomb.
Should idle sorrow chill the kindling heart,
Where "admiration† claims so large a part?"
Should grief be thine; since, when his course was run,
He dropt his mantle on thy noblest son?

As mourns the sailor from his country far
The setting radiance of his favourite star:
Then turns, with murmur'd thanks, his tearful eye,
Where some new star-beam gems the sloping sky;
And joys its pale reflected fires to view
Restlessly quivering in the rippling blue:
So, Camden, borne on time's advancing wave,
Sadly we watch'd thee sink into the grave—
So, noble Percy, here we turn to thee,
To guide us onward o'er time's trackless sea.

Yet, oh! bright spirit, if to saints be given
To watch o'er mortals from their rest in heaven:
Our, cares, our dangers, and our joys to know,
To mingle with this changeful scene below;
Well may we deem thee with a spirit's love
O'er Granta watching from thine home above:
Or hovering still, a sleepless guardian, near
Each hoary tower to classic memory dear:
Nor thou alone—Lo Fancy's raptured eye
E'en now beholds the bright train floating by,
Joying to hail thee, Percy; and to hear
Quaint forms of ancient‡ meaning fill their ear.

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* Alluding to the English Medal not being a bequest, like the Browne's Medals, but the annual gift of the Chancellor.

† Crabbe's Poems.

‡ Alluding to the forms used in the Installation of a new Chancellor. The annual prizes are recited in the Senate-House during the Installation.

Methinks I feel their influence fire my soul—
Hark thro' the massy pile their voices roll,
"The air ye breathe, the very ground ye tread,
Is monumental of the mighty dead."

P.S. The last thirty lines of this Poem were omitted in the recitation, in consequence of the Installation having been deferred after the adjudication of the prize.

THE BIRTH OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES,

BY

HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE,

SCHOLAR OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

1842.

"Tu Marcellus eris."

WHICH of all sweetest things, that long delayed
Are by their lingering yet more precious made,
Has power to clothe the moment of its birth
With that rich joy that welcomes Thee to earth!
Ne'er, when we watched for Spring, was half so sweet
The early violet bending at our feet—
No watchman e'er so welcomed from afar
The silver bursting of his beacon star—
No restless mourner, counting on their way
The stealing hours that usher in the day,
While night's bright cressets, paling one by one,
Proclaimed the weary time was almost done,
Started with such ecstatic joy to see
The darkness melted to transparency,
When morning on the distant hilltops shed
Its first dim fringe of variable red.
Strange is our gladness, when another sun
Arises on another life begun,—
For signs most delicate of love are there,
The word scarce whispered, and the silent prayer,
The fixed eye, the gaze that will not part,
The o'ercharg'd fulness of the yearning heart,

An eloquence of welcome all unspoken,
As tho' by utterance the spell were broken.
But brighter moods of sparkling feeling prove
A nation in its majesty of love,
Glad eyes, and happy voices, and the sound
Of winged words that bear the tidings round,
And greetings soft in melody let fall
From lips by gladness made most musical,
The prayer of eager hope, that every hour
May spread new petals from the opening flower,
That western winds, which flutter round the bloom,
May add new virtues to its young perfume,
That tender hands when tempests sweep along,
May guard right well its slender stem from wrong,
'Till, when life's summer follows on its spring,
The perfect man may form a perfect king.

O! for the pencil of that dreamy fay*
Who haunts the footsteps of the dying day,
Whene'er in tropic climes the sunbeams leave
Her placid waters on a Summer's eve!
There, when the sleeping sails look ghostly white
With argent broidery of the dew of night,
The tranced seaman sees beneath her hand
The heaving ocean stiffen into land,
And shapely lines of cupola and dome
Come mingling with the exile's cottage home.
O! that the Power who stains the twilight sea
Would weave some gorgeous phantasy for thee,
That, gently swimming o'er the mystic glass,
Thy native land might in its beauty pass.
Then pillar'd halls should glide beneath thy ken,
And cities twinkling with the feet of men,
And peasants' nestling cot, and faintest sheen
Of low white walls upon the village green

* The appearance of the Calenture in the tropic seas.

Spotted with groups at even, and at morn
With slow wains bending 'neath the rustling corn.
And then, with clustering vessels darken'd o'er,
The crispèd wave should kiss its yellow shore;
And islands should'st thou see, that in the west
The broad Atlantic pillows on his breast;
And cedarn depths of far lands, where the sun
Sleeps when with us his glorious reign is done.
These are thine heritage; and yet of all
That e'er was present to enchanter's call,
What care hast thou?—About thy cradled form
The starry Dreams on silent pinions swarm.
Softly, methinks, from crystal urns they drip
Narcotic essence on thy parted lip—
Smilingly parted—sure around thee glows
Some mystic scene of infantine repose,—
Some holy place, where never pain or care
Come in the dreary guise on earth they wear;
Where some kind spirit of the Elysian isle
Wins with bright visions thy unconscious smile,
And charms to joy that universal woe
Which thou wilt wake too soon again to know.
Smile on—perchance that peaceful smile may be
An earnest of thy future destiny.
Sleep on—if Poesy hath word or spell
To charm thy slumbers, thou shalt slumber well.
Deep 'mid the Abbey's lines of chequer'd shade
The mailèd corses of thy sires are laid;
There, sweeping daily o'er the chisell'd stone,
The pealing anthems swell in solemn tone;
There, swinging in the nightwind's wierdlike breath,
Sigh the broad banners o'er the dead beneath.
Yet, wot we well, from every stone unsealed
Troop the pale children of the storied eld;
The fathers to their son—for dear to them
Art thou, so young a bud of such a stem:

And two of all their helmets nearer bow,
One dark as night,* and one with joyous brow,†
E'en as the careless stripling laughed to view
The quaint old Bacchanal that led his crew;
Yet both were warriors, and for England's right
Plied their keen falchions stoutly in the fight:
And now they press with steeled finger cold,
The silken coverlid's embroidered fold
Fitfully smiling, when the daybeams tinge
Thy veined eyelid and its downy fringe.
O! though we dream of phantoms; though the dead
Are not the watchers of thy peaceful bed—
Thou hast no need of them, for o'er thy sleep
Far gentler guardians silent vigil keep—
Yet one,‡ methinks, a prince of holier fame,
The latest scion of thy noble name,
Might leave his heav'n thy sentinel to be,
And shed his influence o'er thy couch and thee.
He fought and conquered,—but his battle-field
Knew not the contest of the spear and shield.
Toil-worn was he,—but not with feats of blood,
And weary—but with deeds of ceaseless good,
Till, as a labourer at the close of day,
Calmly and quietly he passed away;
But, in the little life he scarce began,
The very child was more than bearded man.
And has not Fancy words of power to bring
Some gentle being from enchanted ring,
One of those lovely sprites, who ne'er forgot
In olden time to bless a prince's cot?
Methought she knew those denizens of air
Who hold by Avon's stream their mossy lair,

* Edward the Black Prince.
† Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V.
‡ Edward VI.

Where fairy feet along the pleasant meadow
Trip 'mid the interchanging light and shadow,
Where fairy spoils by tiny knights are won
Beneath the arbitry of Oberon,
And mantling acorn-cups are nightly filled
With all the vintage that the rose distilled—
Come, airy visitants, and though ye trace
No wond'rous symbol on this childlike face,
No mark of mystery, which every hour
Works some new miracle of fairy power;
Yet worthier gifts obey your magic skill
Than those, whose only law is changeful will.
Give him, unlike the dreams which falsehood weaves
About your western* flower's empurpled leaves,
From all the vagrant thoughts that float round youth,
First to discern, and then to choose the truth;
Give him to gain the steep, and deep below
Behold the welling fount of knowledge flow;
Wake every faculty, as early dew
Makes unborn germs to struggle into view—
Then shall ye bless, when all your task is done,
His royal mother with a royal son;
Then, gentle architects, your work shall stand
The strong supporting pillar of the land.
Granta,—a nymph who holds her solemn sway
'Mid towering pinnacle and cloister gray,
Where, as a Sibyl o'er her leaves of yore,
She cons her silent page of varied lore;
And oft the rapt enchantress reads afar
The tangled orbit of each separate star,
And knows the rainbow's spell, and how the tide
Endymion-like doth haunt its silvery bride.
And now, when time has quench'd the power which gave
Etherial music to Castalia's wave,

* Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, (Act II. Scene 2.)

Has torn the magic from Hymettus' brow,
And left Soracte nothing but her snow,
She guards in many a speaking tome enrolled
The glorious spirit of the days of old—
This quiet vot'ress of monastic cell
With humblest verse, young stranger, greets thee well;
And twines, emerging from her letter'd gloom,
Her sedgy chaplet in thy triple plume.
Then fare thee well! and yet as o'er a lute
The strong notes swell before the chords are mute,
So to our ceasing lips unbidden stream
The welcome accents of a holier theme.
Since to one Teuton sire* of thine 'twas giv'n
To aid of old the influences of Heav'n,
Since once his good right-hand preserv'd from scathe
The stern Apostle of our dawning faith,
Methinks, the vivid fire in him begun
Works in th' immortal gift† that greets his son:
For who can say that in the insensate mould
Slept the bright spirit, when the limbs were cold,
If from his father-land the winds have sped
Such blessed offerings for thy cradle's head!—
Daughter of Zion, who from Horeb's brow
Lookest in sadness on the plains below,
Mothers their children have remember'd not,
But Zion by her God was ne'er forgot:‡
Look up, look up! thro' swathes of rosy light
The glorious sun is walking in his might.

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* The preservation of Luther from the emissaries of the Emperor Charles V., and the members of the Diet of Worms by the Elector of Saxony, the direct ancestor of Prince Albert. A.D. 1521.

† In this and the following lines the foundation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem by the King of Prussia is alluded to.

‡ "But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—Isaiah xlix. 14, 15.

The day has broke o'er Judah! never more
Shall desolation gloom her sacred shore!
Ne'er shall the wind among the willows* dank
Shed mournful harpings o'er Euphrates' bank,
For once again from many a land there come
Those fainting exiles to their long-loved home!
No more shall darkness hover o'er the hill
Where that deep death-cry seems to linger still,
But songs shall breathe o'er Jordan's lovely flow,
That Salem knows the God she would not know,
The silent city hears her Saviour's call
And sees Him reign in Israel, all in all!

* Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

PLATO,

BY

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1843.

THEY say the world is on the wane, and some
Swear that the age of dwarfish minds is come,
That greatness hath no charter as of yore,
And men revolt from claims of sovereign lore,
And the bold majesty of mental strife
Hath lost its force in our distracted life,
And though the circles widen, fainter gleam
All new emotions on the mirror-stream.
A subtle touch—a brave and calm appeal
To thoughts that thoughtful men alone can feel;
A strong ingenuous plea for what is best,
Which scorns the drossy gauds of interest,—
Such weapons now are blunt, and praters say
That we must fling those time-worn arms away,
Content with faint and faltering hands to wield
The stones we gather from our battle-field.

O Granta! thou that hast the heart of youth
Pulsing with genial heat of ancient truth,
Whose cloistral peace is vocal to the wise,
Whose shadowy rites and fame-lit cemetries
Still bear high witness to the wealth and pride
Of Grecian reason's glowing summer-tide,
Speak for the honour of mankind, and tell
The sceptic herd, how willingly and well

Thy venturous sons are ever bold to try
The sounding depths of bright philosophy.
Stretch out thy hand to help the faithful few,
Who toil to fill their urns with lustral dew,
Wading heart-deep into the brimming stream
That glides around the fadeless Academe.
On—on—our limbs are nerved, our eyes are keen,
The waves we part are glad with tremulous sheen,
Where light and shade are quivering evermore,
Flung from the plane-trees of yon pleasant shore,
And lucent eddies, wreathed on either side,
Play round our bosoms—but the stream is wide,
The farther bank is steep; and they that lack
The sure calm will, are fain to struggle back,
And then, disloyal to thy gracious sway,
With sneers of baffled hope they turn away.

Yet some have won the passage hand in hand,
For on that river's marge a duteous band,
With dripping raiment and a beaming face,
Are beckoning us to seek their resting-place.
Lo! the mild company of lordly seers
In choral clusters on the bank appears,
And round one foremost hierarch, whose voice
Breathes like the harping Zephyr, they rejoice.
Their footfalls lightly crisp the dimpled lawn,
Their smiles are free and radiant as the dawn,
Their arms are waving peace—the young gale brings
Sweet awful accents from their communings,
And far-off listeners reverently stoop
To catch the murmurs of that tuneful group,
And, when they pause, deep in the ear doth lie
Their clinging penetrative melody.

A glorious throng! the brave, the meek, the wise,
In one admiring glance we recognize
Great heirs of human love and human power,
Who own'd and used their intellectual dower

In nurturing every truth that conscience taught,
And taking forms of good from vital thought.
Here walk Athenian youths of gentle mien,
Moulding high words in colloquy serene—
Calm, bright-eyed neophytes with sunny brows,
Bearing symposial wreaths of myrtle boughs,
With buoyant step, and free lips, and the air
Of mĕn with minds to think and hearts to dare.
And mingling with that hopeful crowd we see
Gray Fathers* of a holier family,
Sages who scan these Gentile forms to search
For some rare type of the eternal Church,
And love with tender faith to contemplate
The wondrous image of that model state,
Which, though it were but bodied forth in speech,
The scope of human wants doth wellnigh reach,
And hath a glorious meaning, e'en for us
Who gaze on symbols more miraculous.
Here too the studious peers,† who graced of yore
The fair Laurentian haunts on Arno's shore,
And 'midst the wakening arts, in classic shade,
By urn, and fount, and rose-clad balustrade,
Would crowd, like wistful children, to unroll
The rescued treasures of some living scroll,
These—the enthusiasts of bright Fiesole—
Join with the shadowy crowd; and must not she,‡
Who sat with Phædo's volume on her knee,
And, when the blithe hunt was on foot for her,
When horns were clamorous, and the woods a-stir,
And echoes of the noon-day joyaunce fell
On the sweet stillness of her oriel,
Just look'd up once to see the merry men,
Then bent her frail neck o'er the page again,

* Clement of Alexandria, Justin Martyr, Origen, &c.
† Lorenzo de Medici, Politian, Ficinus, &c.
‡ Lady Jane Grey.

And, though she loved the forest, dared prefer
To talk with Life's and Death's Interpreter,—
Must not that second Diotima be*
In this high-rapt and tranquil company?
Yes, thou great-hearted Plato! few be they
Of Wisdom's votaries that disown thy sway;
Few souls of beauty ever lacked the sense
Which feeds upon thy rich intelligence.
Others are names—thou art a living friend,
In whom the gifts of earlier teachers blend—
And sworn by thy fair memory—sworn to take
Thy love-chants' burden, till the world's awake,
Aye foremost in the gaze of Time hath stood
Thy strenuous and heroic brother-hood.
The queenly City of thy love is dead,
Thy Greece is of the Past; but thou hast sped
Through other lands, like an unwearied breeze,
Wandering to tell a tale of Socrates,
And ever, where that old man's words have been,
Fancy hath grown more fresh and hope more keen.
Still live the soft and intricate discourse,
The wit, that makes us tolerant perforce,
The mystic legend, and the verse that drops
As snow-flakes shower on wintry forest-tops,†
The questions working wedge-like towards the proof,
The threads of prayer from old Religion's woof,
The courteous skill of keen rebukes, that chide
The learner's folly, and the sophist's pride—
With this fair growth encinctured still, thy mind,
Like some old dial, stands to tell mankind
How the world's day moves on. Thy glorious views
Of God's and the immortal Spirit's dues,

* Vid. Plat. Conviv., cc. 27, 35.

† *πεα νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν.—Hom. Il. γ.* 222.

Thy scheme of law within the law, of grace*
Wrought in the fair souls of "the golden race,"
Of pure essential art, that will not be
The minion of a vulgar fantasy,
Of truths that lift themselves to Reason's gaze,
Of love which yearns for strength, and toil, and praise,
And hath a vivid influence to combine
All kindred forms of excellence divine—
Such high achievements of thy subtle brain
Have taken shape in other minds again,
And men, in judgment free, in knowledge ripe,
For many a thought borrow thy archetype,
Not servile, not ungrateful, but endued
With hope to wage on sin thy valiant feud,
Or live thy manifold life in solitude.

True was thy teacher's dream,† which on the eve
Of thy novitiate, boding hopes did weave;
When, as he slumbered in the twilight dim,
His vision-working Genius shaped for him
A forecast of the coming friend. 'Tis said
That in a dream he sat with drooping head,
Musing, as was his wont; and there did seem
From Love's green altar in the Academe
To fall a callow cygnet on his lap,
And, as he tried in kindly folds to wrap
The helpless thing, it struggled to the light,
Took plumes of snow, and drest its wings for flight,

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* χρυσίον καὶ ἀργυρίον θεῖον παρὰ θεῶν αἰεὶ ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἔχουσι.—*Rep.* iv. 124. τοῦ χρυσοῦ γένους. 129.

† "Socrates, nocte priusquam ad se a patre deduceretur [Plato], vidit Cygni pullum ex arâ, quæ in Academiâ Cupidini consecrata fuit, volâsse, et in gremio suo resedisse, et postea olorem illum pennis cœlum petiisse, canore museo auditus hominum deorumque mulcentem."—*Fabricius de Platone, ejusque Scriptis*, c. 2. According to Olympiodorus, it is related that, κύκνος ἄπτερος ἐν τοῖς γόνασιν αὐτοῦ καθῆστο, καὶ παραχρῆμα πτεροφυήσας ἀνέπτη, κ. τ. λ.

Then soared with jubilant song of liquid mirth
Far—far above the loftiest points of earth,
Thrilling all ears in land and sea and sky
With long-drawn floods of magic harmony.
Oh! keep that rhythmic influence of thought—
Still keep for us—for all—that music-fraught
And loving soul; still be thy full rich cup
For ever and for ever mantling up,
Where hearts that faint at many a mournful sight
May take a freshness from such deep delight,
And they that venture for a freeman's prize
May wax the stronger for thy sympathies.
Yet, though our homage rises high to speak
The debt of love we owe this mightiest Greek,
And jealous of the fretful world we break
A lance of chivalry for Plato's sake,
Were it not well, before the feeble lay,
That wooes his memory, hath died away,
To check loud praise, and for a moment try
The sweet calm whisper of humility?
Say we, that he was poor, whose course was run,
Though bold and stedfast, yet without the Sun;
Say we, he died too soon, ere man was blest
With that for which his spirit went in quest,
Who built a birth-place for the soul, but brought
No general freedom from that home of thought,
Felt not, or scarcely felt, in wisdom's dream
Our want of one to suffer and redeem,
Hoped not that mortal dust to life could rise,
And schemed for nought his deep triplicities?*
Oh! there's a greater knowledge, and a mind
By happier sureties, wiser fears consigned,

---

* There they [Angels] in their trinal *triplicities*,
About Him wait, and on His will depend.—
Spenser's Hymn to Heavenly Love, stanza x.

In what some weak unlettered infant feels,
When for his bed-side orisons he kneels,
A loftier hope—than thou could'st e'er affect,
Man of broad* heart and piercing intellect!
O Plato! were it given thee but to hear
The chime of treble tongues so silver-clear,
When reverent children at a mother's feet
The first low words of deathless prayer repeat,
And like the birth of early stars, whose light
Comes in a moment from the Infinite,
The young instinctive thoughts of love and awe
Wake at the prompting of a SAVIOUR'S law,
Then what a gain were thine to take that yoke,
To learn the words a Christian weakling spoke,
To weep for sin, and sue for grace, and bring
To God thy reason, as an offering.

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* ἄλλοι δέ φασι, μετονομασθῆναι αὐτὸν διὰ τὸ πλατύ, καὶ κεχυμένον, καὶ ἀναπεπταμένον, τοῦ ἀνακειμένου χαρακτῆρος.—Olympiod. de Vit. Plat.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1844.

αἴλινον, αἴλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

I stood beside the waters—and at night—
The voice of thousands now at last was still;
Silent the streets, and the wan moon's pale light
Fell silently upon the waters chill.
Ah! silence there—strange visions seem to fill
My desolate spirit—for I stood the last,
I, the lone lingerer by the lonely hill:
The stars wept night-dews, and the fitful blast,
Whispering of other years, beside me moan'd and passed.

I leant and mused. Beneath the midnight sky
Stretch'd in dim outline rose those turrets gray;
Like wave-worn monuments, where passers by
Linger, and dream of ages past away,
They stood in silence:—strangely wild were they—
For Silence hath unto herself a spell;
She hath a syren voice; and like the play
Of winds on crystal waters, she can tell
Of regions all her own, where dream-like fancies dwell.

And led by her I dreamt, and saw, methought,
The time when yonder waters roll'd between
No walls and granite turrets, but, untaught,
Through the oak-forest and the woodland green

Flowed, kissing every floweret. Wild the scene—
For Britons roamed along the tangled shore
With happy hearts, and bold unfearing mien;
Their war-songs sang they the blue waters o'er—
In all things Freedom's children—her's erelong no more.

Heard ye the eagle swooping? Nurs'd in pride
Rome's blood-stain'd armies sought these shores, and flung
Her tyrant banners o'er the reckless tide:
The waves dashed on, but bitter chains were hung
Round freemen's necks;—a nation's heart was wrung!
Few, few, and weary, see them wending slow,
Fair girls and hoary warriors, old and young,
To brave an exile's lot, an exile's woe,
Far from their native hearths on Cambria's wilds of snow.

Then rose, as legends tell, yon turrets, piled
By the proud victor to enchain the free;
Swiftly they rose, but oh! when morning smiled
First on those towers from out the golden sea,
Where Rome's proud eagle, Britain, mock'd at thee,
Who could have guess'd the dark and wondrous story
Of things that have been there and yet shall be?
Written too oft in letters deeply gory—
A captive's tale of tears, yet bright with deeds of glory.

Like one who bending o'er the waves that sleep
Mid Tyre's old fabled battlements descries
Their faint dim outline in the silent deep,*
Till in the shadowy light before his eyes
Dome after dome begins ere long to rise;—
Thus the far landscape of the past we scan,
And wondrous seem and dark its mysteries,

* The ruins of Tyre are said to be seen under the waves.

Till truth hath lit Time's strangely-pictured plan,
And ah! yet stranger still the passionate heart of man.

And when I stood beside that hoary pile
Its legends rose like phantoms of the tomb:
Spell-bound I linger'd there, and mused a while
On every tower and spirit-haunted room,
Mused o'er the cells of Hope's untimely doom,
And the yet drearier vaulted caves below,
Where heaven's pure light ne'er trembled through the gloom;
Some with their tale of wonder, some of woe—
Here where the heart might throb, and there where tears might flow.
Methought I saw two happy children lying,
Lock'd in each others arms at dead of night,
Peace smiled beside, but Love stood o'er them sighing:—
And I heard stealthy footsteps treading light—
List!—steps of murderers—never! for that sight
Must break a heart of marble: yet 'tis done,—
Low smother'd groans too truly told aright
As one they lived and loved, they died as one—
None there to save them? weeping Echo answers "None."

Yet childhood is a sunny dream, and we
Can scarcely mourn when it doth pass away
Unclouded to heaven's sunshine; and to me
Those towers were winged spirits day by day
Have lived unmurmuring on to life's decay
Seem yet more strangely sad:—and such was thine,
O thou whose far keen eyesight won its way
O'er Time's drear ages, till there seem'd to shine
Across the starless gulf Truth's glorious arch divine.*

* Sir Walter Raleigh, who during his long imprisonment wrote his immortal *History of the World*.

Man scales the mountain-tops, but o'er the mist
The eagle hovering seeks its native sky,
And the free clouds still wander where they list,
And still the waves are tameless. Thus on high
Thy thoughts at pleasure could take wing and fly,
Though fetter'd were thy limbs, and thus didst thou
Visit each clime and age with wandering eye,
And win a fadeless garland for thy brow,
And free with wisdom's freedom, deign to her to bow.

A sadder turret, minstrel, bids thee linger,
And weave a sadder strain for her that's gone;*
O gently touch thy chords with sorrow's finger,
Nor let thy music without tears flow on.
Low from that tower she lean'd, while yet there shone
The rosy blush of evening in her cell;
Her eye was rais'd to heaven, her look was wan,
And on her bosom tears full quickly fell,—
Sad tribute to her land, its dying child's farewell.

"Oh! other were the dreams," she weeping cried,
"That rose and smiled upon mine infant years!
Bright were they in their freshness—all have died—
My fancied garlands were but gemm'd with tears,
My starry guide a meteor, and mine ears
Caught but false syren strains—yet, frail and young,
I deem'd that star a light of other spheres,
Snatch'd at the wreath, drank in th' illusive song,
And now, to-morrow...hush!—my throbs will cease ere long.

"To-morrow—'tis a strange and fearful call—
To-morrow's eve and I shall be no more.
Yet why so fearful unto me? We all
Are voyaging towards a distant shore,

* Lady Jane Grey.

Toss'd on life's fitful billows, whose wild roar
Drowns the far music of our heavenly home—
A few more surging waves to traverse o'er,
Some little stormy wind, some billowy foam,
And I have gain'd my bourn—oh! ne'er again to roam."

That morrow came; the young and lovely one
Was led where soon her mangled corse should lie,
There, breaking hearts and stifled sighs—and none
Look'd without tears on her blue tearless eye—
Yet seem'd she all too beautiful to die,
Ere love and gladness from her cheek had flown:—
Fond dreamer! 'knowest thou not the happy sky
Claims first the loveliest flowerets for its own?
Heaven's nurslings, lent to earth as exiled plants alone.

I mused in sadness, for methought there fell
Her smile on me, her loveliest, her last.
But hark! the watchword of the sentinel.
Changed were my dreams—yon nightly turrets cast
Upon my soul the image of the past;
And many were the thoughts, and wild and wide,
Echoing of thee, my country, 'mid the blast:—
There have thy monarchs fought, thy chieftains died,
And queenly hearts for thee throbbed high with hero pride.

Time-honour'd Towers! whence ever floated free
Old England's banners over hearts as bold!
Within whose walls the sceptre of the sea
Lies by the sword of mercy—where is told
The thrilling tale o'er many a trophy old,
Where diadems rest, and helm and spear are piled,
And standards in a thousand fights unroll'd.
Oh there the heart must lose itself, and wild
Will be its wandering song—of vision'd dreams the child.

I looked upon thy walls when day was closing,
Mighty and vast they rose upon the sight,
In massive grandeur silently reposing:—
List! 'tis the hush of evening—dimly bright
The moon just glimmer'd, and the listless night
Was brooding over wave and tower sublime,
When suddenly there gleamed a fitful light
Amid those frowning ramparts—'twas the time
When all things slumber on, and nigh the midnight chime.

But hark! the crash of timbers—then the hush
Of breathless whispering rose, and the red glow
Grew momently more vivid, and the rush
Of hurrying footsteps echoed to and fro—
And like a dream it passed of flames and woe.
I looked upon thy walls when morn was riding
In sunshine o'er the rosy hills, and lo!
Amid the wreck, like spectres unabiding,
Glory and Desolation hand in hand were gliding.

The heart must catch at omens, and must weave
From passing meteors dreams of hope or fear;
And some, my country, speak a mournful eve
To thy long day of glory. Hush! good cheer;—
For, like the rainbow whispering low and clear
Peace to the battling clouds, there faintly fell
The tones of Mercy on my tranced ear.
The flames retired—hers was the voice to quell—
Say, can she ever leave the land she loves so well?

They say that storms, O England, brood o'er thee—
And if to feel the hot and sultry air
Voiceless on earth, and voiceless on the sea—
To view the blood-red sun sink darkly there,
Sad portent for a scene so passing fair,

And watch the sulphurous clouds all rolling slow,
Shedding large tear-drops for the wreck they bear—
Speak these an earthly tempest? wake! for know
O'er thee dark storms are brooding, storms and wrath and woe.

The nations are disquieted—the heart
Of princes ill at ease—the fearful bow
Their heads and tremble—with hush'd voice apart
The mighty stand, with pale though dauntless brow,
Asking of every hour—"What bringest thou?"
And if a murmur whisper through the sky
They hush their breath, and cry "It cometh now.
What cometh? stay—it heeds thee not to fly,
Unknown, though on its way—unseen, yet surely nigh.

But who shall dare, though storms are round thy way,
To write upon thy banners, Ichabod?*
Thy strength is not in ramparts built of clay,
Nor in thy fearless children, who have trod
The waves as proudly as their native sod;
But heavenly watchers aye have guarded thee—
God is thy refuge, and thy rampart God!
Put thou in Him thy confidence, and He
Shall keep thee mid the storm, and quell the wildest sea.

Adieu—my lyre is almost now unstrung;
I ask ye not to linger o'er a strain
That Granta's feeblest minstrel now hath sung;
But if one dream-like mem'ry e'er remain,
Haunting by England's Tower your mind again,
And bids ye greet her shores with warmer smile,
Surely I have not touch'd the chords in vain.
Farewell, my country—for a little while
Hush'd be my sounding lyre—farewell, my native isle.

* "The glory is departed."

CAUBUL,

BY

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1845.

— ἐπεὶ οὔτι μοι αἴτιοί εἰσιν·
οὐ γὰρ πώποτ' ἐμὰς βοῦς ἔλασαν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι, βωτιανείρῃ,
καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ'. ἐπειὴ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ
οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα.—

Iliad, I. 153.

I.

"Sweep o'er thy strings, and hymn the gorgeous East,
"Clime of the sun, and of the roseate morning."
Dim voices whisper'd thus my soul, and ceased.
And straightway at the echo of their warning
Came visions many a one in bright adorning,
Clustering like clouds instinct with light around me:
And music as of winds and waters, scorning
The slumber of the twilight hills, spell-bound me,
'Till where the stars had left the dew-bright sunshine found me.

II.

Oh land of dreams and legendary song,
Strange are the wonders they of fabling story
Tell of thy haunted scenery! Far along
The maze of thousand years through gloom and glory,
Like some wide landscape wrapt in vapours hoary,

The eye must wander, ere it reach the time,
Ye Eastern shores, when mystery hung not o'er ye
Dim forms sweep looming thro' the mists of crime,
Or stand in light apparell'd on those hills sublime.

III.

And ever as I ponder'd, empires vast
Rose on my view, and vanish'd as they came:
And heroes meteor-like before me pass'd,
Their pathway dimm'd with blood and track'd by flame—
Yet fell they all in darkness. Haply Fame
Shed transient tears for them, but soon there shone
Another star far-flashing—and the same
Brief tale was told—and ever and anon
Though gleaming high as heaven, I look'd, and they were gone.

IV.

But one* there was, whose dazzling train of fire
Startled the sleeping night in her repose;
The blue heavens kindled as he pass'd—the choir
Of stars was troubled. From afar he rose,
Where in the evening light there faintly glows
Mild radiance o'er the hills of Macedon;
And rushing forth, despite a nation's throes,
Through blood and breaking hearts and sorrows wan,
To Persia's confines drove his stormy chariot on.

V.

†Thy rugged passes, Caubul, saw that host,
As with glad banners to the breezes flung,
Slow winding, o'er thy mountain-range it cross'd;
And thy wild air heard victor pæans sung,

* Alexander the Great.

† "From this point (Herât), starting in the end of October, Alexander marched to the Kabool valley, through a country occupied by Indians, and bordering on Arachotia."—PRINSEP'S *Affghanistan*.

And strange sweet accents of entrancing tongue.
He linger'd not—the far-off fabulous sea
He saw, and smiled—but Fate above him hung—
He fetter'd all the earth, yet was not free,—
All nations bowed to him,—he bowed, O death, to thee!

VI.

And ages past away like dreams—till soon
A victor footstep trode those hills once more:
'Twas night—and lit up by the silver moon,
As streams a torrent from the hills, stream'd o'er
Wild children of the barren Scythian shore.
Ah! woe for those who on the vine-clad plain
Sleep on unconscious as they slept of yore!
Death wakes; and echoing to the skies amain
Is heard the shout of nations—"Hail, great Tamerlane!"

VII.

Yes! such have been the tempests that have pass'd,
Ye Affghan heights, across your crests of snow,
Or like the rushing of the nightly blast
Swept by in wildness and in wrath below;
Yet there unchanged amid the troubled flow
Of time's wild waters, silently ye rise,
And reckless of the whirlwind march of woe,
With that strange spirit voice that in ye lies
Hold mystic communings with yonder starry skies.

VIII.

*Perchance ye are whispering how in Caubul's vale
Erst bloom'd the flowers of Eden pure and wild,

* "Hindoo and Persian traditions go so far as to state that the progenitors of mankind lived in that mountainous tract which extends from Balkh and Affghanistan to the Ganges. * * * * * And the river Pison of Scripture is said to compass the whole country of Havilah, and Havilah is supposed to be Caubul.—ATKINSON'S *Preface.*

How waters gush'd from springs that could not fail,
And earth, in one bright infant dream beguiled,
Beneath the smile of heaven look'd up and smiled.
Oh why o'er time's drear ocean rise to view
The monuments in crime and bloodshed piled?
Why seem the waters with oblivious dew
Too oft to hide from sight the beautiful and true?

IX.

The curtains of the past are round me closing;
I may not lift them more—all silently
Behind its vaporous folds in death reposing
The bygone ages slumber. But for me
An island, loveliest of the deep-blue sea,
In beauty smiles far o'er the ocean foam:
Mine heart goes out towards that fair countree,
Thoughts o'er a thousand long-loved landscapes roam,
A thousand spots are dear.....it is my island-home.

X.

And can it be her wondrous destinies
With yours, ye Eastern regions, are inwove?
Lo! cradled in the storms, and under skies
Cloud-robed and starless ever forced to rove,
Her infant empire with the tempests strove:—
Heaven had not will'd its shipwreck—for the shroud
Of Superstition o'er that land above
Hung shadowing; so the East in silence bow'd,
And Britain's banners waved triumphant through the cloud.

XI.

*Chill sweeps the night-blast o'er the Affghan hills:
No eye that sleeps in Caubul's walls to-night!

* The night before the British troops left Caubul on their retreat has been selected.

None talk'd of home: a strange foreboding fills
The hearts of all, and many an anxious sight
Looks forth upon the darkness, where the bright
Far flickering watch-fires blazed: some trembling lay
All night within around the camp-fire's light,
Some on the rampart wait in dark dismay
The morrow's blood-stain'd march—the awful break of day.

XII.

The mother look'd upon her babe, and sobb'd;
The husband clasp'd his wife, his breast was torn
With anguish, and with grief past utterance throbb'd,—
He knew what horrors *she* must pass at morn;
Youth wept there, with her sister Beauty, born
Like her for sunshine, now like her in gloom,
And innocent childhood, as in playful scorn,
Smiled on them both, but all its rosy bloom
Chased not from heavy hearts the morrow and the tomb!

XIII.

Slowly morn flush'd the mountains. Hurriedly
The mingled host of women, children, men,
Those ramparts left, and left them but to die—
Oh! bear the gentle gently. Hark! again
The war-cry of the treach'rous foe—and then
Death in its countless forms beset their road,
Till corses throng'd each deep and rocky glen;
And where the wilds of snow with slaughter glow'd,
All crimson'd on its path the icy torrent flow'd.

XIV.

'Twas scenery, too, where Horror sat sublime—
The bleak hills rose precipitous to heaven;
And up their snow-clad sides the mists did climb,
Sole wanderers there, and by the wild winds driven
Hover'd like spectres; through the rocks were riven

Dark chasms, that echoed to the torrent's voice,
Where never pierced the stars of morn or even;
No life, no light the wanderer to rejoice,
But gloom and doubt and death, the region of their choice.

XV.

And through these gorges, that in darkness frown'd
When o'er them stretch'd the deep-blue summer-sky,
Mid snows and wintry storms their pathway wound,
The dying and the dead—and none pass'd by
To fold their mantle or to close their eye.
Foes lurk'd by every secret cleft and cave,
And to their fire the sharp rocks made reply—
One short stern death-knell o'er the fallen brave
There in that awful pass, their battle-field and grave!

XVI.

And deeds were done of pure and high devotion,
Deeds of heroic fame—but where are they
To tell their story?—like the gloomy ocean
Strewn with the wrecks of nations, far away
On stranger hills their mouldering corses lay;
One only struggled through, exhausted, pale,
The sole survivor of that proud array,
And death and fear, at his most ghastly tale,
Cast slowly over all their shadowy silent veil.

XVII.

Chains for the brave, and solitude and sorrow!
Aye, prison-hours for gentler beings too!
Oh! they were faint for freedom, and the morrow
Never seem'd dawning on their night of woe:
Young hearts were there, and tears would sometimes flow,
When faery home-scenes crowded on their view,
Clad in unearthly beauty, for the glow
Of love still seem'd to light up all anew,
And faith that leant on God in suffering proved most true.

XVIII.

*Love is a lamp on tossing billows cast,
Yet many waters cannot quench its flame;
Love is a bark adrift before the blast,
Which still rides struggling on through taunts or fame,
Amid the floods unchanging and the same;
For love hath music, music of its own,
(Though none have whisper'd whence those harpings came,)
Which vibrates with a strange mysterious tone
Upon the ear of him who weepeth all alone.

XIX.

On, brothers, to the rescue! See, they come
With floating pennons and undaunted pride
And victor-shouts and roll of martial drum!
Alas! within those defiles scatter'd wide
Their brethren's whitening bones are now their guide:
Woe for the sod beneath their charger's feet!
For Spring with trembling hand hath drawn aside
(Wont to disclose a thousand flowerets sweet)
The fearful veil of death! a shroud! a winding-sheet!

XX.

Their camp-fires, in the dark of night's repose,
Far glimmering in the pass below did gleam
Like the stars burning o'er them, till to those
Lone watchers on the mountains war might seem
But the dim splendours of a phantom dream.
On, brothers, on! nor pause, nor rest, nor sleep
By cavern, pine, or rock, or torrent-stream,
Nor linger o'er your comrades' bones and weep,
Till victors yet once more through Caubul's gates ye sweep!

* "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—*Solomon's Song*, viii. 7.

XXI.

And what of those who pined in gloom the while?
No victor armies their deliverers were;
But God, who heard from their far native isle
The mourner's sobbings, and the *sabbath prayer
Flow for the captive and the prisoner,
Threw open wide their prison-gates;† and she
Who, angel-like, stood weeping by them there,
Immortal Love, sprang o'er the billowy sea,
And stole into our homes, and whisper'd, "They are free."

XXII.

What if dim visions of the future throng
Around my soul, and voices from afar
Tell that those blood-stain'd mountains shall ere long
‡See England's armies, Russia's brazen car
Roll o'er them for a sterner, deadlier war?—
The dark night lowering darkest, ere the sky
Catch the strange beauty of the Morning-star?—
The lion and the eagle's struggling cry,
Wrapt in the mountain-storm, while lightnings hurtle by?—

XXIII.

Enough, enough—for now the fitful roar
Of strife grows fainter, till its echo dies

* *The sabbath prayer:* "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water * * * * * *and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."—The Litany.

† "Fortunately discontent prevailed among the soldiers of our guard, and their commandant began to intrigue with Major Pottinger for our release. A large reward was held out to him, and he swallowed the bait. The Huzarah chiefs were gained over, and we commenced our return towards Cabul."—Eyre, p. 316.

‡ "The two great powers which have now in an indelible manner imprinted their image upon the human species, England and Russia, are there (speaking of the East) slowly but inevitably coming into collision."—Alison's *French Revol.* vol. viii. chap. 64.

Within me, and my heart is sad no more.
See! landscapes brighter yet than Eastern skies
Dawn in far prospect on my tearful eyes,
And from on high come trembling through my soul
Waves of sphere-music, dream-like melodies,
Chasing life's myriad discords—earth's control
Is passing from me now—celestial scenes unrol.

XXIV.

Yes! o'er those wilds shall flow pure crystal fountains—
Fountains of life divine, and love and light:
How beautiful upon thy morning mountains
Stand messengers of peace! The shades of night
Are passing, and disclose on every height
The standard of the Cross; for God hath spoken,
And gleaming through the storm-clouds softly bright,
Far o'er the hills, in beauty all unbroken
The Gospel rainbow writes its own transparent token.

CÆSAR'S
INVASION OF BRITAIN,

BY

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1846.

"His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono:
Imperium sine fine dedi."

HAIL, solitary Rome: amid the tombs
Of ages, and the monuments that lie
Strewn far o'er the wild howling waste of time,
Thyself by cloud and tempest not unscathed,
Thou risest proudly eminent: of gods
And godlike heroes thou the haunt and home:
Nurse thou of kingliest spirits: who vouchsafed
Few words but deathless deeds; who scoff'd to write
Their records on the perishable scrolls
Of man, fast fading, likest to the beams
The Sun imprints upon the transient clouds
Of evening; but with conquest's iron pen,
The world their tablet, carved that history out
On Eastern coasts and Western, South and North,
On trackless seas, and lands long lost in night,
On wrecks of empires and on hearts of men.
Strange awful characters! which dark decay
Hath not as yet effaced, nor chance, nor change,
Nor storm, nor ruin, nor the tide of years
Tho' ever chafing o'er them. Ne'er before
Saw earth such gloomy strength, nor ever since

Its like hath witnessed:—the last awful form
Of human might, * in dimmest lineaments
By God foreshadow'd: warriors they, who reck'd
Of nothing, or of God or man, save strength.
And they were strong, strong-hearted, strong in arms.
Earth stood astonied at the sight. No lapse,
No break, no faltering in the dreadful march
Of those stern iron conquerors. On they strode,
Like men of fate, trampling beneath their feet
All other names, all other destinies,
Like dust before them. Thron'd on her seven hills
Rome, inaccessible herself, beheld
Her sons go forth to battle, and her glory
Quenching all meaner lights, and scattering far
The darkness of unnumber'd years: as when
The Sun, at his Almighty Maker's word,
First in the everlasting vault of heaven
Hung pendulous, and from before him drove
The waves of Chaos, and tempestuous night,
Rolling in billowy surges ever back,
Back to their own abysmal shoreless void
From his celestial presence. Time roll'd on,
And still with time thy glory brighten'd, still
Thine empire grew with time. The nations saw,
And trembled; and the silence of thy might
Seem'd to their ears oppressive eloquence
That none might interrupt: when thou didst speak
Thy voice of thunder shook the startled world,
With lightning gleams of steel accompanied,
And flashes of swift vengeance. Awfully
Peace brooded once more over weary lands,
And weary hearts too smiled. But round thy skirts,

* After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it.—*Daniel*, vii. 7.

Clinging like night, dark masses of dark clouds
Hung yet, and mantled in their giant folds
The vast Unknown beyond, though voices thence
Came sometime, dimly muttering wars and woe.
Such was the gloom that hung around thy shores,
Albion, and shrouded from the spoiler's eye
Thy forests, and far mountains, and green vales,
And rocky fells, and rivers fleet and free:—
They knew thee not how beautiful: when known,
Dark desolation, like a haggard dream,
Stole o'er the sunshine of thy countenance,
And scared thy smiles, and left thee pale and wan,
A widow and a captive. Ah, not thus
Whilome thy children chased their forest prey,
Or roam'd the morning hills, by streams that spake
Of light and freedom, to the fetterless winds
Responsive: or at even-tide not thus
Were wont to linger on thy cliffs, where last
The golden sunshine slumbered, till the stars
Came forth, upon their vigils dawning; bright
They seem'd as spirit-eyes and pure, wherewith
Thy Druid bards enlink'd all earthly things
Aforetime, by wild legendary lore:
Not thus the reckless warrior grasped his spear,
Or freeman spake to freeman. But when thou
Didst tremble, it was not beneath the eye
Of tyrant man; but at those awful powers,
Who ever, as thy fabling prophets sung,
Dwelt, mystery-clad, in mountain, vale, or cloud,
Or ocean pathway, tabernacling there
As in meet home, whose voices might be heard,
Whose foot-prints traced by wrecks o'er sea and land,
What time the thunders roll'd or lightnings gleam'd.
Those mystic days were number'd. There was one
Who long had trodden on the earth, as treads
The eagle on the gory plain it spurns,

Whose kingly heart was gasping for great deeds,
Deeds that his right hand taught him, and whose eye
Drank from the nightly stars heroic thoughts,
And dreams of high achievement. Warrior king!
Thy mother city knew thee when a child,
And proudly knew thee, nursing up thy soul
For glory: the snow-crested Apennines,
The Alps far mingling with the clouds and skies,
With their clear glaciers gleaming to the moon,
Knew thee: Germania's forests knew thee: Gaul,
Vine-clad, and water'd by a thousand streams,
Maugre her fierce defenders, knew thee well,
Great Cæsar, weeping that she could not find
Thy peer: and now upon her vanquish'd shores
Deep musing, having marched with lion springs
From conquest on to conquest, thou dost cast
Long glances o'er the twilight ocean waves
Upon that land of mystery, that lies
Far in the blue horizon dimly seen.

Some talk'd of merchandize, and pearls, and wealth;
Of trophies and of triumphs some; and some
Of battle spoils and blue-eyed maidens fair
To grace their homes far distant, thoughts whereof
Clung to their rugged hearts; a new strange world,
Some whisper'd, lay before their path, whose sky
At dead of night was flush'd with gorgeous flames
And rushing meteors, and whose only bound
Was everlasting ice:—enough for thee
It knew not Rome's eternal name or thine;
And it shall know them straightway, tho' it learn
Mid dying throes, and tho' thou teach thyself.

Morn's silver twilight hung above the waves:
Seaward the gales blew freshly: far aloft
Clouds swiftly track'd the sky: one single star
Still linger'd in the dawning east, as if
To steal a glance at day, but soon withdrew;

The lordly Sun came forth; and all was life,
And in the harbour tumult: crowded there
Twice forty gallant ships, and on their decks
Brave hearts, that burn'd to vie with Britain's sons
In battle. Over them their streamers waved
That way themselves would go; nor long they paused
Expectant: thrice the brazen trumpet blown,
Each galley loosed her moorings: one by one
Stately they weigh'd beneath the freshening wind,
And the free waters bare them swiftly on
To sound of martial notes, and aching eyes
Gazed after that brave fleet the livelong day.
And deem ye that an easy booty lies
Before your bloodless arms? or they that throng
Their isle's rock-ramparts, think ye they have come
With open arms to greet ye? But their chief,
First on the foremost galley, saw their ranks,
Death-boding, and beheld the white cliffs crown'd
With shields and bristling spears, and steeds of war,
And chariots numberless. Along the coast
Swiftly they sail'd, if haply crags less stern
Might yield them fairer landing: swift the while
The Britons streaming o'er the rocks and hills
Kept pace beside, and vaunted death should greet
The tyrant and his legions, ere their foot
Polluted freedom's soil. Then rose the din
Of battle: in the waves midway they met
Rome's proudest warriors, and the foaming surge
Dash'd crimson-dyed; and scythe-arm'd chariots swept
The shore in unresisted might, and darts
Fell ever in swift tempest: once again
In proud derision Britain shook her spear,
And bade them take, an if it liked them well,
*Such iron welcome to her freeborn hills.

* See MACAULAY'S *Lays of Rome*, HORATIUS, *Stan.* 47.

And Rome a moment quail'd; *but one who grasp'd
An eagle in his left hand, in his right
A sword, cried, "Romans, down into the waves:
"On! or betray our eagle to the foe;
"I'll on for Rome and Cæsar!" Scarce he spoke,
And from the prow leapt fearless, and straightway
His comrades round him throng'd, and the fierce fight
Grew fiercer mid the angry tide: but still
The star of Rome rode prevalent in heaven,
And Britain's sons, borne backward by the host
Of spears, and gnashing with remorse and pride,
Fell from that iron phalanx, and Rome's chief
Stood conqueror on Britannia's beetling cliffs.

Not thus shall Albion yield thee her fair fields,
Great Julius, and not thus beneath thy rod
Affrighted bow and tremble; nor is hers
The arena thou must tread to bind the crown
Around thy warrior temples, and ascend
Thine envious throne: a few brief hours, and lo!
Heaven's tempests, wild and baleful, thy frail fleet
Have shatter'd, and in haste across the sea
Thine armies seek repose. What though ere long
With happier omen, and with prouder host,
The subject waters bare thee hitherwards
Once more? What though, thro' battle and thro' storm,
And rivers running blood, and harvest fields
Stain'd with the gore of thousands, thou didst press
On to the heart of Britain? what if there
Her chieftains bow'd a moment to thy rod,
And freemen taught their free hearts slavish ways?
'Twas but a moment: Heaven had other deeds
For thee to do, and other destinies

* Atque nostris militibus cunctantibus...qui x. legionis aquilam ferebat... "Desilite," inquit, "milites, nisi vultis aquilam hostibus prodere; ego certe meum Reipublicæ et Imperatori officium præstitero."—Cæsar. *de Bell. Gall.* Liber IV. Cf. hic et passim.

Loom'd dimly on the future's clouded skirts
Before thine eagle eye. Nor didst thou prove
A recreant. Fare thee, kingly warrior, well.
Go grasp thy regal sceptre, go ascend
Thy world-wide throne! to other hands than thine,
And years yet labouring in the future's womb,
'Tis given to bow beneath a Roman yoke
Free Albion's neck, and lead her captive kings
In fetters, and pollute her smiling homes
With foulest wrong and insult: bitterness
All hearts possessing: till her warrior chiefs
Weep tears of blood, her maidens tears of shame,
And Britain writhes beneath the iron scourge
Of conquest.

So in after days there rush'd
Rude whirlwind storms of war and death and woe
O'er that fair isle, and shatter'd into dust
The blood-built fabrics of an idol faith,
Whereat dark centuries had labour'd: soon
They fell before those fierce avenging storms,
Yet storms, that in their dark and gloomy folds
Bare germs of happier days, and dawning lights
Of love and mercy; as the lightning-gleams
Course not along the star-paved vault of heaven,
But from the earth-born thunder-clouds flash forth
In beauty and resplendence. Soon from thee,
My native isle, their stern behest fulfill'd,
The clouds of wrath and tempest roll'd away
Dream-like, and following on their wasted track
Pure healing sunshine, bountiful in good,
Stole o'er thy sorrowing landscapes, and ere long
A Christian Church on Albion's shores arose,
And pointed to the skies, and called the stars
To witness, that in tempest, as in calm,
Heaven works its own eternal destiny.

SIR THOMAS MORE,

BY

HENRY DAY,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY HALL.

1847.

THE wizard rais'd his wand,—'mid Ocean's smile
Rose from the sunflushed foam a crescent* isle,
And the sad waste, late vocal to the cry
Of the lone sea-bird, or the night-wind's sigh,
Responds to kindliest impulse;—dreams the air
In breadths of light and shade o'er forests fair;
The verdure droops and fluctuates, rife with scent,
Woo'd of the breeze with murmurous blandishment,
And echo wakes, where, eastward, thro' the woods
Laugh the swift streams, and dart their arrowy floods.
Far inland, stretching from the windy bay,
Bright with the roseate hues of westering day,
Gleam tow'r and rampart, citadel and spire,
Bath'd in the quivering sunbeam's ebbing fire.
Fit home for hearts like theirs, with wisdom fraught,
For pure and simple man, in guile untaught;
For virtue, welling forth from Love's clear rill,
For social order, and control of will;
For feelings, temper'd in a just degree
To reason's rule, and manly sympathy:

---

* Utopia, p. 68, Burnet.

Theirs the religion, conscious, unconfin'd,
Her one sole temple in the inward mind:
Break thy long slumber, Plato! rise and view
Thy fancies realized, thy visions true;
Reckless of sweeping change, of fortune's slights,
Flows their smooth stream of life in calm delights;
Blest with fine feeling, mind, preception, sense
Of all in nature lovely, wild, intense,—
Of Happiness,—unmixed with doubt or schism,
But seen in all its forms thro' Truth's clear prism,
Which breaks and scatters it in myriad hues,
Brightly unravelling all its mystic clues,—
Withdrawn from th' ebb and flow of fame and pride,
Those bubbles on Opinion's sleepless tide,
They feed on high-soul'd thought, and weave the band
Of union and of love to gird their father-land!
Was it a dream then, Raphaël!* that unfurl'd
The air-drawn pageant of that western world?
Must the illusion shrink, and fade, and flee
From Time's rough grasp, and dull reality?
Ah! little deem'd the Framer of that realm
E'en then a storm had ris'n, himself to whelm;
To roll its might resistless o'er his plan
Of equal rights, and union, man with man;
He shrank, half-anxious to recall the spell,
And straight, at Luther's touch, the fabric fell!—
Yet surely, not the less, we love thy lore,
That rais'd so fair a scene, illustrious More!
Nor view, with less delight, the temperate ray
Of the keen fancy that did round thee play,
Brightening the era of that troubled age,
And shrining one lov'd name in history's page.

* Raphaël Hythlodæus, an imaginary person, who discourses concerning the Utopians with Sir Thomas More.—Vid. *Mackintosh*, p. 61.

Rapt in deep awe, and urg'd by thought sublime,
Yearns all my spirit toward that stirring time!
E'en now, methinks, stern king! thy form I see,
The lawn-rob'd Prelates bending low the knee;
The men of thought, the worthies of the land,
The stars of thy dark reign, who round thee stand;
Men, who aspired to fortune's loftiest height,
Then shot, like meteors, into darkest night.
The stifled voice of grief methinks I hear,
'Tis England's queen!*—oh, mark the starting tear!
Mark that pale cheek with thoughts of injur'd love,
The sigh—the pray'r—the look for help above.

Aye! there is much for gladness, much for grief,
Gleams from that elder age in bold relief,
And the dark features of the past present
Dim lights and shades of moving incident;
Monastic pomp sweeps by, in ermin'd pride,
Thro' cloistral aisles, and portals opening wide;
Penance, austere, with rigorous fast and pray'r,
With rope, and twisted scourge, and shirt of hair;
Luxurious revelry of Monk and Friar,
By the broad glare of many a Convent fire;
Religion, cowl'd and stol'd, in sombre weeds,
With candle, reliquary, bell, and beads.

Yet, from a fount like this, th' All-ruling Mind
By ways and channels viewless as the wind,
Worketh His ends; the fount becomes a flood,
Led down, for our behoof, in streams of good.
As leaves† are to the tree, now green and gay,
Now falling, withering from the parent spray,
So is each race of men, who rise and fall,
To a state's being, animating all;

---

* Katherine, queen of Henry VIII.

† *οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.*—Il. iv. 146.

And therefore give we highest meed of praise
To those great souls of Albion's ancient days,
Statesmen of tranquil thought, who dar'd abjure
All selfish ends, and wild ambition's lure;
Who, 'mid a factious age, have calmly sought
Their country's weal thro' noiseless paths of thought:
E'en such the course that More in youth began,
When Morton's prescient mind foretold the man.
And yet—though fame uncall'd, unsought for, sped,
And shower'd her fleeting favours o'er his head,—
Though a fond country joy'd in him to see
The guardian of her charter'd liberty,—
Cramp'd to no single end his genius wild
Scorn'd check and fetter, nature's darling child;
Each flow'r, each herb, and all of bright or fair
Thrill'd to his heart, and shone in reflex there;
Nor did the muse forbid his youthful feet
At will to wander in the same retreat,
Where sprightly Chaucer whilome lov'd to stray
With sportive wit, and legendary lay.
Then, led by Græcia's exiles,* learning rose,
And crossed to our bright isle from Alpine snows;
There by the Nar and Anio slept she long
Lull'd by the breezy pine, and pastoral song:
Thence, champion'd by a few,† whose soul's strong flight
Sped with no lagging wing, she sprang to light.
'Twas thine to lure her from a warmer sky,
The haunts and flow'ry plains of Italy,
To plant her, generous More! in Albion's isle,
And add new lustre to thy classic pile.‡
Deep did'st thou revel in the dreams of yore,
Of Homer's life-like page, and Plato's lore,

* Demetrius Chalcondylas, Argyropylus, &c.—V. Gresswell's Memoirs, p. 81, and Mackintosh, Life of More, p. 12.

† Sir T. More. Grocyn, Erasmus, Colet, Linacre, &c. of that century.

‡ Oxford.

As fancy fled to Simois' gusty stream,
Or raised, in awful gloom, the shades of Academe!
Turn we from sounds that history's gale blows down,
Half-heard from distant ages to our own,
From noise and strife of states, and courtly deeds,
From maze of systems, and of warring creeds,
And view, the toil and pomp of place laid by,
The home, the social ties, with reverent eye;
The home that art's pale votary,* friendless, poor,
Hail'd as his hope, and blest the yielding door;
The wife, the playful father, blithe and free,
The fair-hair'd infant prattling on his knee;
Hush'd is each voice,—for see! he bids them raise
The solemn psalm, and chant their Maker's praise;
The rosy sunbeam steals in tinted fire
Thro' the deep oriel o'er that kneeling quire,
O'er his bright eye, as thrills the dulcet sound,
The voice of pure concent from all around,
From hearts high-raised above the earth they trod
To look to heav'n, and in that Heav'n, their God!
Oh, simple patriarch, eminently blest
In mutual union, and a home of rest!
Blest in retirement, unalloy'd by care,
Those still retreats a monarch deign'd to share;
How oft when day was sinking, and each flow'r
Clos'd its soft lids at chequer'd twilight's hour,
When, doubly-numerous, doubly-gladsome, trill'd
The songsters of thy walks, with joyance fill'd,
'Twas thine to pace in meditative mood,
And frame vast projects for thy country's good.
Thine, with thy friend,† on some mossed turf to sit
With rallying parle, and interchange of wit;
In one lov'd breast to pour thy hopes and fears,
And raise, with freshen'd hues, thy youthful years.

* Hans Holbein. † Erasmus.

Not such thy bold precursor's* vain parade,
Glittering in crimson robes, and rich brocade,
With more than kingly pride, and trains of lace,
And argent show of pillar,† cross, and mace.
Thou,—grac'd with various title, saint‡ or sage,
Gentle as great, the Cato of thine age,
With lowly heart did'st scorn such empty lure,
Deeming the costliest robe a conscience pure.

A dazzling vaunt was thine, dark Rome! that heav'n
To thee a proud supremacy had giv'n,
The keys of life and death, the loftiest throne
Of banded Christendom to thee alone,—
And not in vain thy rites, thy pageants rare,
The pealing mass, the vow, the cell, the pray'r,
Thy domes magnificent, thy legends quaint
Of toil-worn eremite, and martyr'd saint;—
For noble hearts‖ did love thee, and have thrown
A light and splendour o'er thee, not thine own;
Great souls, who hail'd with joy the rack, the stake,
And dar'd e'en death and torture for thy sake!
Oh! it were sad to lift the veil, I ween,
And follow, step by step, the parting scene,—
The scorn, the blood-stained sentence to recall—
The bitter mockeries of that gloomy hall;§
The stern unpitying eyes, the deadly hate,
The simple captive smiling at his fate!

Behold!—a gray-hair'd sire in dungeon pent
Kneeling,—his tranquil eye is upward bent—

---

* Lord Chancellor Wolsey.

† "After them followe two laye-men secular,
And each of them holdyng a pillar."—*Skelton.*

‡ Sir T. More is sainted as a martyr in the Roman Breviary.

‖ Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Chancellor of Cambridge, and Sir Thomas More, &c.

§ Westminster Hall, where he was tried and condemned.

The hand in pray'r rais'd heav'n-ward, yet one tear
For those he soon must leave, and held so dear,—
His child,* thick-choking thro' her grief,—her heart
Bursting,—the hour is come,—and sire and child must part!
The old man started, as the signal bell
Struck on his ear, and rose and said—'Tis well!
Calm was the brow, and most serene the air,
And the blithe gaze went lightly here and there;
Once only came a flush, and for a while
Chas'd from his features the abiding smile;
My daughter!—said the sire, with half-drawn breath,
Then onward sped him merrily to death!

* Margaret Roper, his best beloved daughter.

THE DEATH OF BALDUR.

BY

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1848.

Varth af theim meithi
Er mjor syndiz
Harmslaug hættlig
Hauthr nam skiota
Baldur's brothir
Var of-borin snemma
Sa nam Othins son
Ein-nættr vega.
Volu-spa.—*P. Edda.*

"WOE in high Asgard!* wailing, and the moan
Of anguish, and deep agony, awaken
Echoes in the Æsir's blessed abodes unknown:
Ah! blessed no longer now, but joy-forsaken!
Baldur!† heart-cherished Baldur! thou art slain,
By treachery before the time o'ertaken;‡

---

* Asgard—literally, 'God's ward,' or the abode of the Gods; from 'As,' God; plural, 'Æsir.'—[Glossary to the *Edda.*]

† Baldur is the second son of Odin. His mansion is Breidablick. He is the mildest, wisest, the most eloquent and beautiful of all the Æsir.—*Prose Edda.*

‡ All things were supposed to have sworn not to harm Baldur. But the mistletoe (among trees) was overlooked. Hence his death from a dart made of a shoot of that plant; which Loki (the Lucifer among the Æsir) put into blind Hodur's hand to throw at him.

Not in the glorious fight of Vigrid's* plain
Battling with Surtur's† hosts; when, carnage-rife,
Muspel's empyrean to that dread campaign‡
Vomits her dæmon hordes; and the ancient strife
Of elemental discord shall attain
Its issue in a nobler, holier life:
When from the quivering boughs of Yggdrasil‖
Shattered Creation falls; in ruined state
Impregnate with new birth; where seeds of ill,
By the ordeal of Fire annihilate,
No more through Nature shall their taint distil;
And from the whelming Ocean-depths of Fate
Shall rise a realm of Light§ for evermore.
That hour in Hela's hall thou must await
(Since Nature's tears avail not to restore)
In the dim regions of inglorious¶ death;
Whose clammy caverns echo with the roar
Of spray-clothed storms, and the heart-chilling breath
Of Nifelhel.** Ah weary—weary days!

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* Vigrid. Vigrid is the field called
Where Surtur and the mild gods
Shall meet in combat.
A hundred miles it hath
On every side.

† Surtur is the King of the Flame-Giants who dwell in the fiery regions of Muspelheim—and he shall lead them to battle with the gods on the last day.

‡ Ragnarök—(The Reign of Fire.) A mighty convulsion of nature, in which the Æsir combat with the Giants. Yggdrasil is shaken to its summit, Heaven and Earth are rent in twain, and all things are consumed. From this second chaos Gimli shall arise, and be an abode for the righteous of all ages.

‖ Yggdrasil.—The great tree on which the world is hung.

§ Gimli.—Here Baldur is to dwell with the blessed after the destruction of all things.

¶ All those who died ingloriously, *i.e.* otherwise than in battle, went to Hela (Death), who dwelt under the earth beyond Nifelheim. Warriors were entertained in Valhalla (Hall of the Chosen), in order that they might aid the Gods in the combat of Vigrid.

** Nifelhel was a region of fleeting mists, bordering on the dominions of the goddess Hela.

Weep, Æsir's children! weep, albeit your tears
May not recal the lost one*—Him, whose praise
Exceeds all utterance. Brighter than the spheres
Around the Zones of Space celestial rays
Diffusing, Mundilfari's† charioteers—
Lovely, beyond all power of love to speak
Its wondering intensity, was he!
The melody of Bragi's‡ lyre were weak
In echo of his spirit-melody;
Though Heaven-toned harmony may most express
The soul's emotion, whose high ecstasy
Of unrevealed ineffable tenderness
Yearns flickering tow'rd perfection's holy blaze;
And he was essence of all perfectness,
Beaming sublime—unshadowed—without haze!

Weep Æsir's children! Ye have seen him borne
To the sand-strewn margin of old Niord's domain,‖
With steps woe-laden; silent, pale, forlorn,
Sweet Nanna§ following in the mournful train.
Such unison of hearts, so roughly torn,
Left her soul weltering deep in mortal pain:
But when on Ringhorn's¶ bale-pyre she beheld
Her loved one stretched all lifeless, then again
Her agony, bursting from its swoon, rebelled
Against the slender prison of her breast;
And so she perished: but her spirit, impelled
On passion's pinion, winged itself to rest.

---

* All things in Heaven and Earth wept for Baldur, to fulfil the conditions of Hela, who agreed to allow him to return to Asgard if everything wept for him. However, the hag Thaukt refused to weep, and he was obliged to remain there till Ragnarök.

† Mundilfari was father of the youth and maiden who for their beauty were selected by the Gods to drive the chariots of the Sun and Moon.

‡ Bragi was the God of Poetry—the Scandinavian Apollo.

‖ Niord was the Ocean Divinity.

§ Nanna was Baldur's wife; she died of grief at his obsequies.

¶ Ringhorn was Baldur's ship, on which he was burned.

So Nanna's corse beside her lord's was lain:
And both were lost to Asgard; yet both blest—
Lost to all else, each other to regain.
Then sacred Mölnir* flashed upon the pyre—
From spar to spar the nimble lightnings leapt:
Veiled in one vast white fluttering sheet of fire,
O'er Ægir's plain† afar the vessel swept:
The wild winds wailed—With sad and solemn roar
The wild waves burst in showery spray and wept,
Sobbed down the keel, and toward the echoing shore
Rolled their hoarse dirge. Slow on the horizon set
That waning beacon dear—At last no more
Glimmered in eyes divine with weeping wet.
"Who is there a reft mother's heart will earn?
Who will approach grim Hela, to reclaim
Our lost delight, and ransom his return?"
Thus weeping spake Fensalir's‡ queenly dame:
But Hermod‖ answered—"Gladly for thy sake,
Sweet mother, as for his, and in the name
Of brotherhood, will I that journey make."
Now, while lit Ringhorn speeds before the blast
Which huge Hræsvelgur,§ from the topmost peak
Of Ymir's brow,¶ wafts eagle-wing'd, he passed

---

* Mölnir is the mallet of Thor, and an emblem of the thunderbolts. Thor is the Thunder-God. "Then stood up Thor, and hallowed the pile with Mölnir."—*Edda.*

† The Ocean. Jacob Grimm supposes Œgi-Ægi to be cognate with Ωκεανος, Αἰγιαλος, &c.

‡ Fensalir was the celestial mansion of Friga, Odin's wife and mother of Baldur, Hermod, &c.

‖ Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, was Baldur's brother, and was the first to offer to ride after him to Hela, and attempt to restore him to Asgard.

§ Hræsvelgur, a giant in the form of an Eagle, sits on a high mountain; when he spreads his mighty wings, the winds arise from under them.—*P. Edda.*

¶ The gods used the eyebrows of Ymir (the giant impersonation of Chaos) in forming the mountain-barrier of Midgard against the turbulent giants.—*P. Edda.*

The tremulous bridge's* triple-woven streak.
In Himinbiorg's† high portal arch, the clang
Of Sleipnir's‡ tramp resounded; through the bleak
And desolate chasms‖ its clattering cadence rang
From crag to crag; as, leaving far behind
The holy fountain§ whose weird sisters¶ rule
By runic spells the destiny of mankind,
He galloped by the venom-welling pool,**
Where Nidhogg†† and her serpent kindred wind
Their slimy coils, and gnaw the Eternal Tree.‡‡
Nine days he rode through darkness dense and deep,
Where Niorvi's|||| children hold no rivalry;
Where reigns unbroken the primordial sleep
Of nothingness; as, ere the birth of Time,
When Elivagar§§ first began to creep
In turbid streams; and from the drifting rime,
By Muspel's fire impregnate, Ymir sprung;—
Great Ymir—first-born of creation's prime.
Him slew the sons of Bör:¶¶ his carcase, flung
Into Ginnunga-gap,*** was Earth. The gore

---

* Bifrost.—(The tremulous bridge.) The rainbow. Over this the gods must pass when they went in and out of Asgard.

† Himinbiorg was the celestial mansion of Heimdall, the warder of the gods, who guarded the extremity of the rainbow-arch.

‡ Sleipnir.—The steed of Odin.

‖ Namely, of Nifelhel.

§ The Urdar fountain, where dwelled the Norns.

¶ The three Norns, or destinies: called, Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld. "From the name 'Urd,' is derived 'weird.'"—Jacob Grimm, *Deutche Mythologie.*

** Hvergelmir.—A poison spring under one of the roots of Yggdrasil. In it dwell (††) Nidhogg and other serpents, who gnaw the tree (‡‡) Yggdrasil.

|||| Nott (night), and Dægr (day), were children of Niorvi.

§§ Elivagar. (The stormy waves.) "The rivers called Elivagar cast out drops of venom, which quickened into a giant. From him spring all the race of the Hrimthursar (Frost-giants)."—*Edda.*

¶¶ The sons of Bör were, Odin, Villi, and Vè.

*** Ginnunga-gap.—(The yawning gap.

Flowed round—a purple sea. His bones they strung
In mountain-chains; and fenced the outward shore
With his high beetling brows 'gainst Utgard;* home
Of his sons the huge Hrimthursar: arching o'er
The Heavens his hollowed scull;—a wondrous dome!
But Hermod galloped on along the tracts
Of melancholy gloom with stedfast soul;
Until he heard the booming cataracts
That roar adown the rocky rush of Gioll;†
Until he saw the golden arches bend.
"Whence are thy steps, rash rider! and what goal
Tempts thee upon our desert way to wend?
Thou wearest not the livid hues of death,
For in thy cheek the rose and lily blend:
The golden bridge beneath thee quivereth—
What brings thee hither?"—"I to Hela ride,
Oh dark-haired maiden,‡ to demand the breath
Of Baldur slain, the flower of Æsir's pride."
"Baldur, with many horsemen, yestere'en
Rode o'er the golden arches;" she replied:
"There dips the way down yonder dark ravine."
On! on!—Lo! rise the ebon walls that gird
The dismal city of the dead. Its gate
Frowns high with iron bars:—but on he spurred;
Nor deigned for doubtful access to debate:
A rush—a pause—upreared, on haunches bent—
A bound, thew-strained—and horse and horseman's weight,
As bolt from arbalist, o'er the barrier went,—
And far beyond: with cumb'rous staggering shock
Lighting, the iron hoofs, deep-planted, rent
The adamantine bosom of the rock.

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* Utgard.—The outer ward, where the Frost-giants dwelled.

† Gioll (Sounding) is the first river of the infernal regions. Over it is a golden bridge, which is kept by the giantess (‡) Modgudur.

"Now shall be proved the love which, as ye say,
Is Baldur's birthright! Now let all things weep,
His fate lamenting; and to the realms of day
He shall return from this my dungeon deep!
But if, in his behoof, the boon denay
Living or lifeless thing in Heaven or Earth,—
Mid joyless gloom he unredeemed shall stay,
Till Hela perish in Time's second birth."*

And Æsir, by their messengers, entreat
All nature's mournful tribute far and near:
Those ravens† who each day, on pinions fleet,
Borne through all space, bring to the monarch's ear
All tidings, swoop from off their sacred seat:
And the swift maiden,‡ on her wingèd steed,
Bears the great mother's prayer from sphere to sphere:
Glisten with tears the forest and the mead,
The rock-piled mountain and the sandy plain:—
As when at dawn, from nightly trammels freed,
Hrimfaxi‖ shakes the dew-drops from his mane.

All wept save one.§ The unrelenting hag,
Fit incarnation of most hideous hate,
Squatted like toad beneath the caverned crag,
Spat forth her poisonous spite, and sealed the fate
Predestined. But that loathsome frame contained

---

* Hela is to perish in Ragnarök.

† The two ravens, Hugin and Munin, sit on Odin's shoulder; each day they fly round the universe to bring him news of all things.

‡ The goddess Gnà, Friga's messenger, who rides through the air on her winged steed, Hofvorpnir.

‖ Hrimfaxi (Dewy-mane) is the horse of Night. When he is unyoked from his chariot at dawn, he shakes his mane and the dew is sprinkled from it.

§ As the messengers of the gods were returning, under the impression that their efforts had been quite successful, they found an old hag under a hollow rock; she refused to weep for Baldur, but it was strongly suspected she was Loki in disguise. Her refusal to weep rettined Baldur in Hela's power.

The traitor-heart malignly obdurate,
Now with its two-fold murder* doubly stained:
Him everlasting agonies await!
Close iron-clenched on Nästrond's† dismal shore,
Shall keen-edged flint-jags gall his festering weight;
And from the fell snake's fangs for evermore
Sharp scorching vemon on his brow distil:
There, howling, shall he bitterly deplore,
In abject anguish, these his deeds of ill.
Baldur is gone! but mild Forseti‡ sways
With even hand the balance and the sword:
Justice to Love succeeds, in evil days
When hearts no longer are of one accord;
And from his righteous lip the sentence spoken
Dispenses retribution and reward.
For now, alas! the reign of love is broken:
Mute is the golden-stringèd harmony
Of soul with soul, in sweetest union yoken,
Mingling melodious diversity:
Yet faintly linger in our bosoms still
The echoes of its music memory;
And ever and anon some fitful thrill
Startles the spirit from its world of sense;
A holier sunshine piercing through the chill
And misty scope of Earth's intelligence."

Thus sang the Scald‖ who, in bedarkened days,
(Ere yet, upon his Zone of arctic gloom,

* First in killing Baldur, and then refusing to weep him out of Hela.

† The gods caught Loki, and bound him on pointed rocks with iron thongs; they hung a serpent over his face, which continually drips its venom upon him. Nästrond (corpse-strand) is the last abode of the wicked after Ragnarok.

‡ Forseti was son of Baldur and Nanna. His mansion was Glitnir. He held his court, and decided all law and strife; he was the deified idea of Justice, as Baldur was of Love.

‖ The old Scandinavian poets were called Scalds.

Had dawned the orient dayspring) hymnèd praise
To names long sunken in oblivion's tomb—
Who born in outer darkness, yet could win
From his wild natural heart a spirit-bloom
Of love, weed-tangled truly—but akin
To the pure growth that rays of grace illume.
Our being is for love, and not for thought!
To love alone should thought and action tend:
For, reft of love, all power availeth nought:
While perfect love must all perfections blend.
Science, Earth's deepest mysteries to the light
Unveiling, may her lofty claims extend
To track the starry mazes of the night;
And from its manifold undulation, rend
Day's blinding secret.—Yet if in her height
Of proud discovery she forget to own
The guerdon of her toil, a glimpse more bright
Of the vast scheme of Heavenly Love, alone;
Then is the infant's wondering awe more wise
By far, who, to the star-bespangled throne
Of his Creator, lifting innocent eyes,
Pours forth his simple little orison:
Yea—deeper in the learning of the skies!

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TITUS AT JERUSALEM.

BY

HENRY DAY,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY HALL.

1849.

ARGUMENT.

TITUS:—his character;—his peculiar mission;—the impress on his mind from the rebellion of the Jews, distinct from that produced by those of the Batavi, Britain under Boadicea, &c.:—His stay at Egypt—March from thence—At Jerusalem—The Mount of Olives—His thoughts thereon—The siege, &c.:—Fulfilment of Prophecy:—His station on the Tower of Antonia—The burning of the Temple:—The end.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The burying-place of God,—
Why gay and bold, in steel and gold,
On the paths that Christ has trod!—

KINGSLEY'S *Saint's Tragedy.*

AYE, Roman! he of Citium schooled thee well,—
And, from his rude and fragmentary thought,
Well hast thou fashioned for thy lonely soul
A royal Stoa, glorious, grand, and rich
With pillar, statue, court, and gallery;
Leaning from which thou may'st behold the waves
Of doubt and error chafing far below,
Unscathed thyself,—withdrawn from out the press,
The stormy press of action and of Time.
On thee—in noiseless avenues apart—
The rumours vague of Thulè, Rhene, and Ind,

The strife of Parthian kings, the clarion's blare,
And all the tumults of thy tutelar Mars,
Strike muffled,—and thy halcyon calm of soul
O'erbroods the wild unrest self-poised, and still.
Yet oft, I ween, as odorous breezes swept
O'er the moon-glittering lotus-breadths of Nile,
And thy feet lingered 'mid the tombs of Kings,
By Apian temple, or colossal sphinx,—
E'en then before thee flashed thy destiny;
Then thronged the tumult of thy coming years;
Then thy cheek crimsoned, and thy lip grew pale,
And thy wild heart beat hurrying to the blasts
That swept through all its thought;—thy fancy fled
To join thy swarthy sire at Gamala;
Or sped before his rushing keels, that cleft
The blood-stained waters of Tabaria's lake.
Then thy right arm involuntary rose
To smite some Syrian prostrate at thy feet,
And tear the Lion-banner, drenched with gore,
E'en from the towers of top-most Solyma!
For doom prophetic stirred the soul's still depths
In thee, its agent; and thy Stoic will
Was moulded to an impulse, not its own;
Swayed by a storm, that mocked the haughty pride
Of thy philosophy, and urged thee on
Até of Israel, and the scourge of God!
Oh maid of Judah, the Appointed comes!
His foot-step is in Zoan,—where the Lord
With lightning, and with hail-stones, smote the Kings*
From Lachish and from Libnah,—where he wrought
His signs and marvels fighting for thy sires,
And their deliverance;—Now that self-same field
Rings to the echo of the iron tramp
Of Him, the Avenger!—through the desert wide

* See Joshua x. 41, and Ps. lxxviii. 12, 43.

From Zin to Shapher,* Rome's dark legions sped,
And on, where black-browed Amalek of old
Fled darkling. Gaza next its battlements
Upreared, and Besor sparkled to the glint
That flickering fell from cuirass, helm, and shield.
Far other scene, that when in peaceful calm
His sunlit wave by palm and tamarisk stole,
And in its sheeny mirror glassed the forms
Of Syrian maids from Hazor, or from Ain,—
As one, like Deborah, frenzy-flushed and wild,
'Mid harp and tabret, chaunted to the rest
How car-borne Sisera and his Midian host
Fled from the Lord, scattered in wild dismay,
Like wind-driven chaff of Autumn's threshing-floors.
They came,—they camped;—on Olivet he stood!
The Latian watchfires scathed the tender blooms;
The Latian eagle glared upon the dove,
The snow-white dove of Solyma below.
A voice of woe came deepening up the vale
Of Gihon, shuddering through its ancient palms;
And on to Ophel's hill, and Siloa's brook,
And all the flowers were wet with woman's tears!
Eastward, the hills stood thick with Roman tents;
And well might Judah by the fitful blaze
Of distant beacons, mark the umbered forms
Of warriors, passing into deeper gloom.
And ever as from Kidron shrilled aloft
The piercing trump, shattering the calm of night,
Each drew his mantle closer to his form,
Shook his clenched hand, and nerved his heart to sell
Its life-blood dearly for those cherished towers.
Farther, where, silvered in the moonbeam's ray,
Gleamed the white arches of Bethesda's pool,
There thronged an anxious crowd, with faces pale,

* Mount Casius.

Listening a wild-eyed man from Galiloth;
Who spake of sounds and visions; portents dire,
Of cloud-rapt cars,* and whirlwind-footed steeds;
The clang of armour on the midnight sky,
The desolate Temple, and the coming doom!
And He—as day by day they trenched, they fought,
As night by night, before his wondering ken,
The three-hilled city stretched its lights and glooms
O'er famished shapes flitting from tower to tower,
And wind-bleached bones upon the battered steeps,—
What thoughts were His?—looked he in calmness down
With chill indifference, cold and passionless,
On all the woe beneath?—Believe it not,
E'en in a Stoic; Nature never formed
A heart all marble; but in some dark cleft,
Some hidden fissure, plants th' abiding flower
Of Pity, struggling upward to the Sun.
E'en thus, when wasted with a three-year siege,
The stern old Roman† saw the stately towers
Of Syracuse, and all the crescent bay
Glistening with rampart, bath, and portico;
And, far away, the Dorian Arethuse
Timidly stealing by th' Ortygian shore;—
He wept aloud, to think that War's red foot,
And blood-stained hand, should mar so fair a scene.
And here,—even here,—where all of bright and fair
On Zion's holiest mountain sits enthroned,
Dark Rome,—the last‡ and gloomiest of the forms
Of mortal pride and might, fore-shewn by God
In visions to his Seer,—must stamp the seal

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* πρὸ ἡλίου δύσεως ὤφθη μετέωρα περὶ πᾶσαν τὴν χώραν ἅρματα, καὶ φάλαγγες ἔνοπλοι διαπτουσαι τῶν νεφῶν, κ. τ. λ.—Joseph. vi., et Tac. v. 12, et sqq.; also Newton, p. 380.

† Marcellus. Vide Plutarch, in Vitâ.

‡ Daniel vii. 7.

Of utter ruin;—blood must flow like rain;
Salem must bow, and Kedron, choked with gore,
Flow slowly onward to the Lake of Salt!
So day by day the shapes within the walls
Wasted and pale, with hunger's wolfish eyes,
The delicate woman, and the feeble sire,
Toiled on, and struggled to avert the doom.
And some there were who deemed, even then, that God
Did but delay the thunderings of his wrath,
And that the terror of his red right hand
Flashing from Zion, would confound and drive
The hosts, like leaves before the pitiless East.
But Time with ceaseless rush had brought the hour,
The fateful hour, of which the Lord had said,
'Remove the diadem,* take off the crown,
Thou shalt not be the same!' The foe shall come
Fierce-visaged, swift, speaking a stranger tongue;
Thy fair-haired, tenderest daughter, on her babe
Shall glare with evil aspect, in the siege
And straitness of her woe!—thy pride shall bend
Like Hermon's forest prone to the whirling gale!'
'Tis night!—the last to Salem, and her sons.
Look! what a hectic radiance lightens still
On Carmel, and on Tabor's twilight peaks:
And eastward, lo! the broad and full-orbed moon
Fires with a chastened glow the distant steep
Of Abarim, and Amon's lilied stream,
To dusky Nebo, and the balsam slopes
Of far Engedi; lingering fondly on
By hilly stair frequent with tiers of vines,
To the half-sacked city, palaces and domes,
And Temple, yet unspoiled!
Alone, withdrawn,
High on Antonia's watch-tower Titus stood,

* Ezek. xxi. 26, 27; also Levit. xxvi. and Deut. xxviii.

Tranced with the pageant; till a cloud went up
Before his gaze, and all the land was dark.
He felt the various clouds that gloomed his mind,
As shadows o'er the corn-fields come and go;
He felt some strange, inexplicable doom,
Was surging o'er his soul; that not for nought
His life was spared from out the perilous pass;*
That all yon glorious fabric, stone by stone,
Must stoop to Rome and him;—why that swift start,—
What sudden sound has quickened in his veins
The leaping stream of life? hark! the shrill blast—
The Tuscan clarion cleaves the midnight gloom!
And far below him roll the waves of war,
'Mid floods of light from reddening torches flung,
'Mid stab and death-shriek on from breach to breach,
From court to court, even to the sacred floors.
'Save! save the Temple!'†—bid the hurricane spare
The pines of Libanus!—up, with arrowy flight,
The angry blaze sprang from the kindling brand,
Leaping from roof to roof, and fluttering far
By cedarn beams aloft, and cloistral niche,
By snowy cornice, and elaborate frieze,
Even to the altar, and the sacred veil.
Below, the maddening crowd, this way and that,
Were dashed together in that sea of fire,
Blinded with blood, and molten showers of gold,
As the fierce blaze rushed upward with a roar
That drowned their cries;—
Oh! if a Gentile heart
Faints in its fulness,—if a Gentile hand
Shakes to the throe, and trembles as it writes

* Dr. Newton, on the Prophecies, p. 432, dwells on the wonderful preservation of Titus from critical danger, that all might be fulfilled. Josephus records his escape, Lib. III. c. 7.

† Josephus relates how Titus endeavoured to rescue the Temple. See also Judæa Capt. p. 235.

The mournful tale,—say, what a harrowing shriek
Went up, when Zion from her battlements
Looked widowed forth, and mourned her fallen crown!
Rome hailed the victor, and the laurelled Arch
Greeted his chariots, and their golden spoils;
His pomp was swelled with captives, but their hearts
Were far away, by Jordan's much-loved stream;—
—There, in her desolation, Judah lies,
The Rachel of the Nations, lost in woe!
Childless, forlorn, the barren land for aye
Enjoys* its lonely Sabbaths, till her sons,
Her exile sons, shall know the God they scorned;
Who will not all forsake them; yet, oh yet!
Will lead them back to Salem† once again;
Will cheer the thirsty waste with Eden bloom;
Will join the scattered flock, and reign supreme,
Himself their Light, their Temple,‡ and their King!

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* Levit. xxvi. 43. † Ezek. xxxvi. ‡ Rev. xxi. 22.

MONODY*

ON THE

DEATH OF HER MAJESTY ADELAIDE THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

BY

THE HON. JULIAN FANE,
FELLOW-COMMONER OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1850.

"Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
While thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory."
MILTON.—*Epitaph on the Ms. of Winchester.*

THEE, sad Instructress of the dirge, I woo
Once more from Heaven with downward wing to sweep,
That, taught by thee, I wake no listless strain,
As in crude efforts vain
Slow o'er the strings my lingering fingers creep;
For Albion's Angel-Queen hath fall'n asleep:
And while her grave is wet with mournful dews,
She shall not lack some sad melodious tear
To grace the couch whereon she slumbers deep;
She shall not rest unwept upon her bier.

* This elegy, more especially as regards its versification, is modelled upon that of 'Lycidas.'

So from thy home descend, divinest Muse—
From fount Castalian and the Delphic steep
Of old invoked, Melpomene—and teach
The dirge in melting melodies to weep.

Begin then, tuneful daughter of the skies,
With liquid voice endow'd and with the lyre,
Begin, and soft the mournful strain inspire.
Hence with the blaring clarion of renown
And with the laurel'd crown
Which to thy sterner Sister's hand belong;
Twine thou the chaplet of a wreathèd song
Where all sad sounds harmoniously blend,
And to the echoes tell, low-toned, a name
Too pure to pass the braggart lips of Fame.

She sleeps in peace upon her lowly bed,
Where Thames with music laves the castled hill:
She sleeps—and nightly on her sacred head
The dews of heaven their sweetest tears distil;
And morn by morn the rosy-bosom'd hours,
To flood the world with light,
Lead up their king upon his chariot bright,
And wake the warbling birds and odorous flowers:
But her no more they wake!—though gladder none
Was wont to view the cheek of Morning rosed,
And gaze the glories of the rising sun.
In vain, alas! the tears of Evening fall;
In vain the early breezes, as they sweep
Through the dark woodland, sigh; and from the spray
Trilling their matins sweet the wild birds call;
For she no more upon the dawning day,
Listening their joyous lay,
Shall bend her wistful eyes for ever closed;
Closed in the night of death's long slumber deep,
But angels wake to guard her dreamless sleep.

Who shall relate, O thou so well beloved!
So well beloved, to all the Muses dear,
Who shall relate how many a dirge for thee
Sorrow, enamour'd of thy memory,
Hath freshly pour'd upon thy honour'd bier!
Bitter lament and voice of mourning drear
Rose from the land forlorn in evil hour,
When from the height of many a leaf-clad tower
In fitful pauses broke the note of woe;
And trembling echoes round
To every ear rehearsed the sullen sound
And knell of thee laid low;
For thou wast loved of every noble mind,
And in each heart thy hallowed name was shrined.

Thou, by the Fates to place sublime extoll'd,
Ever didst love, with bashful spirit wise,
To veil thy majesty from others' eyes,
And glide upon thy radiant path unseen!
So walks the Moon her heavenly course serene,
Clothed in the mild effulgence of her grace;
And, prone her glory from the world to shroud,
Curtains her lucent face
In the bleach'd folds of many a vagrant cloud.
Oh! rich-endow'd and by the Muse inspired,
Thou wast not wont among the giddy crowd
With garish pomp to move and glistering pride;
But best, in meek simplicity attired,
With sacred Peace didst love to dwell retired,
And with the throng of Heaven's own nymphs abide—
Pure Faith, with Hope, bright offspring, at her side,
Devotion rapt, and meditative Love,
And Charity, whose sweet gaze melts with ruth,
Bold-brow'd keen-glancing Truth,
And every wanderer from the courts above.
These at the fount of Wisdom undefiled

Drew heavenly precepts mild,
And fed thy soul with pure ethereal food;
Taught thee thy holy task,—to guide the good,
And lead thy people in the paths of peace.
Thee, Shepherdess, the few and faithful sheep
Followed—but they thy sweet voice hear no more,
Nor list thy footfall on the path before,
Climbing the height of Virtue's rugged steep;
For thee they mourn, and all thy people weep;
Nor while the quires their silver dirge prolong
Is mute the simpler song;
In rural hymns with plaintive voice demure,
Sad as low airs that sigh against the leaf,
The children sorrow, and the uncouth poor
In harsher strains record their artless grief.
Not thine the pride that scowls upon the low!
How oft, descending from thy lofty sphere,
Thou cam'st to smoothe the brow and staunch the tear
Of Misery—Angel! these alone may know.
Chill Penury and Want, of all their woe
Oblivious, smiled beneath thy influence bland,
And Childhood knew thy ministering hand.
Ah me! when lapsing to his ocean-rest
The gorgeous Day-star sinks his weary head,
And many a flower that his rich effluence fed
Hangs wan, and droops upon the mother-breast;
Not the chill'd plain shews sadder in her tears,
Than at thy loss the darken'd land appears!

Where were ye, guardian Spirits of the Isle,
Who, whether on the beachèd shore ye dwell,
Or roam the plain, or haunt the secret dell,
Tend ever on your Albion's matchless smile;
Where were ye, Nymphs, upon that fatal morn
When wan-eyed Grief was born
Sole to possess the joy-forsaken land,

And with her dismal band
Darken the sunshine of her happy face?
Alas! what boots it to enquire your place!
For what could ye have done, fond, faithful throng,
Had ye been near, to guard your cherish'd Queen?
If Love, protector vigilant and strong,
(Who ever hover'd round her path, unseen,)
Might from its course the deadly javelin turn,
She had not now slept silent in her shroud!
But from on high proceeds the dread command,
And dire Necessity with equal hand,
Slow as she moves, dispassionate and stern,
Alike unto the gentle and the proud,
Scatters the lot from her capacious urn.

Ah! what avails it with the great to share
Power and pomp and all the glittering gains
Which to insatiate, fretful Pride belong!
To him, whose brow the galling crown sustains,
Not the blithe carol of the careless throng
That tune their mellow'd song,
Nor sound mellifluous of the warbled string,*
Dulcet repose can bring,
Nor to his pillow woo inconstant Sleep;
Innocent Sleep, that loves the shadowy spot
By the lull'd streamlet of the valley, flies
The sounding palace for the peaceful cot.
So false the charm of his illusive lot
Who dwells with Grandeur!—for the serpent Care
Lurks in her courts, and in her garments' fold
Nestles, and ever from his secret lair
Torments the great and proud. "But not the wise"
(Soft at my ear a heavenly voice replies)
"Who, by the Fates among the proud enroll'd,

* "And touch the warbled string."—*Arcades*, l. 87.

"Covet not wealth nor yet desire to gain
"Of glory and of power the guerdon vain;
"Wealth need they not,—superfluous to them
"Who in their minds those riches true contain
"Which silver may not purchase, nor the gold
"Of Ophir, nor the Ethiopian gem;
"And to whom Wisdom hath unveil'd her eyes,
"Fame, that in earth's rank praises grossly lies,
"Not glorious seems, nor worthy to be gained;
"But from celestial founts doth glory spring,
"And by the pure alone may be attain'd,
"To whom the all-righteous King,
"From his dread throne in mercy bending down,
"Awards the meed of an immortal crown!"

Return—who first in lowlier strain serene
Inspir'dst my prompted song—return and tell
What plaints lorn Echo, from her aery shell,
Hath sad rehearsed for Albion's gentle Queen!
First, as she rose from Werra's silvery wave,
The Nymph began—"Oh, nursed upon my shores!
"The stream that wont thy infant steps to lave
"In tenderest notes thy heavy lot deplores;
"But not, alas! upon thy distant grave
"The soothing accents fall;" so sad she mourn'd
At even, while the vales her plaint of woe
In sighing replication soft return'd.
Next Father Thames, as with due dirges low
The decent* pomp along his banks was led,
Rose from the stream, and clasped his urn and said—
"Thee first my waters welcomed; thee, the bride
"Of royal Clarence, foster'd on the main,
"Whom now, sweet Queen, thou comest with fit train*

* "I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible; and that my coffin be carried by sailors to the chapel."—*Extracts from Her Majesty's last Will.*

"Once more to find—sleep softly by his side,
"Sleep: at thy ear my limpid waters flow,
"And the voiced waves make music as they glide."
Last reverend Camus, as he footed slow,
Heard the far echoes mourn, and from the tide
Which fair reflects his Granta's thoughtful brow,
Uprose and spake—"Sad Nymph! forbear not thou,
"While all the woods with doleful plaints resound,
"To wake thy humble lyre, and softly sing:
"Cherish no more thy silent grief profound!
"But from the chords the melting music fling,
"And lift thy voice and teach the grove to sigh,
"While to the strain my reedy banks reply."

Cease, Albion, saddest mourner, cease to weep,
And to the vales no more, in dirges drear,
Lament thy Queen laid low—she doth but sleep,
Stretch'd though she be upon her sable bier.
So on her couch the slumbering maiden lay,*
Nor spoke, nor stirr'd, nor drew the lightest breath,
Till the mild voice of Him who conquer'd Death
Oped the shut portals of her sullen ear,
And on her full orbs gush'd the shining day:
So to the glories of ineffable light
She, who now sleeps in shades of thickest night,
Anon shall lift her Heaven-directed eyes;
Waked by the voice of Him who from afar
Summons His angels home, she shall arise,
And mount aloft, and through the riven skies
Soar to the City of the Morning-Star.

Now Albion weeps no more; and through the gloom
Breaks the glad smile that wont her eyes to grace;

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* Jairus' daughter.

And oft, as Memory haunts her Sovereign's tomb,
She to the throne uplifts her happy face:
There still she views the heavenly Virtues bloom,
And sweet Religion blossom in her place;
There—crowned with richest blessings from above,
Listening the music of a nation's love—
Dwells, in all gentleness and truth serene,
The Sister-spirit of the Isle's lost Queen!

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

BY

W. EDENSOR LITTLEWOOD,

OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

1851.

"Ho for the wars! for battle and for fame!
Men of the North, awake! nerve up your hearts
In the old spirit of your sires, who fought
The battles of great Vasa: to the breeze
Unfurl the banner; point the spear anew,
And pluck the sword from out its dusty rest!"
So spake the king; and Sweden heard the sound,
And thrilled responsive to the voice of War!
By Drontheim's* heights, and Gothland's† dreary plains,
O'er Wettern's‡ silver wave, and past the roar
Of foaming Dahl,‖ and up among the hills
Far stretching to the North, the call to arms
Rolled onward; like the muttering of a storm,
Waking deep echoes, as it passed along,
Within the hearts of men.
High dreams broke in
Upon the peasant's yet-untutored soul,—

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* Drontheim, or Trondheim was the residence of the ancient kings of Sweden, and is now the cathedral-town of one of the four bishoprics of Norway.

† Gothland is an island belonging to Sweden. It lies in the Baltic.

‡ Wettern, the principal lake of Sweden.

‖ Dahl, the principal river of Sweden. Near Escarleby, not far from its mouth, it forms a celebrated cataract.

Dreams of ambition, where the coming war
Rose golden-hued;—the shrieks of death all hushed,
The blood forgotten, and the carnage veiled;
Only before him shone the laurel crown,
And shouting multitudes, and voices sweet
Sang the loud pæan. From his lowly cot
Upon the rough hill-side, the mountaineer
Listed the call; nor lingered at the sound,
But clad him in the armour of his sires,
Dashed off the rising tear—as half-ashamed
That it should stain his cheek—kissed his pale wife,
Threw one last look around his native hills,
And followed to the war. From town and tower
From hill and dale the clustering thousands came;
Phalanx on phalanx, rank on serried rank,
Pressed on the people at their monarch's call.

Then stood the chief before their eager gaze—
The great, the glorious: on his massive brow,
Throned in the beauty of her own pure light,
Sate wisdom, and from out his sparkling eye
Flashed forth the lightning gleams of intellect.
Not yet had time its searing record stamped
Upon his form, nor 'mid his clustered locks
Scattered the snows of eld: the flush of youth
Purpled his cheek, and the warm blood throbbed high
Within his bosom, and his soul was bright
With all the freshness, and light-hearted hopes
That bloom in the sweet summer-tide of life.

Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to stand among
The princes of the earth, to shadow here
The attributes and majesty of Heaven,
To guide the millions, and at beck to turn
The nations in their course—to speak the word,
And it is done—to say, and none withstand!
But mightier is it to be loved, to draw
The kindling heart, to rouse the subject-mind,

And gently bend it to the yoke of love.
Oh! this is beautiful exceedingly;
It is the soul of power. Our spirit quails
To listen to the thunder of the voice
That speaks from Sinai; but our hearts leap up,
And joyfully we follow Him who heals
Our every grief, who calmeth all our storms,
And to the hurricane saith, "Peace, be still!"
Such and so fair a harmony as this
Linked up in dearest unison the hearts
Of prince and people there. As to the sun
The sunflower turns, and to his genial smile
Unfolds its bosom; as the waters bend
Dimpling beneath the breath of summer-winds;
As at the gush of some loved melody
Touched by a master-hand, the voice breaks forth
In sympathetic music, and the soul
Wells up in passion from its inmost depths;
So at Gustavus' voice, the thousands stood
Ready for conflict;—and the spirit of war,
Roused at the sound, shone out from every eye,
Swept through the passions of each faithful soul
And, with the might and majesty of power,
Bound them for ever to their monarch's will
In the light fetters of obedient love.
Yet not alone had faith and loyalty
Called up that warrior band; above their head
The banner waving told their high emprize;
There, intertwined among its massy folds,
Now opening to the breeze, now drooping down
In the still air, gleamed out the mystic word,
Their talisman of faith, "Emmanuel."*
As from the serpent in the wilderness
On high uplifted, health and mercy flowed;

* The motto inscribed on the banners of Gustavus Adolphus.

So on that standard and its holy sign
Each hardy soldier gazed, and drank deep draughts
Of courage, as he marked the sacred word.
Nor turned the prince aside: within *his* breast
Long had Religion raised her lovely shrine;
Not with the pomps and trickeries of earth
His treasure lay; oh! not on such were fixed
His hopes eternal, through them and beyond
This mortal veil he gazed: before his sight,
Thrones and dominions faded, and uprose
The kingdom of the just, the blessed home
That hath foundations, and the royalty
Whose glory fades not, whose undying light
Shines on and on to immortality.

But hark! the hour of parting. Never more
To greet again the shores of fatherland,
Full many a noble heart upon this day
Crosses the blue sea, and on many a form
Of husband, or of brother, woman's eye
Looks the last glance, as from the crowded strand
Passes the stately ship, and sinks behind
The far horizon-waves. The trumpets blow,
The banners wave, the cannon thunder out
Their stern farewell, and music fills the air
With melody; but many a hardy cheek
And many an eye are wet with secret tears,
And many a sob, and half-distinguished sigh
Tell how, beneath the glitter and the gaud,
Flows silently, unhindered and unchanged,
The deep, true under-current of the heart.

So passed that martial pageant, and the years
Flew by, and still across the distant seas
They battled on, victorious and brave.
High deeds were theirs; the well-contested fight,
The taken city, and the captive foe,
Spake of their valour. Still before them marched

The monarch of their love, nor only ruled
In counsel, but amid the deadly moil
Of battle, where the legions, hand to hand
And foot to foot, were matched for life and death,
And in the breach, and in the thickest fray
He led them on. Unconquered and unsoiled
Still streamed aloft the banner of their faith,
And still they gazed on it with earnest eyes,
Drank in new courage, and with eager step
Marched calmly onward unto victory.

Yet not again upon Gustavus' ear
Might fall the gentle sounds of welcome home,
No more for him might Sweden's valleys bloom,
No more her mountains tower; through blood and death
He cleft a path for others, and the light
Of Freedom and of Truth brake forth anew
Out of the darkness, never more to fade:
But not with him might gentle Peace abide,
Save only in the quietude of death,
And in the lonely silence of the grave.
Oh! sad the day for Sweden and for man
When, from the field of Lutzen,* passed away
The spirit of Gustavus. Dearly bought
Was victory then; no joy the victors blessed,
No dreams of glory for the battle won,
No vauntings high; their pride, their hope had fled,
Their soul of action and of thought was still.

He died as heroes die. The crash of war
Thundered around him, and the cannonade
Sang the loud requiem, and the faithful tears
Of soldier-comrades told how he was loved:

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* Lutzen, the great battle-field, on which Gustavus perished, is situated on the Elster, about 11 miles W.S.W. of Leipsic, in Saxony. On the same battle-field Bonaparte defeated the united forces of Russia and Prussia, in May 1813.

Fighting for truth he fell, and from his lips,
'Ere closed in death for ever, words of prayer
Passed firm and fervent. Trust we they were heard.
Oh ye who cherish lovingly the names
Of great and glorious souls! oh ye who burn
To listen to the doings of the brave,
Pay ye your tribute here; no sculptured stone
Tells of Gustavus' glory, and it lives
Only in memory and the bright records
That Fame hath written in her noble scroll!
Yet not on you alone his praise shall rest—
Far into coming time; when Freedom strives,
When nations struggle for the rights of thought,
When pure Religion from her slumber wakes,
Battling with error, darkness, and decay;
Then shall the tale of Lutzen be renewed,
And many a flower of chivalry bloom up
From the green turf upon those hallowed plains;
Then shall the memory of Gustavus rise,
And from the deep remembrance of men's souls
Shine out unquenchable and beautiful!

THE ARCTIC REGIONS,

AND

THE HOPES OF DISCOVERING THE LOST ADVENTURERS,

BY

FREDERIC W. FARRAR,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1852.

"Hard task indeed o'er Arctic seas to roam!
Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?"—
COWPER'S *Hope.*

"There is a hand that guides."—
TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

FAREWELL to mossy vale, and sapphire sky,
Green earth, and golden wood, and silver wave,
The lily, and the zephyr, and the rose!
Farewell! I may not rest the crownëd harp
On emerald meads, or wreathe its fretted base
With blushing flowerets, while a gentle bride
Lists the sweet shiver of the ringing chords.
Ah no! away! away! another tone
Must gleam upon the lute, in snowy lands
Where not a bud can tinge its purple cup,
Or shake its dewy bell;—on icëd hills
I must imbed the pedals;—and my hands,
Ah me! the cold touch of my frozen hands,
Must trill and twangle on the glimmering strings
Until they all flash fire.

For I must sing
Of hero-daring, and of woman's love,
And of a glorious nation's fearful hopes
All centred on a continent of snow.

Now on the yellow seashell-flowered sand
Floated the rose of eve,—and each proud ship,
Enshadowed on the mirror of the waves,
Lay on the calmëd jasper, like a swan.
The cabin-boy had kissed his mother's lips,
And spake brave words of cheer, as tho' the light
That bathed the merry darkness of his eye
Were but a smile; the sailor on the shore
Clasped his fond wife; and the lieutenant stood
With strong hand on the fair and golden curls
Of his bright child; oh! it was hard indeed
To kiss the dew-gems from his fragrant cheek,
And, breathing still the lilies of his face,
Leave him for weary days—and still the boy
Clung sobbing on his hand, nor let it go.

"But hark, they call! Farewell! in three short years,
Dearest...Farewell!" and in the boat he leapt,
And the oars dipp'd and flashed: and now they stand
Upon the shining decks, and their white wings
The gallant vessels to the winds unfurled,
And left the fading shores. And stars came out
And looked upon the wave, and all was still,
Save the light flapping of the crimson flags,
And murmur of the breezes in the sail,
And shouting* of the cleft phosphoric wave
Round the curved prows;—so did the light wind speed
The Erebus and Terror on their way.

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* *ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης.*—
Hom. *Il.* i. 481.

Oft had the Orient at Hyperion's feet
Flushed into fire and flower, and from his arm
The rubied orb of his empyreal shield
Flamed thro' the zenith; often had he flung
Purpureal mantles on the radiant foam
Down from his westering chariot, and the stars
Had gazed at twilight from their jewel-thrones
On the blue bosom of the twinkling deep:—
And still the shores swept by: and now by day,
Winging the cold air's lucent* hyaline,
Strange birds were seen to flutter at the mast,
And irridescent in the moony wave
Strange† fishes seen to flounder at the keel,
That thro' the floating crystals of the frost
Crisped a slow path: and still the light wind sped
The Erebus and Terror on their way.

Lo! it comes looming thro' the shadowed sea,
Towering and tossing on the crested swell
The mountain of bright ice! down fathom-deep
Swept by mysterious currents floateth strange
Its everlasting base, and to the sun
In mingling gleams of emerald and pearl
Flash out its opal peaks.
. Beware! beware!
For terror haunts its beauty—hark! a crash
As of a thousand thunders, and with shock
Terrific as an earthquake the huge mass

* "The air is very transparent, and often filled with delicate floating icy crystals."—Scoresby, *Arctic Regions*, p. 113. "The ethereal brilliancy of the polar sky."—Id. p. 19.

† "We had numerous birds hovering round the ship."—Sir J. Franklin's *Voyage to the Polar Seas*. "A shoal of grampuses and porpoises came dancing and bounding about the bows of the vessel."—*Private Journal of a distinguished officer on board the Erebus.*

Bursts with a shiver, while the writhing deep
Bellows, and rushing on with wrathful wave
Shakes the tall vessels on its howling surge!

The echoes of the rocking mountains heard
And shouted a reply; the ivory Lar*
Rose clanging on the wind; the tuskëd beast
Plunged to his depths, and fierce Leviathan
Slapping† the maddened ocean with his tail
Wallowed in terror, till the hoary deep
Lay white for many a rood.
But *they* were safe,
Aye! they rode safely on the glassy green
Of silvery‡ waters, and with thankful hearts
Prayed to the God of heaven; and it seemed
That angel-ministrants did guide them on
Thro' dangers of the wonder-peopled deep,
Wild waves, and floating lands, and rushing rocks,
Unfabled Strophades; so mercy sped
The Erebus and Terror on their way.

No longer! for the heaped and marble ice
Thickened in azure hummocks round the keels;
And, gemmed with icy stars, the idle ships
Lay locked and frozen on the frozen wave!

'Cold, weary, chilly-cold—the very breath
Falling in silvery circlets—and the blood
Beating and bounding in the throbbing pulse.
Ah! we must die! and yet the legends tell

* "The Larus eburneus, remarkable for its immaculate whiteness."—Scoresby.

† "Rearing their tails high in the air they beat the water with awful violence; the sea is thrown into foam."—Id.

‡ "The sea is of the most perfect transparency—a beautiful, delicate, cold-looking green."—*Private Journal*, &c.

Of a green* Eden 'mid the whitening wastes
Of the wild North; but not a flower is here
Save crystals of the bright lamellar snow
And glitter of the cold unheeding stars.†

'O! for an emerald field, a sunny light,
A scent of lilies in the forest moss,
A waving in the coronal of trees!
O for the purple noon, the gorgeous noon,
Beneath the bright warm sun! but we must lie
And freeze, and perish in the reeking fogs
Far from our native land!

'Nay, brothers, nay!
God's hand is over us, his sleepless eye
Watcheth our sorrows.—Cease we to repine,
Trust we in Him!'‡

Yet not an easy task
Was your's, brave chiefs, loved Franklin and Fitzjames,
To still the murmurs of that misery.
But God is present in the howling wilds,—
Why should we fear?

Five‖ times the laughing Spring
Shook violets on the fields of chrysoprase;
And Summer floated on her fragrant cloud
Over our land; and Autumn from wreath'd horn
Flung nectarine and peach; and Winter rolled,
Rolled silver-axled o'er the flowerless fields:

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* See the beautiful mythology of the Eddas and Sagas.

† "The stars, those eternal *flowers* of heaven."—Greg. Naz.

‡ "We were inspired with so strong a sense of the Omnipresence of a beneficient God *that our situation even in these wilds appeared no longer destitute.*"—Sir J. Richardson's *Narrative*. "I endeavoured to encourage him by explaining the mercy of God, who ever beholds with an eye of pity those that seek his aid."—Mr. Back's *Narr.* See the whole of this harrowing story, and cf. Parry, I. 214.

‖ The expedition sailed in June, 1845.

Ah where were they?
'Twas night, long Arctic night,
And the red meteor-arches spanned the sky
With quick continual flash,—and they had asked
The gentle savage,* the mild Esquimaux,
'What means yon purpling† iris?' and he cried
'The spirits of my fathers are at play:'
But old men shook their heads and made reply,
'Nay, 'tis the waving of a fiery flag,
In signal to the spirits of the storm.'‡

And the storm came! blaring with hideous trump‖
The mad wind pounced upon the tattered shrouds,
And bent the creaking mast, and howled and screamed,
And swept in fury o'er the splitting fields
That rang, and shrieked, and thundered, as the ships,
Fierce-crashing with their tempest-driven keels,
Drove plunging thro' the terrors of the night
'Neath the black sky—so did the storm-fiend speed
The Erebus and Terror on their way.

Whither?
Ah me! the dim and blinding tears
Gush to mine eyes. I cannot see them more.

Hail! glorious vision hail! ambrosial wings
Her form immantling, on the rosy snow
Resteth the golden sandal of her foot,
A glimmering amethyst—and o'er her brow

* "The gentle and loving savage," as one of the old simple-hearted voyagers calls the Esquimaux. See the interesting and favourable accounts given of them by Parry and Franklin.

† πορφυρείην Ἶριν.—Hom. *Il.* xi. 27.

‡ "The Northern Lights are supposed to be indicative of a violent storm."—Scoresby.

‖ ἀμφὶ δ' ἐσάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανός.—Hom. *Il.* xxi. 388.

Falls the pale lustre of her crownëd hair:
I know her who she is! for one white hand
Doth rest upon an anchor's graceful haft,
And none but her twin-sister of the torch*
Hath eye as bright as her's—Oh glorious sight,
Her right hand pointeth to the glooming North,
And sweetly, softly, fall the dewy† tones,
The tones of dewy music, 'They are safe,
Trust in the mercy of the God of Love!'
Then might I mark once more the shattered ice
Clashing its horrid cymbals, and the fiends
Who rained on those fair ships their furious blows.
But starry-diadem'd and fiery-carr'd
Floated a fair-haired band of seraph youths
Amid the hurricane—and every blow
They warded with a pure and shining hand,
Or on a diamond buckler's rainbow rim
Shielded its lightning fall. Then full of joy
I bowed my head, I murmured, 'They are safe,
Safe thro' the mercy of the God of Love.'

But she in a dark chamber far away
Stood clad in light; a weeping‡ lady there
Before the throne of God on bended knee
Knelt with her sobbing child: their hands were clasped
Upon the wet sad cheek, and her dark locks

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* "Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the visible world
Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find
Of safest guidance, or of firmest trust,
The torch, the star, the anchor."—Wordsworth's *Exc.* Bk. v.

† "Hark what a *dewy dewy* close was there!"—Cowper.

‡ I perhaps ought to remark on this passage, that I have had no individual sufferer in view, but have meant rather to express the mental agony of bereavement, and gladdening alternations of hope, which must be equally felt by all who are connected with the gallant officers and seamen on board the illfated vessels.

Fell mingled with the hyacinth* of his.
O sweeter than the myrrh of Saba's groves
Uprose the fragrant incense of their prayer
To mingle with a thousand thousand more
In censered hands before the jacinth throne
Od'rous and sweet and rich! oh smile of heaven
That on their raisëd faces softly gleams,
Lighting the tearful eyes. They too have heard,
Have heard the angel-whisper, 'They are safe,
Fear not, but trust ye in the God of Love.'

Aye, and a nation heard it! tho' the tones
Were soft as song of flowers on summer eve,
A nation heard it, and the princely barques
Winged† their dread journey to the desolate main
Seeking the lost ones.
But they found them not!
Tho' here and there, on sheets of shuddering ice,
They found the ashes of deserted fires,
And scattered relics of their former homes.

Then some were all a-weary; and they cried,
'Dead are they, tombed upon the bleaching ice,
Or tossing in the seaweed's tangled hair;
Dead are they—wherefore do we seek them more?'

But still I hear the lute-soft lily-song‡

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* *καὶ δὲ κάρητος Οὐλας ἧκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας.*—
Hom. *Od.* vi. 230.
παρθενικαὶ θάλλοντα κόμαις ὑάκινθον ἔχουσαι.—
Theocr. xviii. 2.

† An Expedition sailed to look for Sir J. Franklin, in Feb. 1848. A second in the spring, under Sir J. Ross. Another, under Sir J. Richardson and Dr. Rae, left in March to proceed overland. Several others have since been despatched under Capt. Austen, Sir E. Belcher, &c.

‡ *ὅπα λειριοέσσαν.*—Hom. *Il.* iii. 152.

Of gentle Hope—still trilling 'They are safe,
Safe are they, trust ye in the God of Love.'

O hearken! hearken! hearken! my loved land!
Still man thy glorious vessels to the North
Seeking the lost. Go, gallant Beaufort,—go,
Austen, and Pym, and lion-hearted Ross
Traverse the colorless Arctic! Let the love,
The tender love of mother and of wife
Burn like a star, and blessings of our God
Glide like a fiery pillar on your path.
So, haply soon, shall mercy-wingëd winds
Be speeding home to their loved native land
The Erebus and Terror on their way;
Or we shall know that all the toils are o'er
Of our loved friends, and in the sinless land
Resting in quiet haven they are safe,
Safe thro' the mercy of the God of Love!

WALMER CASTLE.

BY

HERBERT JOHN REYNOLDS,

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1853.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
And I would that my voice could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!—

TENNYSON.

ATLANTIC waves, that lash with restless foam
The chalky bulwarks of our island-home,
Whose crisping ripples flow their queen to greet,
And bear the wealth of worlds to England's feet,
Say, (since in every zone your billows roll,
And stretch their swelling crests to either pole,)
What fairest coast your distant surges lave,
What happiest island gems your gleaming wave?
What shore may yet disclose to human eyes
The purple bloom of long-lost Paradise?
Ye know in what still creek the slumb'rous main
Mirrors the orange-groves of lordly Spain;
Your amorous wavelets kiss with dimpled smile
The green effulgence of each Western isle,

Where palmy clusters rise with broader shade,
And fire-flies glance athwart the darkling glade;
O'er Afric's ruder coast your seas have roll'd,
Where Gambia swells with tides of fabled gold:—
What land, where all are fair, can ask the praise
Of nature's richest gifts, of learning's purest rays?
Not proud Castile, nor Hellas' classic fame,
That meed of fairest from the bard can claim,
Not all the tropic glow of Western shores,
Not India's wealth, nor Afric's virgin stores;
Not their's the lay; a fairer land than these
Sways the proud trident of the subject seas,
Laughs at the hate of tyrants and of slaves,
And finds her home and kingdom on the waves.
A land of peace, where heaven's protecting care
Quells the wild rage of faction and of war;
A land of power, that owns no servile chain,
And ne'er unsheath'd the righteous sword in vain;
Where monarchs reign their subjects' right to guard,
A people's love their noblest, best reward;
Where Freedom (not the spectre Gallia saw,
But circled round by precedent and law,)
Shines in each lofty brow, each fearless eye,
Each lip that scorns to speak or hide a lie;
Where faith is pure, and knowledge grows with time,
Wealth is no boast, and poverty no crime.
Lives there, whose recreant soul can yet demand
Where lies this gifted spot, this favoured land?
This fleeting vision, meet for fancy's theme,
This shadowy Eden of a poet's dream?
As erst in Ida's glade the king-born swain,
Unmov'd by proffered wisdom, proffered gain,
By Hera's frown, or Pallas' angry eyes,
To sea-born Venus gave the golden prize,
So to the bard one realm must fairest shine,
And England's praise inspire the willing line.

What though no cedars bloom in Albion's vales,
No spicy groves lend perfume to her gales,
No Nymph the wood, no Oread roams the hill,
No Naiad haunts the mazes of the rill,
Yet brighter charms are hers:—serene Content
Smiles peace and beauty on the fields of Kent;
And rose-lipp'd health benignant sway maintains,
And plenty tints with gold the waving plains.
Warm on the sheep-trimm'd downs the sunbeams play,
And e'en to Winter lend a lingering ray:
The babbling streamlet feels December's noon
Rival the cloudless glow of balmy June,
And glides unfrozen down the hill's dark breast,
A silvery thread upon a sable vest.

Bend we our steps, where, bosom'd in the shade,
Gray Walmer's pile scarce rises o'er the glade;
No mountain-fort, no castellated height
Soars to the skies, and mocks the wearied sight:
Low in the vale the royal Tudor's mind
Th' encircling moat and tower-crown'd wall design'd,
Bade them protect his Albion's chalky steep,
And claim allegiance from the subject deep.
Go thou, when eve her silent sway resumes,
And pensive stray through Walmer's ancient rooms,
While fades the last slant ray, and clear above
Beams the large radiance of the star of love,
And clear below, the rosy-spangled light
Glows on the shore, and tints each chalky height,
And all is silence, save where low and far
The ebbing wave breaks on the sandy bar;
There linger on, till night's unclouded noon
Brings the mild glories of the eastern moon,
Till, silvered o'er, the time-worn portals gleam,
And the hoar walls reflect the pearly stream,
And balmier steals the sigh, which Zephyr's love
Breathes in soft rapture to the listening grove.

Not fairer show'd the scene, when Greece was free,
And Corinth's towers o'erlook'd a double sea;
Or where bright Naples, Ocean's loveliest child,
O'er her wide bay with golden lustre smil'd,
Ere yet the wrath of fierce Vesuvius burn'd,
And that fair garden to a desert turn'd.

Erewhile perchance, where, on the lofty keep,*
Untouch'd by shade the crystal glories sleep,
The warder view'd, far-whitening o'er the main,
The proud leviathans of vengeful Spain;
Saw castled bulwarks load the heaving seas,
And sails flap idly to the wearied breeze.
They come, they come; the beacon's kindling star
From height to height speeds forth the note of war;
To wreak a slighted despot's wrath they come,
And hurl the thunders of fanatic Rome.
They dream'd not, when they sail'd our might to tame,
How pure in English hearts burnt Freedom's flame;
What zeal for England's faith, and England's laws,
Could nerve or prince or peasant in her cause:
Easy they deem'd the task, with fire and brand
From taint of heresy to purge the land,
To bid free thought and patriot spirit cease,
To make a wilderness, and call it peace.†

Beseems not me to sing, how England's might
Stemm'd the fierce flood of that unequal fight,
How Drake's bold seamen scaled each lofty side,
And wrapp'd in flames Iberia's martial pride;
Till from the strife their shattered navies fled,
O'er purpled billows cumbered with the dead.
Grim smiled upon their flight the demon form
That rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm;

* The principal battle with the Armada took place within a short distance of Walmer Castle.

† Tacitus, *Vit. Agr.* 30.

And eager on the blast the vulture springs,
To tear the flesh of captains and of kings.
In vain they stretch their baffled sails, to 'scape
Bleak Scotia's crags, and Orkney's stormy cape;
Round their doom'd host the pealing thunders roll,
And livid lightnings rend the frowning pole,
Avenging tempests blast their godless might,
And crush their groaning masts, and mar their navy's flight.
So when of old by Kishon's purpled flood*
In doubtful fight the bands of Judah stood,
Stars from their courses dealt the fateful blow,
And gathered tempests smote Jehovah's foe.
Long shall the baffled tyrant vainly cast
An anxious gaze across the watery waste;
His vassals sleep beneath th' avenging wave,
Ignobly famous, and unjustly-brave;
To them no shrines in Honour's fane belong,
For them no Muse shall wake the deathless song;
No marble rise to tell their mournful doom,
No pitying tear bedew their briny tomb.
Brief glance be cast on scenes of darker hue,
When Love grew cold, and Hope awhile withdrew,
When Faction triumph'd, and the swelling flood
Of social fury whelm'd the throne in blood,
When shook the deep foundations of the state,
And Freedom's mask conceal'd fanatic Hate;
E'en then on Walmer glanced no hostile ball†
She felt no shattered gate, no crumbled wall;
From her gray towers the tumult shrank afar,
And Peace found refuge at the shrine of War.
Again o'er Albion's coast the storm-clouds loom,
Rough rise the waves, and deeper spreads the gloom,
Nor power can check, nor Reason's voice recall
The wild ambition of the frenzied Gaul.

* Judges, v. 20, 21.
† Walmer Castle suffered no attack in the civil war of 1645—48.

Whose foresight now, in Walmer's threatened pile,
Defeats their schemes, and shuns each fraudful wile?
'Tis he, the Atlas of our sinking throne,*
Great in his sire's renown, still greater in his own.
He stemm'd the billows, vigilant and sure,
With all the soul of dauntless Palinure,†
Through storms and calm unaltered kept his stand,
And grasp'd the rudder with his dying hand.
Brief though his date, immortal blooms the fame
The patriot, statesman, orator shall claim;
For him the Muse shall wreathe unfading bays,
All earth his tomb, all History his praise.‡
He sent the warrior forth whose conqu'ring sword
Check'd the mad rage of Gallia's robber-horde,
Who smote Iberia's fleets, and launch'd amain
The wrath of England on the traitor Dane.
When Nelson's failing hand forsook the blade,
'Twas Wellesley fill'd the breach that Death had made,
Strong to destroy, but stronger far to save;
Victor by land, as Nelson on the wave:
Before him paled the meteor flame, that erst
In wrath and power on startled Europe burst;
Shiver'd the despot sword, whose lawless might
Reap'd the fell harvest of Marengo's fight;
Fled the proud host, whose fury thundered on
From the warm Tagus to the frozen Don,
Who bridged the Alp, o'erleap'd each icy bar,
And braved the rage of elemental war.
With joy she ne'er at sight of carnage knew,
Peace smiled upon thy field, red Waterloo;
With tearless eye beheld th' ensanguined sod,
Where fell the last and mightiest "Scourge of God."

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* Pitt was for several years Warden of the Cinque Ports.
† Virg. *Æn.* v. 833—871.
‡ Ἀνδρων γαρ ἐπιφάνων πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.—Thuc. II.

Changed is the theme: no more the praise I sing
Of sweet vales balmy with the breath of spring,
No more the fruitful fields inspire the lay,
And orchards blushing with the golden day;
Nor humbled Gaul's defeat, nor vanquish'd Spain,
And Britain's conquering march o'er land and main.
Changed is the theme: a mournful strain should tell
How England sorrowed when her hero fell:
(Like rebel Egypt, when the midnight gale
Spread through her coasts the loud and bitter wail:*)
In solemn sadness let the numbers flow,
And every line breathe forth a holy woe.

Calm was the warrior's end; gray Walmer saw
The mighty captain yield to Nature's law,
Unpalsied still his arm, undimm'd his eye,
As his who climb'd on Pisgah's top to die.
Light on his head the hand of Death was laid,
Slow gathered o'er his brow the chilling shade,
A peaceful sigh scarce tells that he is gone;
They gaze on that which once was Wellington.
Not when bright May, or tender April's tear
Gleam'd with fair promise of the purple year;
Not when stern Winter ruled the bleak domain,
And Nature shrank beneath his icy chain;
Not then her fallen chief should Albion mourn,
And bend in woe above his holy urn.
But when rich Autumn crown'd the farmer's toil
And curving ears embrown'd the fertile soil,
When mellowed fruit, at silent close of day,
Droop'd on the branch with timely, slow decay,
More fitly then might Wellesley yield his breath,
The noblest harvest of the Reaper, Death;
Then fitly rest, mature in honoured days,
Graced by a nation's tears, and foes' extorted praise.

* Exod. xii. 30.

Not his the soul that stoops its aim to shroud,
And fool with glozing lies the brainless crowd,
Nor slacks the curb, when factious zeal would strain
To wrest from guiding hands the tightened rein.
A Christian warrior, and a patriot peer;
Courtier, yet honest; statesman, yet sincere;
Though stern, yet kind; though high, despising state;
Grave without pride, without ambition great.
Hushed is the trump of war: the idle sword
Hangs on the wall with martial relics stored;
Peace speeds her dove-wing'd flight from shore to shore,
And Hope would fain persuade that strife shall be no more.
But let not thus inaction dim the blade,
Nor caution fail, nor generous ardour fade.
Trust not the treach'rous calm; but, timely wise,
Foresee the tempest in the distant skies.
E'en now the warning sounds; a cloud e'en now,
Like that the prophet view'd from Carmel's brow,
Is blackening o'er the seas with gathered gloom,
Pregnant with fate, the messenger of doom.
O! if that storm should burst, if e'er again
The fury of the Danube or the Seine
Should chase from Europe white-robed Peace afar,
And hurl on Albion's coast the bolt of war,
His mem'ry be preserved, who taught our feet
The thorn-strew'd path that leads to Honour's seat,
Bade us to duty school the shrinking sense,
And learn the greatness of obedience.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE,

ITS PAST HISTORY, AND IMPENDING CHANGES.

BY

HERBERT JOHN REYNOLDS,

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1854.

"Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."—
TENNYSON.

RICH with the wealth of Persia's vanquish'd throne,
And plunder won from empires not his own,
Unsated yet with Glory's feast of blood,
The lord of Asia wept by Indus' flood;
Wept that the narrow bounds of earth should bar
The onward march of desolating war,
That envious Nature's limit should deny
More kings to fall, more enemies to die;
Wept that he found the conquer'd world so small,
And sigh'd to think so little should be all.
O had he known, on that remorseful day,
How fair a clime beyond his vision lay;
A land secure in undisturb'd repose,
Untorn by factions, and unscathed by foes,
How high had been his lot, how fair his fame,
To blend the statesman's with the conqueror's name,

Unlock to Europe China's teeming store,
And bear to Hellas arts unknown before;
Bid Knowledge grow, and Commerce, undismay'd,
Welcome the magic needle's guiding aid;
And sacred Learning's multiplying page
Give to the world the wisdom of the sage.
Such were thy glories, China, such thy state
When arts and arms combined to make thee great:
To waft thy commerce flow'd the broad canal,
To guard thy frontier rose the northern wall,
A mighty shield, to check barbaric rage,
And mock the wonder of a feebler age.
Down the long vista of thine ancient reign
The gaze of Hist'ry's muse may toil in vain,
Trace the proud line of monarchs, and explore
The dim remains of legendary lore;
Till, scarce incredulous, she hears the tale,
How rose the nation from the teeming vale,
And deems the boast, that swell'd Athenian pride,
In China's dateless annals verified.

But vain the labour'd works, the regal show,
The pomp of wealth that does but tempt a foe,
In vain the hills are green, the valleys smile,
And lavish Plenty reigns, where man is vile;
The dull mechanic march of barren Time,
The narrow soul that deems improvement crime,
The jealous care, the ports to Commerce barr'd,
The selfish silence, and the watchful guard,
The settled pride that chills creative thought,
Unskill'd to teach, unwilling to be taught;—
For these the muse deserts th' exclusive state,
And scorns the race that dares not to be great.

Yet all have not been such; not such appears
The larger, kindlier soul of early years,
Ere burst the tempest, ere the northern horde,
In China's evil day, unsheathed the sword,

Swept from their wilds in unresisted course,
And ruled by terror what they seized by force.
The ancient glories loom more fair and great
E'en from the haze that wraps her after-state,
And Mem'ry's sigh, that mourns her vanish'd fame,
From the dead Past recalls each mighty name;
Sages, ere Greece was charm'd by Plato's tongue,
And poets, ere the tale of Troy was sung;
Chief the pure soul, who lawless vice withstood,
And nobly dared be great by being good,
Strengthen'd the frail, the stubborn-hearted bow'd,
Reclaim'd the erring, and abash'd the proud,
Sway'd with the voice of Truth the guilty breast,
And lull'd the vulture passions into rest.
Well did the dream of England's bard assign*
In Honour's fame the loftiest, brightest shrine
To him, who won the crowd to Virtue's side
By Stoic morals free from Stoic pride;
Who taught, what earthly lore could ne'er supply,
Unblamed to live, and undisturbed to die.

Turn we to later scenes, when dawning light
Bursts the long gloom of Occidental night,
When infant Commerce, o'er the Western world,
Her peaceful standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Dared for her own the pathless waters claim,
And call'd her sons to enterprize and fame.

When waken'd Europe cast her cords away,
And youthful Science struggled into day,
First plough'd the barks of Portugal the main,
In quest at once of glory and of gain,
First dared their track to China's coast to shape,
And braved the thunders of the Stormy Cape.

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* Vid. Pope, *Temple of Fame*, v. 107:

"Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good."

Next, in the cause of Mammon ever bold,
The sordid Dutch pursued the path to gold;
Cringed at the throne beneath a despot's rod,
False to themselves, their country, and their GOD,
With slavish zeal the route of shame began,
And sold for trade the dignity of man;
Then, self-degraded, reap'd a just return,
Insult for fear, and for abasement scorn.*

Nobler the soul that stirr'd in England's breast,
Dauntless when menaced, firmer when caress'd;
From the white isle that courts the western day
Her merchant-princes came to far Cathay,
And rich Formosa's incense-breathing shore
Gave to their fleets one mart of commerce more.
Their soul the courtly minions strove in vain
To bend by fear, or tempt with proffer'd gain;
The sons of Liberty, with generous pride,
Each bribe rejected, and each threat defied,
Cow'd by no fear, to no submission awed,
Nor dared be free at home and slaves abroad.

Long years had pass'd, but unimproved they flew,
From pride to madness China's folly grew,
And, bolder now, she cast aside the wiles
That mask'd her purpose with pretended smiles,
By arms she hoped the stubborn race to tame,
Whose fearless souls opposed her haughty claim;
To reign sole Empress of her Eastern sea,
And win by force the homage of the free.
Vain hope! not vainer that which erst possest,
So legends tell, the impious monarch's breast
Whose frenzy dared with thund'ring cars to pass
O'er hollow pavements of resounding brass,
With torches mock'd the lightnings of the sky,
And rivall'd Jove's celestial armoury.†

* Vid. Macartney's Embassy, Vol. II. p. 131. † Virg. *Æn.* VI. 585.

Vain hope! in vain she summon'd from afar
The might of numbers and the pomp of war,
In vain to battle moved the painted show
Of gaudy junks, against a mightier foe;
Too late she learn'd, her dream of conquest o'er,
Misfortune's stern but salutary lore,
Too late her crumbling walls, her ravaged coast
Taught her how weak her strength, how vain her lofty boast.
A brighter theme remains; nor blame the lay
That dares conjecture of a happier day,
When China, long entomb'd in lifeless rest,
Shall rouse the might that slumbers in her breast,
Burst from her bonds, and vindicate her claim
To all the glories of her ancient name.
What though the storm-clouds lower, and fear and woe
Attend the mighty birth of social truth below?
The darkest hour shall speed a golden morn,
'Mid wars and tumult Freedom shall be born,
Arm'd for the strife, impatient of the chain,
Like virgin Pallas from the Thunderer's brain,
Smile at the last oppressor's dying groan,
And stamp to dust the tyrant's crumbling throne.
When o'er some smiling plain with putrid breath
Creeps the slow cloud of pestilential death.
O'er all the landscape spreads a shroud-like haze,
Till nations faint and sicken as they gaze,
Pale grows the sun in heav'n, and, pale below,
From Nature's face decays the rosy glow,
The winds are hush'd, and Plague's envenom'd dart
Chills the thick blood around each palsied heart;
If chance the tempests rise, and o'er the sky
Peal the dread roar of heaven's artillery,
Though the fierce whirlwind, in its swift career
Mars the bright honours of the purple year,
Though bows the golden grain, and, 'neath the stroke,
Far-crashing falls the thunder-smitten oak;

Yet e'en the storm is sent in mercy there,
To lift the gloom, and clear th' infected air;
The genial day returns, the fresh'ning breeze
Drives from the blood the taint of fell disease,
Stirs the dull current in each languid vein,
And Health resumes her interrupted reign.
Ere long shall Nature's re-productive power
Clothe the bare plains, and raise the drooping flower,
Shall bless the seeming wrath, the kindly blow
That marr'd her realm, and laid her beauties low,
Whose anger, like Achilles' fabled steel,
Smote but to save, and wounded but to heal.
Such lot be thine, fair land of early fame,
Of peaceful arts, and Freedom's holiest name;
Long have thy sons with fruitless groans deplored
The lawless thraldom of their Tartar lord,
Or, sunk in craven fear, have acquiesced
In all the wrongs their arm should have redress'd,
Contented thus to find dishonour'd graves,
Born to the yoke, hereditary slaves.
No more for thee the subject Orient brings
The gold and gems of tributary kings,
Hush'd is the breeze that swell'd thy prosperous sail,
Thy wreath is faded, and thy star is pale.
Yet in some braver hearts unconquer'd *still*
Has lived the patriot warmth, the fearless *will;*
Through the long ages of despotic sway
Conceal'd, not quench'd, the spark of *freedom lay,*
That did but wait Occasion's breath, to *raise*
The latent glow, and fan it to a blaze.
Is not that hour at hand?—*let these reply,*
The clang of arms, the shout of victory,
The prostrate battlement, the crumbled fane
Strown with the wrecks of Superstition's *reign.*
Long has the strong man arm'd his castle kept,
And ruled secure, while tardy vengeance slept,

Now arm'd against him comes a stronger foe,
To spoil the spoiler's pride, and lay the victor low.
Tremble, pale tyrant, 'mid thy venal guard,
Whose purchased valour fights but for reward;
The hireling sword, the mercenary spear
Are vain against the breasts that cannot fear,
For who can falter, who refuse to die,
Where Death is Fame, and Conquest Liberty?
Yes, ye shall triumph, on your wondering eyes
Truth's golden beam, and Freedom's light shall rise,
All passion calm'd, all error purged away,
As flows from turbid dawn the cloudless day.
Rise, happy morn, whose advent shall behold
One guardian Shepherd, o'er one peaceful fold;
When fair Cathay the purer faith shall own,
And cast her crown before the Saviour's throne,
At His dread name her myriads bow the knee,
And one glad anthem rise, redeeming Lord, to Thee.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

BY

JOHN SUMNER GIBSON,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1855.

"Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."—
CAMPBELL'S *Hohenlinden*.

THE sea, the sea, wide tracts of crisping foam
Lost in the bending sky, clear fields of green,
Over whose sliding deeps the sea-birds roam
Dipping a plume to crests of silver sheen;
This side a purple island, dimly seen,
On that a line of shore outstretching low
Gleams in the shaking mist, and all between
Thousands of thronging vessels come and go,
Cleaving a rippled path and spreading sails of snow.

These are our worthiest pride, our noblest boast,
These have been England's mightiest and shall be;
To utmost isles and Earth's remotest coast
These bear the mandates of our sovereignty;—
But lo, a prow comes glancing on the sea,
And hark, a cheer goes echoing o'er the swell,
Manned are the yards, the banner floateth free,
And every sailor's throbbing heart can tell
It is his Island Queen bids him a last farewell.

One moon hath waxed and waned, the Spring's short hour
Grows to a longer span, and where are they
So lately gone in beauty and in power?
Around them and above them night and day
Rise northern shores, and suns whose ceaseless ray
Slow-wheeling sets not, ever hung on high;
And frozen isles crash with a thunder fray,
Flashing a rainbow beauty till they die,
Victims to sapping waves and shafts of summer sky.

But not for these alone is shouted forth
War's sterner call, nor only these our isle
Arms for the battle and outsends in wrath;
There are that sail where softer beauties smile,
Calpe's proud steep, and Ida's mountain pile,
Or where on Helle's tide the night-wind raves,
Or where Rome's latest rival, famed erewhile,
Sitting an Ocean Queen on sceptred waves,
Places a curbing foot on neck of watery slaves.

Hast thou not seen above the summer wood
Twin clouds in thunder-evenings darkly laid?
Such seemed the hosts that threatened Alma's flood,
Savage and stern on either cliff arrayed;
Yet the stream shrank not, frightened, nor delayed,
But if upon the ripples haply thrown
There glanced the sudden flash of helm or blade,
The sliding waters claimed it for their own,
Mirrored it shivering and deepening ever down.*

* Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Vol. I. p. 331: "When a ripple or swell is seen at such an angle as to afford a view of its farther side, it carries the reflection of objects farther down than calm water would. Therefore all motion in water elongates reflections. The real amount of this elongation is not distinctly visible, except in the case of very bright objects, and

They come! they come! upon the steep hill-side
The Zouave lines are swiftly, sternly brushing,*
These the first surges of that angry tide;
They charge!—with eager footstep forward pushing
Briton and Frank are through the vineyards crushing,
And closer soon and fiercer grows the fight,
Around are falling friends and steeds loose rushing,
Yet not in vain those deeds of daring might,
They came, they charged, nor long, they conquer on the height.

The plashing of the river for his knell,
We found him, foot to foe and face to sky,
The warrior-boy, cold-lying where he fell;
Dimly the pale stars came, came shrinkingly,
Stole from behind a ragged edge on high
The moon, and slid a smile along his brow;
A pale blue scar was o'er his closèd eye,
Through his damp locks a blood-drop creeping slow,
Lovely and sad in life, but sadder, lovelier now.

Yet evil ever hath a secret good,
Pearls all lie hid; and thus the very chains
That link our being into brotherhood,
Spring from unlikely sources, thus our pains
Give birth to pleasures, nor might longest reigns
More truly prove how love from hatred grows,
Than one joint day upon those battle plains,
For many a deed of kindly succour shows
We can be truest friends who have been fiercest foes.

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especially of lights, as of the sun, moon, or lamps by a river shore, whose reflections are hardly ever seen as circles or points, which of course they are in perfectly calm water, but as long streams of tremulous light."

* See Layard's *Campaign in the Crimea.—Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1854.

Cold are the winds that whistle at our doors,
Sharp are the snows that hide our whitening fields,
Yet colder, sharper, on those Eastern shores
Is the stern sceptre iron Winter wields,
And scarce a tent its scant protection yields,
Warding the bitter blast and stinging hail,
No food that strengthens, and no hut that shields,
Such is their lot, what wonder if they fail?
Disease, cold, famine, death, must make the stoutest quail.

Woe in high places! hopeless, endless woe!
"How are the mighty fallen," fall'n the brave,
Cold forms on colder sods are lying low,
And earth hath opened with a yawning grave,
Whereon the nightwinds sob and wildly rave,
Sad dirges for dead warriors, how they went
And blindly rushed where none were nigh to save,
But only whelming hosts, and bolts that sent
Death-doom, as falling stars through voids of firmament.

There was a gleam of spears and flashing brands,
There was a rush of steeds along the plain,
Loud-clanging swords upleapt in strong right hands,
Swift shots came hurtling, and a scorching rain
Downdropped a blight of death and ghastly pain;
O God! they meet! upon that iron shore
The exhausted waves are breaking all in vain,
The young, the strong, the fearless are no more,
They sink mid battle shouts, they die mid cannon's roar.

Yet are they shrined in loving hearts, that dwell
In constant grief, or feed a sad delight
With fruitless memories, or boast to tell
How all a winter sun till dusk of night
"Eight thousand English bravely held the height;"*

* *Two Battle-Pieces*, by H. Lushington.

The dim morn saw them as they armed, the day
Beat on them as they fought, and eve's pale light
Glimmered to weapons that gave back her ray,
And blushed o'er fields where death had urged his fiercest sway.

That morn fell one whose path of noble error
Led to a noble grave; Cathcart, thy breast
Beat with as even pulse in midst of terror,
As in thy childhood's slumber, mother-blest;—
And one by sickness and by pain opprest
Came where the whistling bolts were thickest flung,
Starting at sound of battle, nor would rest;
The soul of honour, pure from thought of wrong,
Unheeding Glory's call and Envy's poisoned tongue.

Such are true men, and rightly over them
Let the loud-ringing voice of Fame be rolled,
Yet let their widowed country not contemn
Her thousand sons, so lately strong and bold,
Now in unhonoured slumber lying cold;
These souls have shuddered forth to shrinking stars,
These gasp for ebbing life, and all untold
Their sufferings, maddened thirst, and burning scars,
One starts at fancied wounds, one dreams imagined wars.

Too well they know how countless deeds of life
Crowd in an hour of death, how memories
Thicken in fleeting moments all too rife
With sins long past; the while to some uprise
Visions of sweetest homes, and fruitless sighs
At thought of favoured child, or mother dear,
Or her yet dearer form, whose eager eyes
Once looking only love, undimmed and clear,
Now seem to film and glaze at prophet shapes of fear.

And she afar doth pine at dreaded woes,
Her ears feign battle-noises, and a sight
Flits ever by her eyes of ruthless foes:
She sleeps—her fairest form in purest white
Lies lightly rounded, to the listening night
Her breathings are soft music, and her hair
Braided in waves of shadow and of light,
Falls with a loosened beauty—ah—look there,
She dreams—she starts in fear—she wakes but to despair.

And there are some have sunk mid whelming seas,
Who dashed by foamy surges to the steep
Raised a vain cry for help, nor could appease
Wild winds that passed them with contemptuous sweep,
Nor waves that shouldered for their crashing leap:
And some that weakly lift a glazing eye,
Writhe in sharp pain, and toss a fevered sleep,
Pent in a loathsome lazar-house, to die
Far from the grassy mound where friends long-parted lie.

Yet o'er them bends an eye and glides a form,
Sweet as a shower to a parchèd vale,
Soft as a night-dew after eves of storm;
Fearless she walks, though thousand darts assail,
Where strong men tremble and where brave hearts fail,
Through the dim night she watcheth all alone,
Through the long lines she flitteth worn and pale,
So fair, so frail, to dreamy eyes scarce known,
Whether a child of Earth or sent from Heaven's high throne.*

* "She is a 'ministering angel' in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides along each corridor every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. She may be observed alone, when silence and darkness have settled down on those miles of prostrate sick, with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."—Mr. Macdonald's *Letter to The Times*.

"Blest among women art thou!" dying lips
Have prayed for thee, and dying eyes have said—
Shrinking their orbs as moons before eclipse—
Thoughts passing words; the young, the hoary head,
Listing the comfort by thy wisdom shed,
Now first believe that death is truest gain;
And mangled forms that have in battle bled
Welcome thy softer touch to ease their pain,
And weep thy parted step and wish for thee again.

"How long, how long, shall such proud boasting be?
"How long shall grasping souls the world enslave?
"How long shall sinners speak disdainfully?
"Arise, O God, for Thou art strong to save:"*—
There came a death-stroke fittest vengeance gave,
Swifter than shadow from a storm-tost cloud,
Darker than wind upon a dusking wave
Speeds the destroying angel, spreads his shroud,
And by his mightier arm the kingly form is bowed.

Hush!—breathe not loudly—lightly, softly tread,
Shake not an echo from the darkened wall,
Wake not a whisper to disturb the dead;
What though he was the goodliest of them all?
He hath a longer grave, a wider pall;
Yields he less surely to the common lot?
Stoops he less quickly at his judgment call?
"His eyes see not, his hands they handle not,"†
He lies before that God his pride so long forgot.—

Methought there were long ages come and gone,
Pale worlds were crumbling to their last decay,

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* Psalm xciv. 3, 4.

† Sermon preached before the University on the Fast-day by Professor Jeremie.

Far in the East a coming glory shone,
And morning broke, the morning of that day
Never again to set; a slanted ray
Bridged earth and heaven with its quivering flame,
Thereon an angel trod his rushing way,
And folding a white wing and flashing came,
Sounded a golden blast, and hasted to proclaim,

"Glory to God, salvation and release,
"Tell it among the nations, tell it wide,
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace."
So shouted he, so sang; from side to side
"Amen! Amen" the morning stars replied;
The winds were heralds of their minstrelsy,
The clouds upbore it till the echoes died,
Answered the billowy voices of the sea,
And utmost earth's acclaim formed meet antistrophe.

LUTHER
AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

BY

OSWALD WILLIAM WALLACE,

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

1856.

Nil mortalibus arduum est.—
HOR.

AGES had past since Rome's Imperial sway
In noonday glory o'er the nations lay,
A cloud had crept across that spotless sky,
A storm of darkness gathered from on high,
Th' avenging foe in anger started forth
From all the woods and mountains of the north,
And Rome before him bowed her haughty head—
Her day departed, and her glory fled.
Ages rolled on, and darkness dim as night
Spread it's broad shield to ward the dawn of light,
And 'neath it's shadow Error held her reign,
And trod triumphant upon ev'ry plain;
No heaven-sent star broke the funereal gloom,
Earth seemed a wreck and Europe but a tomb,
Till Rome, arising from her sleep of death,
Unclosed her eyes, and drew a firmer breath—
Gazed on the relics of her former fame,
And felt her second destiny the same.

With arms, before, she ruled the prostrate earth,
With art, her second tyranny had birth.
With noiseless step along her path she trod—
The path which led to glory and from God,
Till distant nations heard her rising fame,
And bowed submissive at the Pontiff's name;
France, Italy, and England, own her sway—
The Spaniard hails the break of dawning day—
The rude Bohemian from his northern home
Adores awhile the majesty of Rome—
Swiss, Saxon, Austrian, swell the gen'ral train,
And Europe, prostrate, owns her second reign.
Yet as the Empire grew, the Truth declined,
And Vice reigned paramount in every mind;
Rome bore, while yet it was her brightest day,
The seeds within her of her own decay;
She gained in glory, but she grew in vice,
An Empire won—her innocence the price.
Nine gloomy ages o'er the world had past,
The night of Error could no longer last,
The Church had fallen from her high estate—
Herself the fatal minister of fate;
A learned Prince possessed the Papal throne,
Who, skilled in times, was heedless of his own;
A Priesthood, sunk in infamy and shame,
Professed a faith and ridiculed the name;
A universal wickedness prevailed,—
Ark-like, the Truth upon the waters sailed—
When Reason rose to vindicate her right,
And arm her-champion for the deathful fight.
A quickening spirit through the nations ran,
A mighty impulse thrilled the heart of man,
And Freedom, waking from her deathlike trance,
Blew the loud trump, and grasped the glittering lance.
Then Learning, rescued from her long decay,
Smiled in the dawning of a happier day,

And Greece, fair Greece, her standard reared again
To float in glory o'er th' Ausonian plain.
Then Art gave wings to words, and knowledge flew,
Free as a bird mid heaven's boundless blue,
To scatter downward from her airy height
The seeds of truth and liberty and light.
Then the bold Spaniard, parting from the shore,
Sailed where no keel had ever ploughed before,
And o'er the waters of the west unfurled
His monarch's banner o'er another world.
Such was the spirit of those changeful times,
Radiant with hope, but agonized with crimes,
When the world saw the birth of him whose arm
Broke the long empire of Rome's baleful charm:
No monarch's cradle and no lordly dome
Can claim the glory of the Saxon's home,
But from th' unfettered forests of the North
The daring champion of the Faith came forth.
Land of Arminius, ill thy sons could brook
The haughty scorn of each Italian's look—
Ill could they bear that impious trade to view,
That southern monk and his abandoned crew—
Ill could they bear that galling tax to pay
Which Rome would lavish on some glitt'ring play;
Germania, brave and generous and free,
Could crouch no longer to the Papal see,
The hour had come, and like some glorious star,
Rising amidst the parting clouds afar,
Great Luther rose! the stormy arch of night
Threw off her vapours, and the air grew bright—
The loud winds fell—the tempests pass away,
And deepest peace upon the still earth lay.
Luther arose—the pilot who should steer
The Church's bark across the waves of fear,
The pilgrim who should lead a countless band
To the bright confines of a brighter land;

The dauntless soldier who alone should brave
The poisoned arrows of each mitred slave,
Th' intrepid leader who should head th' assault,
Serene, and fixt, but daring to a fault,
Whose arms should reach the dragon in his den,
And wage a warfare for the souls of men.
Yet not unaided stood that generous chief,
For many a patriot flew to his relief,
And one by one they gather round his side,
A band devoted, terrible, and tried.
Stern Cronberg's sword—Sickengen's deadly ire—
De Hütten's valour and satiric fire—
The gentler Staupitz, and the bard* whose songs
Demanded vengeance for the Roman wrongs,
Erasmus, Spalatin, and he† whose name
Is linked for ever with the former's fame,
And many another joined that gallant band,
And formed the bulwark of the German land.
In Wittemberg's fair halls the strife began
Which brought Religion to the heart of man;
On Wittemberg's proud gates the hammer fell
Whose Echo floated to the land of Tell,
And issuing thence, rolled yet more loudly forth
O'er the far West and to the ice-clad North.
Yet, shall the city of the seven hills
Crouch to the shadow of her coming ills?
Say, shall she yield, and basely yield to those,
She deemed unworthy of the name of foes?
Ignoble thought—Rome prodigal of life,
Indignant arms her for her latest strife—
Still flows the life-blood in her fevered veins,
Still floats her banner o'er a hundred plains,

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* Hans of Nuremburg. † Reuchlin.

Still Princes wear the livery of her sway,
And stand beside her in the eventful day.
War was decreed: the wily arts of Rome
Failed to procrastinate her deadly doom;
In vain had legate and had priest been sent,
A power Divine defeated their intent;
Nor Tetzel's threats, nor smooth De Vio's smiles,
Nor all the glitt'ring rhetoric of wiles,
Nor all the terrors of the Papal name
Could lure a German from the Faith to fame.
War was decreed—at once Rome leapt to arms,
Her fears are gone, and gone her base alarms;
With one bold stroke the battle may be won,
The conflict ended and the Truth undone;
On one bold throw the fatal die is cast,
And Rome plays now her highest and her last.
With potent art, and gold more potent still,
She calls, to execute her vengeful will
A dread tribunal, whose august decree
Shall crush the foe and set the captive free.
By Worms' high spires the mighty cause was tried
Amid the pageantry of regal pride;
By Worms' high spires the kingly judges meet,
And half an empire hastens to their feet.
First of his peers in glory and in fame
The youthful Austrian to the conclave came;
Though his the conqueror's wreath, th' imperial crown,
The world's applause,—the tribute of renown—
Not all the gifts benignant fates could shower—
A boundless empire and a despot's power,
Nor all the trophies of the Pavian field,
A bigot's name from obloquy shall shield.
There too was seen the Prince beneath whose sway
The Reformation saw the light of day—
Frederic the wise—the guardian of the Truth
Through all the stormy perils of her youth;—

There too were seen the princes of the state,
The chosen instruments of heaven and fate,
There too the wise, the eloquent, the brave,
And all the genius that an Empire gave,
From whose wide lands the Sun ne'er turned away,
Were seen together on that glorious day.
Alone he stood before his judges there,
'Twas silence all—till on the startled air
The eloquent accents of his voice rang out—
There was no palsying fear—no dastard doubt,
But his true heart, relying in its cause,
Spoke manfully for Heaven's broken laws.
Vain were the threats and vain the power of Rome,
Proud Aleander* was himself o'ercome;
The baffled minion turned deprest away,
And Luther rose victorious from the fray.
On that bright day the Faith again was born,
After long ages of neglect and scorn;
Mercy and Peace together met again,
Fair Hope appeared among the sons of men,
And long controlled, perverted, and opprest,
Truth rose more glorious from her years of rest,
She flung her chains indignant to the ground,
And startled Europe echoed to the sound.
On Seraph harps the glorious theme was sung,
And once again th' angelic lyres were strung,
Earth joined the jubilee, and from the sky
Celestial voices echoed in reply,
And anthems rose from every starry world
As from his lofty throne the foe was downward hurled.
But now the night of tyranny is past,
The day has risen and shall ever last;

* Aleander was the Roman legate sent by Leo to the Diet.

The Sun of Righteousness shall ever shine
With healing power and liberty divine,
And all the nations through the world shall know
Whose daring hand dealt the first deadly blow;
The winds shall waft, the billows bear his fame,
And unborn myriads bless the Saxon Luther's name.

DELHI,

BY

ARTHUR HOLMES,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1858.

How sweet the hour when faintly dawning light
Sheds its first freshness o'er the sultry night,
On parching earth distils a grateful dew,
And tints her verdure with reviving hue:
Gaze we a while, ere yon pale stars retire,
On the gray walls of AURUNGZEBE'S sire;*
'Tis slumber all and silence near and far,
Hush'd is the busy hum of gay bazaar,
Empty the fane, and still the lonely street,
Save for the wakeful tread of sentry's feet:
The city sleeps; ah! little yet they dream
What horrors wait them with the morning beam:
The city sleeps; ah! who of English race
Shall here to-morrow find a resting-place?
So on the dull volcano's smould'ring brink
Worn with fatigue some heedless wretch might sink:
So slept POMPEII on the last, last day
Ere ravenous earthquake gulphed its shatter'd prey.
For close at hand the frenzied mutineer
Is speeding onward in unchecked career;
Defiled is MEERUT with seditious hordes
That breathe hot vengeance on their hated lords;

* Shah Jehan the founder of Delhi, thence called Shah Jehanabad.

And British hands have trained alas! too well
Their dastard subjects for the work of hell.
'Tis British steel that arms th' accursed foe,
'Tis British fire their deadly weapons throw;
Ah! fatal power, ah! science worse than vain,
We plant the storm, we reap the hurricane.

Hark, from yon fort the cannon's morning boom
Hath roused the sleepers to their hour of doom.
Oh! fair in sooth the sunlit splendours fall
On mosque and palace, minaret and wall,
Gild the broad JUMNAH where it rolls in pride,
The bridge that sways athwart th' impetuous tide,
The gardens gay, with batteries grim between,
And foliage round the ramparts clust'ring green.
Mark yon small band descend the mountain ridge,
And spur their jaded chargers o'er the bridge;
Few are the rebels by yon trooper led,
But small the spot that bids infection spread.
Haste, gallant FRASER,* bar the city gate!
Stay the foul plague!—too late alas! too late—
Stabb'd by the foe he yields his fleeting breath,
Yet fighting falls, yet dies no bloodless death.
The traitor sepoy fleeing from his post
Flocks to the standard of the rebel host:
Around, the flames are raging fierce and high,
"Death to the loath'd Feringhi," shrieks the cry;
Dragged from those blazing walls by bloodstained hands
No child of Europe 'scapes their vengeful brands:
Vain fierce resistance, vain are anguish'd prayers,
Nor sex nor age the ruthless murderer spares.
Oh! who can paint the horrors far and wide?
Where floods of carnage swell'd their awful tide;
Where shrieking children saw their hapless sire
Wrench'd at their feet in mutilation dire;

* Mr. Fraser, the chief commissioner, who was murdered at the commencement of the revolt.

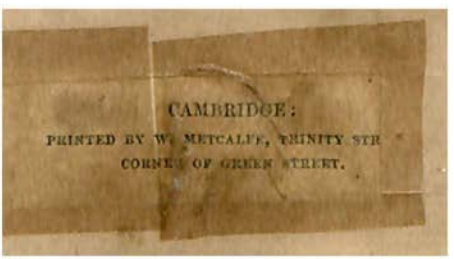
Where frenzied mothers with despairing eye
Beheld their babes in torture's agony;
Where foul barbarian's rage unsated preyed
On noble matron and on spotless maid,
Shower'd on their outraged form his dastard blows,
Till death or madness came the fearful scene to close.
Now from the Cashmere gate in headlong rout
Pale bands of fugitives were hurrying out;
What 'vailed the chariot, what the steed to save
From mounted trooper's freshly-reeking glaive?
'Twas hot pursuit through all the livelong night,
And few that reach'd KURNÂUL with morning's light.
Ah! wretched they that fled the wild turmoil
To dare on foot the journey's weary toil;
To force their way through jungle close and deep,
To swim the stream, or climb the craggy steep;
Now cowering hidden in some lonely spot,
Now trusting desperate to the Brahmin's cot,
Fever'd with thirst, and dulled by sleepless hours,
Parch'd by the sun, or drench'd in pelting showers,
Some the fierce vengeance of the traitor crew
On safety's very threshold seized and slew:
Some yet survived their haven late to find,
Yet told the shatter'd frame, the wandering mind,
Tale of a speechless woe they scarce had left behind.
But not unscath'd the fiends their ruin wrought,
And eager vengeance gladdens at the thought;
While grateful Britain with a tear-dimm'd eye,
Points to the name of glorious WILLOUGHBY!
Yes! when with hundreds pouring on the front
Those gallant few no more could bear the brunt,
When o'er the bastion hosts unnumber'd pour'd
To grasp the ammunition's priceless hoard;
Maim'd by the deadly fire, no succour nigh,
The young lieutenant rushed to do or die.

Quick on the train the fatal spark he flung—
A moment's awful pause—the mine was sprung.
Dash'd into air a mass of quivering frames,
Burst from upriven walls the roaring flames,
On blacken'd earth five hundred corpses lay,
And those that struck the blow, oh! where were they?
Forth from the sally-port on JUMNAH'S wave
Their bloody path the brave defenders clave:
But ah! young hero, what a fate was thine,
Escaped the foeman's steel, the bursting mine,
By village boors to fall ignobly slain
Where churlish staves thy generous life-blood drain!
Peace to thine ashes! save the tear of woe
Nought can a mourning country now bestow;
Deep is thy slumber in the desert's gloom,
No laurel chaplet on thy nameless tomb.
Drop we the curtain for a little space
To veil from sight the crime-polluted place,
Nor let it rise till burning hearts descry
The last dark scene of hideous tragedy.
What need to tell how rebels basely bold
Robb'd the gray monarch of his hoarded gold,
His feeble nature to rebellion wrought,
His sceptre scoffed, his honour held at nought,
Tore the weak princes from their couch of down,
To man the batteries of their leaguer'd town,
Plac'd them dismay'd in danger's foremost post,
The trembling leaders of a coward host;
How wild exulting in their licence new
Plunder and riot raged the city through:
Aye, when the widening breach, the shatter'd wall,
Bore dreary token of th' approaching fall;
And stern avengers on the plain array'd,
Athirst for conflict, grasp'd the sheathless blade.
Lo! Retribution's hour at length is near,
Mark yon assaulting columns' swift career!

The flag of Britain rushing in the van,
The flaunting turban of the bold Affghan,
The desperate Sikh, sworn foe to base Hindoo,
The sturdy Ghoorka, truest of the true.
On, on they charge—a triple-edged attack—
What rebel fire can drive th' invaders back?
What though your tenfold numbers guard the breach?
Ye stand as dogs within the lion's reach.
"Our wives, our infants," rings the battle-cry,
And fierce the answer in each flashing eye;
The Cashmere bastion yields: oh! bravely done!
One struggle more—the Water fort is won:
Another blow will seal the work of fate:
A HOME! a SALKELD! for the Cashmere gate.
Twice a bold hand advanced to fire the train,
Twice the foe's bullet laid a hero slain,
A third has dash'd the moment's lull to snatch,
He holds the gate, he turns the blazing match—
'Mid smoke, and dust, and cinders' burning showers
Explosion's roar proclaims the day is ours.
Up through the breach th' exulting victors bound,
The rebels break, yet fight each foot of ground;
Twice rose the sun and twice he veil'd his rays
Ere golden victory perfect wreath'd her bays;
The wretched monarch for his snowy hairs
And weight of years the pitying conqu'ror spares;
Not so his worthless offspring dragg'd to light
Meet there the death they aye had shunn'd in fight,
Their headless corpses toss'd to foul disgrace,
So fall the last of TIMOUR'S haughty race.
DEWAN-I-KHAS* display thy glories now!
Boast of the proud Mogul, ah! where art thou?

* The Palace of Timour was so called, and had for its motto:
"If Paradise be on the face of earth,
Here it is, here it is, here it is."
In the hall of this palace was held the banquet after the storming of the city.

Are these the scenes that rang with feast and mirth?
Is this the one true Paradise of earth?
Fate's finger writes upon thy marble wall;
Dishonour taints thy erst resplendent Hall;
There the Feringhi, glowing from the fight,
Raised to his lip the goblet ruby bright,
Drank to his Queen and bless'd her sovereign name,
While thousand voices shouted loud acclaim.
Soon, soon for thee will traveller toiling by,
With gentle Sadi, heave a thoughtful sigh,
"The spider weaves within the Cæsars' bowers,
The owl is sentry on Afrasiab's towers!"
Peace to our heroes sunk in honoured rest!
They live for ever in their Country's breast.
Our tears for woman in her early grave;
The lash, the halter for a rebel slave!
And ye whose care might yet have saved the blow,
Whose reckless folly wrought our overthrow,
Who scorned the warning of the brave and wise,
And mock'd their truths with empty sophistries,
Left to a ruffian mercenary band,
Those dearest treasures of our English land—
Enough! it is not ours to strike or spare:
God in his mercy judge ye as ye are!
Enough methinks for ye to see and feel
The thousand pangs ye gave—ye gave, and cannot heal.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